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TRADE AGREEMENTS IN A NEW WORLD

by SUMNER WELLES

WHEN this war ends, Europe and much of Asia will be grim places to live in or to contemplate. Starvation, hatred, and disease — the terrible camp followers of war — will be more widespread than they have ever been before in modern times. The people who survive will face the job of making life tolerable again, or even possible.

The rest of the world — the United States, the other American republics, the British Dominions — will by comparison be very fortunate. Blood and treasure we shall have spent indeed, but we shall not, I feel sure, have seen our women and children slaughtered, our industries destroyed, our farms laid waste by hostile armies, our people starved, our brothers held as hostages. The plainest feelings of humanity will move us all to share our relative good fortune with those who stand in dire need of food, clothing, medicine, and shelter.

But relief of this sort cannot go on indefinitely. The peoples of the devastated countries will have to re-create their industries, bring their farms back into production, restore utilities and communications systems, and generally build up again the material foundations of civilized life. For the most part, they will have to do these things themselves. But the basis on which they are able to go forward, and

therefore the character of the new world which may emerge, will depend to an important extent on the attitude and policy, especially the commercial policy, of other nations, and in particular of the United States.

If we and the other undevastated countries intend to move consistently in the direction of reducing barriers to trade, then the European countries and the great Chinese nation can move in that direction also and construct their new economies upon that basis. But if we do not have that intention, or if our intention is in doubt, they will have to plan and build for autarchy. It is therefore very important that the people of the United States determine and make clear in the near future their position and intentions in this matter.

The views of the present Administration have been clear since 1934. They are based on the conviction that American international commercial policy, like every other policy and act of the government of the United States, should seek to further, first and all the time, the genuine and long-time interests of the people of this country. Those overriding interests, in the field of foreign policy, are two: a secure and reliable peace, and a prosperous and fruitful world. The Good Neighbor policy; the gradual reduction of trade barriers; the attempt to prevent the present war, and then to limit its scope, and finally to win it, are all based on these ultimate objectives.

That trade agreements are indispensable to the new world after the war is the authoritative opinion of the HONORABLE SUMNER WELLES, Under Secretary of State.

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The first great purpose — secure peace — all Americans accept. The second is important because the first depends upon it, and because our own economic welfare is impossible without it. Naturally it is our own prosperity that interests us most, but modern history has made it clear that no producing and trading nation — not even the United States — can be prosperous in a starving world, any more than a great merchant can be prosperous when his customers and sources of supply are bankrupt.

Furthermore, the world will not be securely free from war until it is prosperous and fruitful. I should be the last to claim that economic causes are responsible, alone, for this or any other war. But surely it will not be doubted that what happened to the German people, and to German labor, and to the German middle class, between 1918 and 1933 had a great deal to do with the creation of the warped mentality that made it possible for a civilized people to accept a warmongering maniac for their leader.

It was therefore not only a humane sentiment, but the soundest considerations of national interest, that caused the President and the British Prime Minister to formulate, and the other United Nations to endorse, the great objectives of the Atlantic Charter: freedom from want and fear. Their common action recognizes that, until both of these freedoms exist throughout the world, neither will exist securely anywhere. It recognizes also that in these two fields the interests of all peoples are the same. We are in the long run men together, and as men we all need food, shelter, freedom, security and peace. Together, if we are wise enough, we can have all of them; separated by hate and jealousy and war we can have none. The fate of humankind is, in the long run, one.

Once this is understood and acted on, the peoples of the world will have a chance by their own genius and labor to create for themselves and for their children a more fruitful and prosperous civilization than man has ever before known. For the thing that has happened in our time — and which is proved again by the miracle of American industrial production in this war — is that mankind now knows enough of the methods and techniques of production, of scientific agriculture, and of transport, to create from the world's

resources the material basis of a secure and decent life for all of the world's people. It is because this is true — because of the advances of the last hundred years in all the sciences and techniques of production — that this century may indeed become the century of the welfare of the common man.

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How shall we go about it? Clearly, in co-operation — the coöperation of free people everywhere to the agreed and common beneficial ends of peace, liberty, security, and plenty.

Peace, liberty, and security require political collaboration, through effective common institutions of police, of political adjustment, and of justice. This is not the place to try to draw the blueprints. Assuming they are drawn, and that they operate well enough to enable a major part of the world's productive powers to be applied to the purposes of peace, what are the other requisites for the plenty which we seek?

Here some definite statements can be made. The world will have, to eat and wear, to live in and play with, only what the world produces. Efficient and continuous production of useful goods and services, wise use and development of resources, and effective distribution and exchange are the necessary bases of freedom from want anywhere.

Production must first of all be abundant. This means that people must be free to work at jobs for which their special skills suit them, according to processes which are themselves efficient, and with efficient tools. Much capital must be supplied, much knowledge spread, much training done, before this will be true.

Second, production, to be profitable and abundant, must be well situated. We shall not grow bananas well in the United States, nor cinchona, nor coffee; nor can steel be made too far from the natural deposits of coal and iron and limestone. The division of production in space, both within nations and between nations, is fundamental to the attainment of the standard of living of which the world is capable. We shall not attain freedom from want anywhere without it.

This seems to be a hard lesson for some Americans to learn. True, we have been more prosperous than many other countries; true, also, we have generally had a high tariff. But

the people who connect the two as effect and cause forget the real causes of our comparative prosperity.

Those real causes are not far to seek. We have had first of all an industrious, intelligent, and ambitious people, enriched by all the strains and skills of the Old World, living and working under political institutions that encouraged free development, and with an enormously rich natural environment of continental scope. And we have had, within that great continental area, free trade between the states. The wisdom of the men who helped compose the early bitter trade disputes between the thirteen states by writing the Constitution of the United States and by fighting through the great political battles that led to its adoption, and the wisdom of the judges who used the commerce clause of that Constitution to strike down state-created barriers to trade, have given us the largest and richest free-trade area anywhere in the world, and have made large-scale American industrial and agricultural development a possibility. That development is proof, not of the virtues of impediments to trade, but of the benefits of freedom.

Many men in the United States, and substantially all professional economists, have said this often. But internationally we have generally moved in the opposite direction. The total interests of all of our people — farmers, merchants, workmen, manufacturers, consumers — have been too often overlooked. We have built our walls too high, others have retaliated, and the result has been a lower living standard all around, even in our country, than it otherwise would have been.

The economic conduct of mankind is very puzzling. With one hand we expend enormous energies, intelligence, and capital improving transportation, to make it easy and inexpensive to move goods, and with the other we build tariff barriers to slow the movement. Why did we build the ships and dredge the harbors and lay out the railroads and the highways and the airports in the first place? If we really think it mutually beneficial for New York and California to exchange the products of their labor, why do we doubt it as to California and England?

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No responsible statesman has proposed complete free trade for the United States, either tomorrow or in the measurable future. What is

proposed, and what a growing number of the United Nations have agreed to seek with us, is "agreed action . . . open to participation by all other countries of like mind, directed to the expansion, by appropriate international and domestic measures, of production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods, which are the material foundations of the liberty and welfare of all peoples; to the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, and to the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers; and in general, to the attainment of all the economic objectives set forth in" the Atlantic Charter.

Many things are included in these objectives. The heart of them is increased trade. Production, employment, living standards, the stabilization of exchange, the development of resources, international investment, all depend in the long run on the facilities for moving goods. Unless we can make exchanges of goods freer, other economic measures will fall far short of their objectives.

How do we propose to move from hope to accomplishment? Clearly by a process of negotiation, either between two countries at a time, or many. Neither we nor they expect to act alone, nor could any of us do very much alone. We must first talk together, fix our path in detail, and then go forward according to our various constitutional arrangements to put our detailed agreements in effect.

In the United States, so far as the tariff is concerned, the machinery for negotiation and for action is already in existence. It consists of the Trade Agreements Act of 1934, renewed in 1937 and 1940, under which the President is authorized, by the procedure and within the limits stated in the Act, to enter into agreements about tariff rates, quotas, and the like with foreign governments, and to proclaim the changes in American rates necessary to carry out our part of the agreements. We have been operating under the Act and its renewals since 1934, have made thirty agreements under it, and have accumulated an important body of experience, both as to procedures and as to the tangible and intangible benefits of such a program.

Tariff making is of course within the control of Congress, under that body's stated constitutional powers to tax and to regulate foreign commerce. But Congress cannot negotiate with foreign governments, and cannot therefore obtain reductions of their barriers by the

process of negotiation and agreement. Nor can Congress, with its many other duties, engage in the continuous and detailed studies which are necessary to understand the actual operation of our complicated tariff structure and that of other countries. Accordingly, by the Act of 1934, Congress marries part of its tariff-making power to the President's executive authority, and authorizes him, within the limits stated in the Act, to make agreements and to proclaim the rates resulting from them.

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The practical operation of the Trade Agreements program is well illustrated by the most recent major agreement made under the Act — the one with Mexico, signed December 23, 1942, and effective January 30, 1943. That agreement reduces, or binds at present levels, United States tariff rates on a number of important products supplied to us in quantity by Mexico, and reduces Mexican duties on many agricultural and manufactured products which we furnish to that country.

Each country grants the other unconditional most-favored-nation treatment, so that in the future we shall receive the benefit, at once, of any tariff reductions made by Mexico in agreements with other countries, and vice versa. The most-favored-nation principle is spelled out in detail in its application to quotas, to exchange control, to purchases by government monopolies, and to other forms of regulation affecting foreign commerce. The specific duty reductions agreed to will, under the Act, be generalized to like articles imported from third countries, in accordance with our long-standing most-favored-nation policy. We have, in short, agreed with Mexico to enable trade to move more freely, as natural economies call forth the movement, both between the two countries concerned and between them and other areas.

One great advantage of this sort of negotiation is that it can be conducted now, before the war is over. No one can tell in detail what the foreign trade of any country will be like after this war, but natural resources, climate, and many skills are permanent and condition the main patterns. Agreements based on them cannot therefore be far wrong; and if they err in detail they may be modified under the emergency clause, which is fully developed in the Mexican agreement, or by renewed negotiation.

That emergency clause, plus the general right of either country to terminate the contract at the end of the first three years or thereafter, affords adequate protection against unforeseen developments, and enables the main work to go ahead. It is important that it should go forward now, so that when the fighting stops, the recuperative forces of production and exchange may be able to operate as freely and as rapidly as possible. It is equally important that our intentions for the future should be settled and made clear, so that the rest of the world, and especially those countries which must re-create their business life from ruins, may know what they can count on.

The authority to enter into trade agreements under the 1934 Act is due to expire next June unless action is taken again by the Congress to extend it. The action of the Congress with regard to this matter will furnish a real test of our intentions toward the future. If Congress provides adequate trade-agreement authority, this country will be able to move in the right direction, in concert with other "countries of like mind," reducing selectively and with regard to all the interests concerned, and by a well-organized and proved process of negotiation and agreement, the multitudinous restrictions that hamper our commerce with the world.

The renewed grant of such authority, by as large and as bipartisan a vote as possible, will settle the main question. It will demonstrate that the people of the United States approve and intend to have their government act in accordance with the promises and hopes expressed in their behalf in the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration by United Nations, and the Lend-Lease Agreements. Once that has been made clear the rest of the world and the executive branch of the government of the United States will know where they stand and the general policy that they can count on. They and we can then go forward, with whatever speed and by whatever detailed methods other developments make possible, to carry out that policy.

The decision about the trade-agreements authority is not the only choice, or the most difficult, that the people of the United States will have to make about the foundations of the peace. But it is fundamental, and it happens to come first in time. Our action on it will be an acid test of our intentions.

PERSONS AND PLACES

Time, Place, and Parents

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

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A DOCUMENT in my possession testifies that in the parish church of San Marcos in Madrid, on the first of January, 1864, a male child, born on the sixteenth of the previous December, at nine o'clock in the evening, at No. 69 Calle Ancha de San Bernardo, was solemnly christened; being the legitimate son of Don Agustín Ruiz de Santayana, native of Zamora, and of Doña Josefina Borrás, native of Glasgow; his paternal grandparents being Don Nicolás, native of Badumés, in the province of Santander, and Doña Maria Antonia Reboiro, native of Zamora, and his maternal grandparents being Don José, native of Reus, Catalonia, and Doña Teresa Carbonell, native of Barcelona. The names given him were Jorge Agustín Nicolás, his godparents being his uncle, Don Nicolás Ruiz de Santayana, and his half-sister, Doña Susana Sturgis; "whom I admonished," writes Don Joaquín Cabrasco, who signs the certificate with his legal *rúbrica* or flourish, "of their spiritual relationship and duties."

A shrewd fortuneteller would have spotted at once, in this densely Spanish document, the two English names, Glasgow and Sturgis. With parents evidently Catalans of the Catalonians, how did my mother come to be born in Glasgow, and how did she ever marry a Bostonian named Sturgis? These facts, taken separately, were accidents of travel, or rather of exile and of colonial life; but accidents are accidents only to ignorance; in reality all physical events flow out of one another by a continuous intertwined derivation; and those odd foreign names, Sturgis and Glasgow, were in fact secretly allied and their presence here had a common source in my grandfather's

character and circumstances and in the general thaw, so to speak, of that age: incongruous wreckage of a great inundation. For my little cockleshell and the cockleshells of the rest of my family and of the whole middle and upper class (except the unsinkable politicians) were being borne along more or less merrily on the surface currents of a treacherous social revolution; and the things that happened to us, and the things we did, with their pleasant and their hopeless sides, all belong to that general moral migration.

My maternal grandfather, José Borrás y Bufurull, belonged to a well-established family of Reus, in Catalonia, of the sort that possess a house in the town and a farm in the country. But José was a younger son, and the law of entail or *mayorazgo* still prevailed at that time in Catalonia, so that the house and land and an almost Roman authority as head of the family fell to his eldest brother. Yet dignity to the classic mind does not involve great wealth or much territory, and younger sons, even in Reus, had to seek their fortunes away from home. They might indeed expect hospitality or a little aid from their families in time of stress, but were well aware that in the ancestral estate and community there was no place or occupation for more than one household at a time.

There was the Church always tempting them, if it tempted them; there were the other professions, and there was the New World, or at least Cuba and the Philippines. One of my grandfather's brothers had actually combined these opportunities, become a monk, and later been established as a parish priest in Montevideo or in Buenos Aires. My grandfather, far from becoming a monk, became a Deist, an ardent disciple of Rousseau, and I suspect a Freemason; and when a French army entered

In this and successive issues the *Atlantic* is privileged to publish chapters drawn from the autobiography of GEORGE SANTAYANA, the most European of all American philosophers.

Spain in 1823, to restore the shaken authority of Ferdinand VII and the absolute monarchy, José Borrás was compelled, or thought it advisable, to leave the country. The story goes that he fled first to Las Palmas, in the Balearic Islands, where he saw and wooed Teresa Carbonell, a stout blonde with very blue eyes (my mother's eyes were also blue and large); and that after a romantic marriage he persuaded her to follow him in his wanderings.

I do not know why my grandfather should have chosen Glasgow for a place of refuge, or what he did there. All I can say is that his thirst for exploration or his longing for a simpler and more ideal society carried him eventually across the Atlantic, to rural, republican, distinguished, Jeffersonian Virginia. Here, if anywhere, mankind had turned over a new leaf and in a clean new world, free from all absurd traditions and tyrant mortgages, was beginning to lead a pure life of reason and virtue.

José Borrás either came well recommended or ingratiated himself easily into the democracy of Winchester, Virginia, becoming (as a florid testimonial averred) one of its most honored and beloved citizens; so much so that, as the years revolved and a change of government in the liberal direction had occurred in Spain, his Winchester friends induced Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States, to appoint him American consul at Barcelona. Thus his cordial attachments in exile enabled him eventually to return home not only safely but gloriously, and with some prospect of bread and butter.

Whether my grandfather's appointment lapsed with the change of Presidents in the United States, or whether those strictly legal fees to be received by him were disappointing, or whether other difficulties arose, I do not know; but he was still a Spanish subject, and after a change of government in the liberal direction had occurred both in France and in Spain, his friends were able to obtain for him what promised to be a lucrative post in the Philippine Islands. This was farther geographically than Virginia, but politically and socially much nearer home; and perhaps the oceanic distance and the idyllic state of nature of the natives in those unspoiled latitudes tempted his imagination as much as the easy life and future pension tempted his advancing years.

At any rate, he decided to go; and it was obvious that his daughter, — my mother, — who was devoted to him and was the apple of his eye, must accompany him. Distant lands were not unknown to her, nor colored people. Her first memories were about a "Grandmother Locke" in whose house they had lived in Virginia, and the darky children that ran half naked about it.

The problem was her mother, who seems to have been less willing to leave her friends and country for the second time. She was very fat; she was not young; perhaps she felt that she had not much longer to live; perhaps she had a premonition that this adventurous project might go wrong, and that her husband and daughter might come back to her before they expected. If so, she would have been half right, as are the best premonitions. She died soon; her husband never returned; and new dawns opened before her daughter in which she counted for nothing.

The voyage from Cadiz to Manila, round the Cape of Good Hope, lasted six months, included the inevitable worst storm the Captain had ever encountered, with death yawning before the passengers in every hollow between the black waves; and it included also the corresponding invention of something to do in good weather. My mother learned to play chess; and her father gave her lessons in English, to brush up her Virginian baby-talk, which must have been rather forgotten during her ten years in Barcelona.

Not all vessels took so long, even round the Cape of Good Hope; and there was also the overland route by Alexandria, and camel-back to Suez. Dispatches from Spain, sent after my grandfather's departure, reached Manila before him; and he learned to his dismay that in Madrid there had been a change of ministers, and that the post promised to him had been given to somebody else. Yet as justice does not exclude mercy in God, so injustice does not always exclude it in men.

The Captain General of the Philippines enjoyed the prerogatives of a viceroy, since distance from superiors always leaves some room for initiative in subordinates; and another post was found for my unfortunate grandfather — an absurdly modest one, yet sufficient to keep body and soul together. He was sent as governor to a small island — I think it was Batang — where there were only natives, even the village priest being an Indian. Terrible

disappointment, do you say? But was not this the very ideal realized? What a pity that Rousseau himself, so much more eloquent than poor José Borrás, could not have been sent instead to that perfect island, to learn the true nature of virtue and happiness!

Now when my grandfather found himself relegated to Batang, he was not a young man; he was a battered and disappointed official, a man of sedentary habits, studious, visionary, and probably careless about his health. He was an enthusiastic moralist and idealist, and it is only fair to suppose that his life corresponded with his principles. But now, in the decline of his life, he was suddenly transferred to a tropical climate entirely new to him, without advice or such resources, medical or other, as even a tropical colony would have afforded in its capital city; and he succumbed. His wife also had meantime died in Barcelona; and my mother was left an orphan, without property or friends, alone at the age of twenty in a remote island peopled only by Indians.

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It was at this crisis that she first gave proof of her remarkable courage and strength of character. With what ready money she could scrape together, and with her jewels for security, she bought or hired a small sailing vessel, engaged a native skipper and supercargo, and began to send hemp for sale in Manila. If she was without friends in a social sense, the people round her were friendly. Two of her servants, her man cook and her maid, offered to remain with her without wages; and her skipper and agent proved faithful; so much so that in a short time a small fund was gathered, and she began to feel secure and independent in her singular position. She adopted the native dress; doubtless felt herself the lady shepherdess as well as the romantic orphan.

And she was not without friendly acquaintances and friends of her father's in Manila who were concerned at her misfortunes and invited her to come and live with them. In time, offers of protection came from even greater distances. Her uncle, the monk, then in charge of a parish in Montevideo, wrote asking her to join him and be his housekeeper. But she did not desire it; and I don't know how long her life according to nature, to virtue, and to Rousseau might have continued, but for an accident I almost blush to record, because it seems invented.

That solitude, at once tragic and protective, was one day disturbed by a fresh arrival. Batang had remained without a governor; but at last a new governor, a young man, was sent out from Manila. Now two white persons, a young man and a young lady without a chaperon, alone together on a tropical island formed an idyllic but dangerous picture; and it became necessary for that young lady, in order to avoid scandal, to return to a corrupt civilization. Thus the life of pure virtue, as I might show if I were Hegel, by its inner ironical dialectic transformed itself into conventional life; and fate laughed at the antithesis that prudence and decorum opposed to its decrees: because, though my mother proudly turned her back on that young intruder, and went to live with friends in Manila, he nevertheless was destined, many years later, to become her second husband and my father.

The friends with whom she took refuge were a Creole family in Manila, by the name of Iparraguirre, a Basque name rich in resounding *r*'s. My mother always spoke contemptuously of love-making and matchmaking: yet she herself was twice married, and not by any simple concatenation of circumstances but in spite of serious obstacles. Passion may inspire determination in a Romeo and a Juliet; in my mother I think determination rather took passion's place. She decided what was best, and then defied all difficulties in doing it. Now it was certainly not best, or even possible, to remain forever a guest of the Iparraguirres. Her special friend, Victorina Iparraguirre, any day might be married and what would the orphaned Josefina do then? Go to Montevideo to keep house for her uncle, the parish priest? Wouldn't it be wiser and more natural herself to marry? Certainly not any one of those Creole youths or Spanish officials, who in the first place did not particularly court her, and in the second place were not virtuous.

However, there was one wholly exceptional young man in Manila, tall, blond, aquiline, blue-eyed, an American, a Protestant, and unmistakably virtuous. And that young man, probably as little passionate as herself, and as little trustful of the Spanish young women as she was of the Spanish young men, could not but be visited by kindred thoughts. Was not this grave, silent, proud orphan wholly unlike the other young girls? Was she not blue-eyed like himself? Did she not speak English? Had

she not lived in Virginia, which, if not so reassuring as Boston, still was in the United States? And as he found on inquiry, if she was not a Protestant, at least she was no bigoted Catholic, but a stern, philosophical, virtuous soul. Was she not courage personified, and had she not suddenly found herself alone and penniless and, like Benjamin Franklin, made her own way in the world? Was she not a worthy, a safe, a suitable, even an exceptionally noble and heroic person to marry? And was it not safer, more suitable, and more virtuous for a merchant in the Far East to be married to a foreigner than not to be married at all?

Such convergent reflections found ways of expressing themselves, and the logical conclusion was easily drawn. A virtuous marriage meant safety and peace for him in his old bonds, and it meant safety and peace for her, who had no dread of novelty, in new bonds rationally chosen. By all means, they would be married; but there was an obstacle. No legal marriage was then possible in Manila except in the Church; and the Church there had not the privilege of granting dispensation for a marriage to a non-Catholic.

Even the Archbishop was sympathetic and free from prejudice; but a petition would have to be sent to Rome for a special license. This would involve long delay, perhaps a year, and of course some expense; and much worse, I am sure, from my mother's point of view, it would involve a conspicuous act of submission to ecclesiastical authority, such as her pride and her liberal principles would never submit to. Yet it would have been useless to take extreme measures, and to declare that she was a non-Catholic herself; there was no non-Catholic marriage possible within Spanish jurisdiction.

But accident offered a simple means of effecting this purpose. There happened at that time, April, 1849, to be a British man-of-war at anchor in Manila Bay. The deck of that ship was British territory, and of course there was a chaplain who, being a jolly tar, would not object to marrying a Unitarian to a Papist. Indeed, although the thing was not then fashionable, he might have contended that theologically he was a Catholic, that he stood in the true Apostolic succession, and was blessing a truly Catholic marriage. In any case, the ceremony and the certificate of marriage under British law were legal; and we may imagine the wedding party, the bride and bridegroom, all the Iparraguirres, all the members

of the firm of Russell and Sturgis, and the nearer friends of both, setting out in the ship's cutter, manned by its double row of sailors and flying the white ensign, to the frigate, and cautiously but joyfully climbing the ladder up the great ship's side. And perhaps, if the Captain was jovial, there may have been a glass of wine, with a little speech, after the ceremony.

This important event — important even for me, since it set the background for my whole life — occurred on the twenty-second of April, 1849, chosen by George Sturgis because it was the thirty-second anniversary of his birth. This choice of his birthday for his wedding was characteristic; as was also his sanguine assertion, only half facetious, that his son Victor, because born in the Tremont House in Boston, would some day be President of the United States. Such fancies are in the tone of the Sturgis mind, inclined to pleasantry that is too trivial to be so heartily enjoyed; and these jester's jests are likely to have some sad echo. That future President of the United States did not live to be two years old, and his confident father had preceded him to the grave.

When this double bereavement fell on my mother, eight years after her marriage, she was already deadened to sorrow and resigned to living on resolutely in a world that could no longer please her or wound her deeply. Ten months after the wedding she had given birth to a beautiful boy, blue-eyed like his parents, fair, and destined to have yellow hair; and his nature at once showed itself no less engaging than his appearance; for when only fifteen months later he found he had a little sister, who sometimes couldn't help calling away their mother's attention to herself, he, far from being jealous, was most tolerant and kind, and would even give the baby his toys, although she was too small to appreciate them.

The contrast between the babies was marked, and had a lasting influence in our family. Susana, the second child, was in the first place only a girl, and although my mother had all due respect and affection for her own sex, and was more attached to her women friends, to one or two of them, than even to her two husbands, yet she had no artificial illusions about womenkind, their rights, or their virtues. They were, in most things, inferior to men; she would have preferred to be a man.

Until the age of two Pepín had seemed to be in perfect health, even if rather gentle and

oldish for a baby; but at that age signs of fading away began to appear, and became slowly more pronounced. No remedies, no care, no change of residence could arrest them, and seven months later the perfect child died.

The loss of her firstborn did not affect my mother as it would any other mother, especially a Spanish mother. There were no violent fits of lamentation, no floods of tears, no exaggerated cult of the grave or relics of the departed. Especially in a woman who has or is expecting other children, as was the case here, such wild sorrow has its period: the present and the future soon begin to gain healthily upon the past. But with my mother this event was crucial. It made a radical revolution in her heart. It established there a reign of silent despair, permanent, devastating, ruffled perhaps by fresh events on the surface, but always dark and heavy beneath, like the depths of the sea.

Her husband, with his sanguine disposition and American optimism, couldn't understand it. He wrote worried letters home to Boston, expressing his fears for her life or her reason. He didn't see the strength of this coldness. Her health was not affected. She bore children at frequent intervals — five in seven years. She did not neglect her appearance, her embroidery, her friends, or her flowers. She spoke little, but she never had been loquacious; and when, in a brief interval between babies, he proposed a voyage to Boston, to present her and the children to his family, she readily agreed. This marriage for him had been extremely happy. He described his domestic bliss in glowing terms in his letters. Was it not a happy marriage for her also? Of course it was. Why then this deadly calm, this strange indifference? Why these silent steps, grave bows, and few words, such as people exchange at a funeral?

Many Spanish women live in this way the life of a *Mater Dolorosa*, and are devout for that reason to Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, with seven swords fixed in her heart. They give a religious or pictorial turn to their despair; but at bottom they have the same experience that my mother congealed into a stoical philosophy.

Her depth was entirely psychic, passionately dispassionate, intensely determined and cold; but her intelligence had no depth. It was borrowed, and borrowed not from the best sources, but from the intellectual fashions of

her father's time. Therefore, in her outward life and actions, she showed a persistent attachment to persons and to principles that really meant very little to her. This paradox must be accepted and understood if we are to explain the two apparently contrary bonds with which now, in this first voyage to Boston, she outwardly bound herself. One was her attachment to the whole Sturgis family, much more hearty than her attachment to her husband personally, of whom she never spoke with enthusiasm or even with deference. The other was the unwilling but somehow inescapable bond with my father.

For by a second curious chance, or perhaps by an unconscious or even conscious attraction, my father was one of the passengers in the same clipper ship, *Fearless*, that took her and her husband with their little children, Susana, Josefina, and Roberto, in the record time of ninety days from Manila to Boston. He was on his way to Spain on leave.

3

What Boston first thought of my mother or she of Boston I can only infer from their relations in later years; these relations were always friendly and theoretically cordial, but never close. Indeed, when she first arrived in Boston she was expecting another child. Victor was born there, in the hotel on Tremont Street directly north of the graveyard adjoining the Park Street Church. I remember this Tremont House clearly. It had rounded red-brick bay windows like bastions, and the glass in some of the square windowpanes had turned violet, a sign of venerable age. In 1856 it may have passed for a fashionable place, being near the rural Common yet not far from State Street and the center of business. The principal churches were scattered round it — the Park Street Church, the Old South, King's Chapel, and St. Paul's — while round the corner the eye was caught by the State House with its classic dome, model for all capitols in the New World. And almost opposite was the theater, called the Museum, because before entering it your cultured mind was refreshed by the sight of a choice collection of plaster antiques, including the Apollo Belvedere, as well as by cases of stuffed birds and mammals that surrounded the grand entrance hall.

Such was the enlightened center of Boston in the 1850's; and there were gentle lights

really burning in some of those houses, with no exaggeration of their range or brilliance: Ticknors, Parkmans, Longfellows, and Lowells with their various modest and mature minds. I came too late to gather much of that quiet spirit of colonial culture that felt itself to be secondary and a bit remote from its sources, and yet was proud of this very remoteness, which gave it the privilege of being universal and just. In my time this spirit lingered only in Professor Norton, but saddened by the sense of being a survival. I also knew Lowell, in his last phase; I once shook hands with Longfellow at a garden party in 1881; and I often saw Dr. Holmes, who was our neighbor in Beacon Street; but Emerson I never saw.

All this was nothing to my mother, who was too proud to pretend to care for what didn't concern her. That which she saw and prized in Boston was only what the Sturgises represented: wealth, kindness, honesty, and a general air of being competent and at home in the world. They belonged to the aristocracy of commerce, the only one my mother respected and identified with the aristocracy of virtue.

A superstitious person might have been alarmed at the omens and accompaniments of this first visit to Boston; for old Nathaniel, her father-in-law, whom they presumably went to see, died soon after their arrival, and George Sturgis, her husband, died soon after their return to Manila — not only prematurely and unexpectedly, for he was scarcely forty, but in the midst of a disastrous commercial venture, which left the widow with inadequate means. My mother, however, had not a vestige of superstition; and her courage and coolness, her quick and intrepid action, on this occasion contrasted oddly with the utter apathy and despair that had overcome her on the death of Pepín. The pathetic but not uncommon loss of an infant had paralyzed her; the loss of a young husband, the prospect of a complicated journey half round the world, alone with four little children, and the prospect of life in a strange society and a strange climate in reduced circumstances, seemed to revive her energies and to make her more alert and self-possessed than ever.

In Madrid, to which my mother returned four years later, there was naturally a circle of retired or transferred officials and military men who had served in the Philippines, and who liked to renew old acquaintance and recall com-

mon experiences. Among these retired officials was my father. My mother's friends from Manila, Don Toribio and Doña Victorina, knew "Santayana," as they always called him. They liked his wit and his well-informed conversation. He spoke little — he was very prudent — but he spoke well. It was inevitable that he and my mother should meet again.

If I were writing a novel and not a history I should be tempted to invent here a whole series of incidents and conversations that might have occurred during those ninety days in the clipper ship *Fearless* six years before, and to indicate how the scattered little impulses then awakened, now, when all checks to free expression were removed, could gather head, combine their currents, and become an irrepressible force. But I have no evidence as to what really may have brought these two most rational persons, under no illusion about each other or their mutual position and commitments, to think of such an irrational marriage. It was so ill-advised a union that only passion would seem to justify it; yet passion was not the cause. It was an irresistible *daemonic* force, a drift of circumstances and propensities, as in one more throw at dice, or one more picture to paint. Things on the whole *drove* them to that action; but both he and she performed it unwillingly and with full prescience of the difficulties in store. It still remains obscure what the irrational force was that nevertheless carried the day.

4

The name Santayana is tolerably well known in Spain. My father had a book of the eighteenth century written by one of the family on the subject of international trade, advocating the Spartan policy of isolation and autarchy. My father didn't call it Spartan, but monkish; and it was based perhaps more on fear of heresy than on love of political independence; but the author was a man of affairs, not an ecclesiastic. My two forlorn unmarried aunts, older than my father, used to tell me that our family was noble and allied to the house of a Marqués de Santayana then existing in Madrid; but they had no means of tracing the relationship, nor did my father give the least attention to questions of this kind; so that I know nothing of my ancestry beyond his own time.

Moreover our family name is really Ruiz, a

very common one; and perhaps the addition of de Santayana was as accidental in our family as the addition of de Espinosa must have been in a family of Amsterdam Jews. Dropping Ruiz and retaining only Santayana was my father's doing, and caused him some trouble in legalizing his abbreviated signature in formal documents. He loved simplicity, and thought plain Augustín Santayana as pompous a name as his modest position could carry. I sympathize with the motive; but why not drop the Santayana and keep the Ruiz, which was the true patronymic? Legally I still possess both; and the question has no further importance, since with me our branch of the family becomes extinct.

The Spanish dignity in humility was most marked in my father. He lived when necessary and almost by preference like the poor, without the least comfort, variety, or entertainment. He was bred in poverty — not the standard poverty, so to speak, of the hereditary working classes, but in the cramped genteel poverty of those who find themselves poorer than they were or than they have to seem.

He was one of twelve children, imposing the strictest economy in the household of a minor official with insecure tenure of office, such as his father was. For supper they had each a small bowl of garlic soup — something that my father loved in his old age, and that I also liked, especially if I might break a raw egg into it, as those twelve children were certainly never allowed to do. You fry some garlic in a pan with some olive oil; when crisp you remove the larger pieces of garlic, add hot water according to the size of the family, with thin little slices of bread, no matter how dry, *ad libitum*, and a little salt; and that is your supper. Or perhaps, with a further piece of bread, you might receive a slice of cheese, cut so thin that the children would hold it up to the light to admire its transparency and to wink at one another through the frequent round holes.

My father was educated at Valladolid, I don't know under what schoolmaster first, but eventually at the university there, where he studied law; and he at least learned Latin well enough to take pleasure in translating the tragedies of Seneca into Castilian blank verse — a pure work of love since he could expect no advancement, perhaps rather the opposite, from such an exhibition of capricious industry. Nor was that his only taste; he also

studied painting, and quite professionally, although he made no great progress in it.

As to painting, my father's ideas were absolutely those of the craftsman, the artisan, following his trade conscientiously with no thought or respect for the profane crowd of rich people who might be babbling about art in their ignorance. This jealous professionalism did not exclude speculation and criticism; but they were the speculation and criticism of the specialist, scientific and materialistic. He viewed the arts in the manner of Leonardo, whom probably he had never read.

His methods were not less workmanlike than his thoughts. His easel, his colors, ground by himself with a glass pestle and carefully mixed with the oil, his palette and his brushes, were objects of wonder to my childish heart. I was too young to catch the contagion and try to imitate him; but afterwards, when drawing became a pastime for me (as it still is), I wondered sometimes if my father's example and lessons would have helped me to make the progress in draughtsmanship which I have never made. I rather doubt that they would have helped me. Because composition and ideal charm, which are everything to me in all the arts, seemed to be nothing to my father. I might have acquired a little more manual skill and corrected a few bad mannerisms; but I should soon have broken away and turned to courses that he could not approve.

Yet I think that he himself suffered in his painting, as in his life, from the absence of any ideal inspiration. He was arrested by the sheer mechanics of the art, as I was arrested by ignorance of them; and he remained an amateur all his life in his professionalism, because after measuring his drawing and catching the likeness (since his paintings were all portraits) and laying on his first strata of color, he would become uncertain and discouraged, without a clear vision of what might render his picture living, distinctive, harmonious, and, in a word, *beautiful*.

When I once asked him, apropos of his liberal politics, the hollowness of which I already began to feel, what ideal of society he would approve, he said he had no *ideal*. "I don't know what I want, but I know what I don't want." We laughed, and the matter ended there, since discussion with him was rendered difficult by his extreme deafness; and few things seem worth saying when one has to reduce them first to a few words, and to make

and impose an express effort in order to communicate them.

Not to know what one wants is simple absence of self-knowledge. It is abdication, — my father was inclined to abdicate, — and the insistence on *not* wanting this, or *not* wanting that, becomes an unamiable exhibition of the seamy side of your nature, the fair face of which you have turned downwards. Now my father hated shams, among which he placed religion, and hated complicated purposes or ambitions, with all the havoc they make. He was tolerant and kindly towards the minor vices and the physical ills of mankind; he was tightly and ferociously closed against all higher follies. But is it not an initial folly to exclude all happy possibilities and condemn oneself to limp through life on one leg? If it be legitimate to live physically, why isn't it legitimate to live morally? I am afraid that my father, unlike my mother, was not brave.

He stopped halfway also in the law, which was his chosen profession, but for different reasons. Here he had not the blessed independence of the painter, consulting only his own inspiration. He had to think of tradition, of clients, of magistrates, of personal and political influences and intrigues; and his natural diffidence and dislike of rigmarole stood in his way. His family had no influential connections, and when still a very young man he accepted a post in the government service in the Philippine Islands. In this career, save for the effect of a tropical climate on his health, he did very well.

My father's last post had been that of financial secretary to the "Captain General" or Governor General of the Philippines, who at that time had been General Pavía, Marqués de Novaliches. Now at the time of the revolution that dethroned Queen Isabella II, this general, then in Spain again, had been the only one to remain faithful to his sovereign, and actually to oppose Prim and Serrano in a battle at Alcolea, in which he was easily defeated and wounded. In 1871, when my father and I were living alone in Avila, my mother and sisters having gone to America, Novaliches and his lady came to live in Avila, in the palace that was later the Military Academy; and in their solitude and provincial retirement they seemed to relish the society of my father, with whom they had so many old memories in common. They had a carriage — the only one then in

Avila — in which they took a daily drive along one *carretera* or another, or perhaps to the green hermitage of Sonsoles at the foot of the mountains opposite: a favorite walk of ours also. Sometimes they would send word, asking my father to accompany them; and as he and I were then the whole family, it was inevitable that I should go too.

Conversation on those occasions was naturally above my head, as I was seven years old; and after the first day I was promoted to a seat on the box beside the coachman, where I could watch the horses and the front wheels in motion to my heart's content. The landscape of that region has character, but no charming features such as a child might notice; indeed it is striking how entirely children and common people fail to see anything purely pictorial. Women and babies seem to them lovely, and animals attract their attention, as being human bodies curiously gone wrong or curiously overendowed with odd organs or strength or agility; but the fact escapes them that light and shade or outlines in themselves are something.

It was unusually mature of me, in ripe years, to rediscover *essences* — the only things people ever see and the last they notice. From that coachman's box my young mind saw nothing but the aesthetics of mechanism; yet my unconscious psyche kept a better watch, and I can now evoke images of impressions that meant nothing to me then but that had subtler significance. Now I can see how deferentially my father sat on the front seat of that carriage, listening to the General's thick voice: for he had been wounded in the jaw and tongue, so that he had an impediment in his speech and wore a black beard — of the sort I don't like — to conceal the scar. Every now and then he made a one-sided grimace that I still recall, as well as the serene silent figure of the Marquesa at his side, dressed in black, passive and amiable, but observant, and when she spoke saying something always kind and never silly. She had the air, so common in Spanish ladies, of having suffered, being resigned, and being surprised at nothing.

We soon left for America, and Novaliches and his lady also left Avila on the return of the Bourbons, and resumed a place in the great world: not a leading place any longer, but a sort of grandfatherly place in the background of affairs. Once, some twelve years later, when I was to pass through Madrid, my father gave

me a letter of reintroduction to the old General. I was then, 1883, in that appealing phase of youth when one's heart and intelligence are keenly active, but unpledged; and if Novaliches or the Marquesa should take a fancy to me, might they not still have enough influence to secure a place for me in the army, or at court, or in some government service, where my knowledge of foreign languages might be useful? English, my strong point, was as yet little studied in Spain, and even my elementary German might have seemed an accomplishment: unfortunately it was my Spanish that limped, although that defect would soon have been remedied had I remained in Spain.

These illusions floated, I know, in my father's mind, and they tempted me also imaginatively; but practically, had it ever come to a choice, I should have dismissed them. They would have led me into a slippery and insecure path, full of commitments, personal obligations, and false promises, very different from the homely plank walk across the snow that was to open to me in America. I have never been adventurous; I need to be quiet in order to be free.

I took my letter to the General's house, but he was out of town; and this little accident, which we might have foreseen, as it was midsummer, sufficed to discourage us. We took it instinctively for an omen, symbolizing the insurmountable difficulties in the way of our hopes. We had no money. We had no friends. My mother not only would not have helped, but would have regarded my action as an ungrateful rebellion against her and a desertion of my duty.

The desertion, though excusable, was really hers, because nothing would have been more natural and proper than for her to return to Spain, being a Spanish subject, especially a few years later when for her daughters it would have been a most welcome change. Only her son Robert, then thoroughly Americanized and planning marriage, would have been separated from her, not my father or my sisters or me. But her will was adamant, once it had taken shape; and without her aid — apart from the unpleasantness and responsibility of the quarrel — I could not have weathered the storms and the prolonged calms of such a voyage in Spanish waters. How her passionate will found expression in words may be seen in a letter, unusually rhetorical for her, that I will translate literally: it deals with this very

point of a possible military career for me in Spain, although the essential question — sticking to her or sticking to my father and my country — is not mentioned.

No date (about 1880)

I am glad that our son has no inclination to be a soldier. No career displeases me more, and if I were a man it would repel me less to be a hangman than a soldier, because the one is obliged to put to death only criminals sentenced by the law, but the other kills honest men who like himself bathe in innocent blood at the bidding of some superior. Barbarous customs that I hope will disappear when there are no Kings and no desire for conquest and when man has the world for his country and all his fellow-beings for brothers. You will say that I am dreaming. It may be so. Adieu.

In repeating the part of this letter about the hangman and the soldier, my father once observed, "I wonder in what novel your mother had read that." Perhaps it had been in a novel; but I suspect that the words may have come from her father's lips, or out of the book of maxims drawn from all sages, from Confucius to Benjamin Franklin, that my grandfather had collected and published, breathing the spirit of Locke, Rousseau, and *Nathan der Weise*.

In his old age my father's eyes became so weak that it was almost impossible for him to read or write. Painting he had long since abandoned; and in order to while away the time, he took to carpentering and to framing and polishing steel clothes-horses of which there was soon one in every room in the house. I think he was happier in these rude occupations than when he had been more occupied with politics and ideas. He felt better, and his mind could choose its own themes rather than the unpleasant events of the moment.

Nature is far kindlier than opinion. When one faculty perishes, the others inherit a modicum of energy, or at least forget gladly, now that they are free, that formerly they were subordinate. Anything suffices if nothing else is demanded; and mankind, let us hope, will dwindle and die more contented than it ever was when it waxed and struggled. I at least have found that old age is the time for happiness, even for enjoying in retrospect the years of youth that were so distracted in their day; and I seem to detect a certain sardonic defiance, a sort of pride, in the whining old beggars that look so wretched as they stretch out a trem-

bling hand for a penny. They are not dead yet; they can hold together in spite of everything; and they are not deceived about *you*, you well-dressed young person. Your new shoes pinch you, and you are secretly racked by hopeless desires.

The house in which my father spent his last years, and which afterwards fell to me and was the only property I ever had in Spain, was opposite the Convent of Santa Ana, where above a stone cross and a modest row of trees the rocky soil rises a little above the road and forms a sort of terrace or little square. It was a workingman's dwelling, what in England is called a cottage, but commodious; there was ample room for my father and aunt, and for me and Susana, and eventually for my other old aunt and my cousin Elvira. In the first place it was a whole house, not divided into apartments; and it possessed a walled space, called a garden, in the rear, with a low wing on one side, which with its kitchen formed a complete dwelling by itself.

The ground before this little house was neither town nor country: virgin earth with rock emerging in places, and preserving its irregular surface; but stone paths had been laid across it roughly, in the directions that people were likely to take, and served as steppingstones in case of mud or pools of water; for there was no drainage. We had a well with an iron pump, in the house, so that only the water for cooking and drinking needed to be fetched from the public fountains. Sometimes in summer, when the purest water was desired, a donkey with four large jars in the pockets of a wicker saddle brought it from some reputed spring in the country. This primitiveness was rather pleasant and on the whole salubrious; we lived nearer to mother earth. Nor was it exclusively Spanish. At Harvard I used to bring up my coal and water daily from the cellar of Hollis Hall, or water in summer from the college pump opposite.

All this formed a meager, old-fashioned, almost indifferent stage-setting to my father's life: the real drama was his health. He was a wiry and (for a Spaniard) a tall man, and lived to the age of seventy-nine; and long walks and long sea voyages in comfortless old sailing vessels were nothing to him. Yet he was a hypochondriac, always watching his symptoms and fearing that death was at hand. Whether this was congenital or the effect of

insidious ailments proper to tropical climates, I do not know; but the sense of impediment, of insecurity, was constant in him. It defeated any clear pleasure in any project, and mixed a certain bitterness with such real pleasures as he enjoyed. They were snatched, as it were, from the fire with a curious uneasiness, as if they were forbidden and likely to be punished. And this when theoretically he was absolutely rationalistic, materialistic, and free from moral or physical superstition.

Perhaps, if a man's bowels are treacherous, he cannot trust anything else. Dysentery removes all the confidence that the will has in itself: the alien, the irresistibly dissolving force is too much within you. Moreover, my father had other obvious discouragements to face: poverty, deafness, semi-blindness: yet these, if his digestion had been good and strong, I don't think would have cowed him. He had plenty of Castilian indifference to circumstances and to externals, plenty of independence and capacity to live content with little and quite alone. But the firmness of the inner man must not be undermined by a sour stomach: that, at least, seems to have been my father's experience.

Intelligence and brave philosophy were mixed strangely with this discouragement. On one of the many occasions when he thought, or dreaded, that he might be on his deathbed, he felt a sudden desire for some boiled chicken, without in the least giving up his asseveration that he was dying; and as his deafness prevented him from properly modulating his voice, he cried out with a shout that resounded through the whole house: *La Unción y la gallina!* "Extreme Unction and a chicken!"

Extreme Unction only, be it observed. That is the last sacrament, to be received passively, without saying a word. It would put him to no inconvenience. To have asked for Confession and Communion would have implied much talking; he was too far gone for that. Extreme Unction would do perfectly to avoid all unpleasantness regarding his funeral and burial in holy ground. Nobody would need to be distressed about his soul. And meantime, since these were his last moments and the consequences of any imprudence would make no difference, why not boldly indulge himself one last time and have some boiled chicken? That, I am confident, was his thought. And he had the chicken. The last sacrament, this time, was not required.

AFTER COCOANUT GROVE

by FREDERICA WEEKS

1

SATURDAY night, November 28, 1942, goes down as the date of one of the worst disasters in the history of Boston. That evening a big crowd, most of them young, many of them in uniform, went to our largest night club, the Cocoanut Grove. Had Boston College defeated Holy Cross, as everyone expected them to do, the local football squad and many of the undergraduates would have been in ringside seats. The bitter taste of defeat mercifully kept that one party away. But others came — perhaps a thousand in all. The fire struck with the swiftness of a bomb, and when the flames had subsided, the city knew that close to five hundred had perished, that approximately two hundred and fifty had escaped, and that another two hundred were still fighting for their lives in Boston hospitals.

In the days that followed, we in this neighborhood lived under the smoky, gruesome pall of publicity. We listened as the Public Hearing dragged out the pitiful details. We heard hints of the looting, of the damage suits, of the wills to be contested — and it was a sorry story. What we did not hear was the story of the convalescents and their incredible courage, and the story of the men and women, the country over, who reached out to help Boston. When there has been a famine in China or an earthquake in Tokyo, Americans have never held back. But this time we knew the same generosity in our own neighborhood.

What surprised the Red Cross was the magnitude of the offers that started pouring in on Monday morning. People from such far places

as Chicago, Florida, California, as well as scores in Massachusetts, wrote, telephoned, telegraphed offers of money, furniture, blood, skin for grafting. More than a hundred couples offered homes for orphaned children. One old man came to headquarters, bank book in hand, to show that he was giving every penny he could scrape together.

In came a gift from one mother who had lost her son in the Grove. It was not an easy gift to receive. Her boy had been in college. Now, in his memory, she wanted to send some other boy in his place. Was there, among those who had been burned, a boy who might need a scholarship? The Red Cross knew of one among the survivors. He had gone midway through his freshman year; then his father died and the youngster had to leave to help support the family. He had been working as a stevedore. Now his hands were so badly burned that he could never do that kind of manual work again. He won't have to. He is going back to college.

"Rehabilitation" is the official label for such work as this. Among the musicians burned out at the Grove was a young saxophone player. He lost his saxophone, he lost his cornet, he lost his tuxedo, which was burned to tatters. But he lived and the doctor said his lungs would recover. One of his friends scoured among the ruins and found the battered saxophone. It would cost forty dollars to have it repaired. Forty dollars is a small fortune if you are a sick musician, uninsured, and out of a job. Then the Red Cross stepped in, and having made certain from the doctor that he would be able to use his lungs, they bought him a completely new outfit. "You don't mean that you'll just *give* me a cornet? But it costs a hundred and fifty dollars! And a new tuxedo? And pay to have my saxophone fixed!" The young man couldn't grasp it, couldn't believe there

A New Yorker by birth, FREDERICA WEEKS has lived in the Hub for the past eighteen years. In her home on Beacon Hill she heard the fateful sirens of the ambulances on the night of the Cocoanut Grove fire, and she thought, as countless other parents must have, "There, but for the grace of God, goes my daughter." Through her friends in the hospitals, in the Red Cross, and among the nurses' aides, she heard tell of the courage and generosity with which Americans rose to meet this disaster.

wasn't a catch in it somewhere. "I wouldn't have believed that anyone would do a thing like this for anybody," he protested.

The fire traveled. It hurt those who were far from the scene. Three little children, the oldest a girl of four, lost their father, their mother, an uncle, two aunts, their grandmother and grandfather. The family had gathered at the Grove to celebrate a wedding anniversary and not one of them escaped. The youngsters had been left with an aunt of eighty. On the night of the fire the Red Cross sent a messenger to the home, and later a housekeeper. And since then it has kept the family intact. The one male relative competent to look after the family was an enlisted man in the South Seas. A leave of absence was arranged for him through the War Department, and he is now on his way to the children.

Among the Boston mothers who were in anguish that Saturday night was one who had quarreled with her daughter. She had ordered the girl not to go out — in anger had sent her to her room. But the girl defied her and went anyway — to the Grove. She did not come back, and the mother could not face her anguish alone. A psychiatrist talked with her, worked with her, lived in the house with her until she had regained her poise.

"I see that the papers estimate the damage at the Grove at \$500,000," said the Assistant Superintendent of Nurses at the Massachusetts General Hospital, with a wry smile. The cost of those first three days in nursing, in doctors, in blood plasma and morphine, is almost beyond calculation. Two hundred doctors were working that week-end at the Boston City Hospital. Over a thousand units of plasma (each unit a half pint) were used there in the first five days.

But this is not the kind of suffering — or care — that you can reckon in dollars. The thing is too big for the individual to cope with. The care of one girl who, if she lives, will be a helpless cripple, costs \$600 a month. Her father, who earns \$650, would gladly mortgage his future salary. But thanks to anonymous generosity, he doesn't have to go into debt. The cost, both to individuals and to families, is one which will reach far down the years.

The doctor in charge of the Boston City Hospital said, "I have never seen people behave so wonderfully as they did that Saturday night." And the nurses at the Massachusetts General Hospital say the same thing. A woman

burned to the waist waved a doctor away with, "No, no. Don't bother about me. I'm all right. Help the others first."

Of course there were complaints. But they were relatively few. The sufferers thought first of those who had been with them. Then of the things they lost — their coats, their handbags, their rings (three ring cutters were worn out in the first night). Most of the survivors were burned on the back of the hands and the face, having thrown up their hands to protect their eyes as the blast swept toward them. In the early weeks of their recovery they could do nothing for themselves, except cheer each other up — which they did marvelously. In some wards the radio, the newspaper accounts, and the pictures of the fire were kept away from the patients. When they talked together during the first week, it was not about the disaster, but of things at home. One young girl in the Massachusetts General Hospital lost her father, mother, and fiancé. She didn't speak of her own feelings, but repeated over and over, "I *must* get well, I *must* get out by Christmas. My little brother and sister will be alone for Christmas unless I get home."

2

Ten days after the fire a reporter asked if he might interview some of the patients at a hospital. A group of young girls, well on the road to recovery, said they would see him. And to him they confided that what had worried them most was the fear that their looks might have been ruined. But when their bandages had been removed, so wrote the reporter, they found that, thanks to a miraculous salve, their skin was clearer, prettier than before. Next day an international news bureau telephoned to the doctor in charge, saying they had just received a cable from London asking for the formula of that miraculous salve. "You tell them," chuckled the doctor, "that it was either vaseline or boric acid ointment. Wait a minute, and I'll make sure." And he did. It was vaseline.

In the City Hospital, still dangerously ill, is a young coastguardman who piloted his girl out of the Grove and then three times went back into the fire to rescue others. The third time he keeled over, and by the time the firemen reached him, he was terribly burned. A messenger from the Red Cross broke the news to his parents on their farm in Missouri. That

farm had to be mortgaged before they could afford the trip to Boston. There they faced weeks of waiting. And they had no money. At last the old man went to the Red Cross: there was nothing else for him to do. The old couple were installed in a small housekeeping apartment not far from the hospital. Asked how much money they would need, the old lady said she could manage on seven dollars a week. When the money was proffered them, they couldn't bring themselves to take it. They just sat, and the tears ran down their faces.

The old man said ruefully, "I remember at the time of the Mississippi floods, five years ago, listening on the radio to the bad troubles and thinking, thank God there's a Red Cross to help these poor people in their great need. I sent a hundred dollars then. It was a lot for me. I never thought then that I'd be coming, myself, for help."

The mother added, "We have five other children. They'll all work until the last one dies, to pay back what we owe you."

The days ran into weeks and at last the old man couldn't stand it. He worked his way back home. Then the boy became worse and again he was sent for. He cashed his only war bond and came. Gradually the boy's condition has improved. If he lives, he can probably go home next year. Lying on his stomach, supported at the chest and hips by piles of rub-

ber mattresses, a wire cage over him to hold the bedclothes away from his blackened flesh, he is now taking an interest in everything. At Christmas the doctors clubbed together and gave him a radio. The nurses arranged a little party for the old mother.

To an Assistant Superintendent of Nurses it was a matter of routine that doctors and nurses, even the nurses' aides, had stood the horror and strain of that first twenty-four hours. She was outspoken in her amazement, however, at the new evidence of the toughness and resilience of a human being. That these young survivors, some of them delirious for weeks, could summon the vitality and fortitude to keep on living against such odds moved her to wonder.

A social worker, speaking of a family both of whose breadwinners had been lost, remarked quietly, "Courage — well, I keep using the word for lack of any other. But it's much more than courage. I just can't find a word for it."

As each survivor discovered in himself an unsuspected vitality to meet this terrible challenge, so it seems as if the rest of us, separately yet in a body, asserted the positive will to live, to recuperate, to rehabilitate. The story of the young coastguardman, his family, his Christmas radio, his mother's party, becomes not just the story of a few individuals but the revelation of a great heart.



ATLAS

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

BECAUSE I did not turn when it was time to turn,
 Because when there was need to speak I had no word,
 Because I saw man's agony without concern,
 Was deaf to murmurs though I knew, and heard,
 The weight of all the world is on my shoulders now.
 The weight of all the world has brought me to my knees —
 Beneath the cities, hills, and mountain peaks I bow,
 My spine is taut beneath the burden of the seas.
 I hear planes hum like insect swarms around my head,
 And thunder rolling east and west, the old world shaking;
 The cries of men I scorned, litanies for the dead.
 What curse prevents this heart of flint from breaking — breaking?
 From this dread burden not I nor any will be free,
 And as the weight of snow piled on a hemlock bough
 Will bend, then snap the limb and so deform the tree,
 I sink beneath the world's weight crushing down upon me now.

A NEGRO SPEAKS FOR HIS PEOPLE

by J. SAUNDERS REDDING

1

FOR a dozen years deep change has been taking place in the mind of the Negro toward the racial situation in the South. The change has not been secret, being evidenced in a number of ways; but activated by the general ferment of the war, it now looms gargantuan before the crisis-stirred consciousness of the white South. That the change assumes the reputation and the proportions of a catastrophe to those who have not followed its manifestations is due to its peculiar relation to the war and to the kind of war this is.

Now at a time when peoples all over the world are affirming the concept of equality, the Negro, too, in America is affirming with strong voice that the rights fundamental to all men shall no longer be denied him. And the sound of that voice avowing change is dreadful to the white South.

There had been warnings to the South long before the unmistakable sound of the voice was heard. Perhaps the earlier warnings were not clear, or perhaps the liberals who interpret for the South and to the South misunderstood them. Or perhaps, because separately a great many of the incidents were minor, the liberals did not notice them at all. The fact that an old Southern-trained Negro college teacher of sociology is replaced by a Negro trained at Chicago under Park and Burgess does not make headlines. News of Negro students revolting because they think one of their white teachers incompetent and prejudiced never gets to the white South at all. The boycott of a chain grocery store because it

employed an all-white staff in a Negro neighborhood in Atlanta is only of passing interest. Few of the interpreters for the South know the name of Clinton Clark, but he is the Louisiana Negro who organized the bi-racial Louisiana Tenant Farmers and Sharecroppers Committee; or of Ben Mangum, the white man who did the same in Southeastern Missouri. These "minor" incidents have been happening in the South for ten years.

There are also events of greater magnitude. In the first place, the old Negro leadership in the South was outstripped by its (theoretical) following. The old leadership had been chosen and maintained by the white South because it was too weak to make encroachments upon the basic assumption of Negro inferiority or upon the racial status quo. The old leadership was maintained because it threatened no change and no essential modification of the mores of the South. In *Brown America*, Edwin Embree gives an illustration: "In one town all of the prominent white people sing the praises of the principal of the local high school. You visit his school and, while he is holding a class, a telephone call comes. He excuses himself saying that the county superintendent has just called him up and wants him to come over and plow in his garden."

Such a leadership could not make the transition from the imperatives of one cultural level to those of another. The white South did not wish it to. It was a leadership meant to be effective for progress in a world in which black would remain forever unequal to white. It was too frequently a chidden, threatened leadership, entirely dependent upon the capricious will and largess of white men. To the extent that it remains, it still is.

In Elizabeth City, North Carolina, on January 1, 1943, a shotgun blast killed one white man and wounded two others. The murder

In the January *Atlantic* Virginius Dabney of Richmond, Virginia, warned us that we are drawing Nearer and Nearer the Precipice of race riots because of the agitation of white demagogues and Negro extremists. The *Atlantic* now turns to J. SAUNDERS REDDING, author of one of the best books about the American Negro, *No Day of Triumph*, to tell us what he thinks of the "awakening" among his own people North and South.

was attributed to race trouble and "a near-riot ensued." It happens that the town is the seat of a state college for Negroes, and it seems more than incidental that a political writer for the *Raleigh Evening Times* should report in his column for January 7 that "rumors connecting the recent near-riot in Elizabeth City and the State Teachers College for Negroes have reached the Advisory Budget Committee and may hurt the chances of getting badly needed funds."

That the implication of guilty connivance is preposterous needs no comment. The item has a much wider significance. It exemplifies not only an old technique of control but the middle-class Southern whites' resistance to any change even in the *conditions* of the race problem — since, as a problem, they see it as immutable. Governor Dixon of Alabama recently refused a Federal contract for his state on the ground that its provision against discrimination in employment was a threat to the ways of the South.

2

The Negro has learned to distrust the proclaimed good-will of the articulate Southern whites, even the liberals; he has long since distrusted the strength of his old leaders.

Another occurrence, of increasing weight in the total situation, is that the Negro in the South is awaking to the class aspect of the race problem. Some Southern liberals are aware of this, among them Jonathan Daniels, who implies that the awakening is due to the fact that the white liberals, like the old Negro leaders, have been asleep, leaving the Negro to his own devices. His devices, in the persons of regenerate Southerners like the Reverend Samuel Franklin, whom Mr. Daniels describes, Communists, members of the CIO, Coöperators, and assorted Farm Unionists, have led him to an ideological point of view from which he sees the race problem stripped of the old, frayed, romantic disguises. It should be no secret even to the reactionary that the Negro's awakening is also the depressed white man's awakening. The depressed white man in the South is awaking only to discover that both he and the Negro were drugged by the same mystical potion of hate, of race struggle, of playing poor laboring black against poor laboring white. He is discovering also that there is much to join him to the Negro.

John Temple Graves, a liberal from Alabama, cites an important figure. He says that there are 30,000 Negro members of the CIO in Alabama. What he does not say is more important: that a large percentage of these Alabama Negro union members are in bi-racial locals, and that some of these locals have some Negro officials. A white acquaintance of mine who was with the War Labor Board in a legal capacity cites the instance of a white man who had just joined a miners' local in war-flushed Birmingham. The man had no way of knowing that the local was bi-racial until it was necessary to have his card signed. He went into the local's office, where there were several men sitting around, and asked for the secretary. He was shown the open door of a cubbyhole, and there behind a littered desk sat a Negro.

"I happened in at the exact time," my acquaintance says, "looking for a hearing witness. And you should have seen this feller's eyes bug. He stood in the door and turned to look at these other men in the other room as if he thought somebody was playing a joke he didn't like. 'Say,' he says, 'do I have to have that feller sign my card?' The men eyed him for a while, and then one of them, a sure-fire cracker-looking feller, says, 'Sho' do, if you want to git in, by Gawd. He's a worker, like you an' me.' God, how I wished that feller was my witness!"

The South is learning the lesson taught a few months ago by R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, when he ordered back to work, under pain of expulsion from job and union, some Southern whites who struck in protest against the employment of Negroes in a Wright aeronautical factory. They mean that the Negro is coming to have "a faith in organized labor as a force for social justice." They mean what a Negro United Mine Workers official in West Virginia told me in 1940: "Let me tell you, buddy. Waking up is a damn sight harder than going to sleep, but we'll stay woke up longer."

3

Let no one draw false inferences as to the present fullness and extent of this awakening. It is still possible for a politician to arouse prolonged cheers from an audience in Georgia (or Alabama or Mississippi or Texas) by declaring, "As long as I am your Governor no Negro foremen will give orders to white men and women

in the mills of this state. . . . I am proud to be called the champion of White Supremacy." It is still possible for a lawyer in Birmingham to project the formation of a league to protect the white man's exclusive rights.

It is still standard for the Negro president of an important vocational college to be called "Boy" by white farmers who come to see and to learn the most recent development in plant pest control. It remains normal for the Negro to be told to go to the back of the bus, the store, and the line of march; for him to be shut out of unions and kept out of jobs and legislated out of voting. "Sure," the Governor quoted above said, "the Negro has a place. And that place is at the back door. There is no other place for him." But it becomes less the custom for Negroes in the South to accept that place, to grin and bear it, for though the majority have never heard of the Northern Negro "agitators" or the "radical" Negro press, or the CIO, or the Delta Coöperatives, or the Committee on Fair Employment Practice, they have heard that we are fighting a war for something and they have felt the cosmic stirring of the little peoples.

Though the majority of Negroes have never heard of the efforts of certain "radical" groups and men to ameliorate their condition, one must not dismiss those efforts. Certainly the bi-racial Sharecroppers Union, which Clinton Clark said had 37,000 members in 1940, is having some effect. There must be some strength of spirit in the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, one of whose meetings I attended in Arkansas. (There were only twenty-one whites and nine Negroes present, but they were *all* the white and Negro members in the district.) One can only speculate as to the depth of the influence of the CIO and whether it is just narrowly class-conscious or broadly liberalizing. One cannot be certain of the effects upon youth of the American Youth Congress and the American Student Union, but there are effects, and the Negro is feeling them.

All this activity of movements and men is expressed in the sound of the voice that seems to come exclusively from the North, but it is not the hatch of Northern Negro "agitators," "pushing the country closer and closer to an interracial explosion," as Mr. Dabney said in the January *Atlantic*. It is thought in the white South to be the hatch of the Negro North because the Negro South has forgot its

"place" and is not acting like the Negro South. The voice seems to come from the North because the North has always been the mouth to cry Change — and the Negro North has always been the tongue of the black South.

4

Several years ago, when the name of W. E. B. Du Bois was taken in some quarters as the by-word of race radicalism, I heard a Southern Negro leader upbraid a young student for his enthusiasm for Dr. Du Bois. After a long and rather abusive harangue, he suddenly demanded of the student, "Why do you like Du Bois anyway? Don't you know he's impractical?" "I like him 'cause he speaks his piece without hemming and hawing," the student answered.

There were two truths implicit in this dialogue. One was that the Negro North frequently spoke the common mind of the Negro South; and the other, that the Negro North was sometimes visionary. But if the Negro North was sometimes fanciful, then the white South's literalness was often peonage and worse; and to what was visionary fifteen years ago, new, powerful, human forces have given a look of reasonableness, while a great deal of the South's "practicality" seems reactionary blindness.

The South has long been insulated. Resistance to change is one of its chief regional characteristics. What Howard Odum, one of the South's greatest sociologists, said ten years ago is true today: there are "more articulate movements and attitudes advocating the turning of the clock backward" than there are of any other kind.

Since change comes hard in the South, the South could not know, or chose not to know, what was happening in the North and to the Negro. The Texas primary election fight, the equal pay campaign, the Supreme Court decision in the Gaines case, did not tell it. It fought these occurrences — and all the harder because it did not understand them; but though they happened in the South, they were of the North, and as such were taken for the aberrations of psychopathic individuals who wanted to destroy the social structure of the South. This is the Southern attitude.

And indeed, what was happening in the North? The gusty implementation of a strange political philosophy was being effected. It un-

leashed amorphous forces to counteract the collapse of the rugged individualists' familiar philosophy of abundance. It expounded a theory of leveling and reshaped the prerogatives of privileged men into the rights of all men. It hinted of miracles of "people's plenty." It abandoned tradition. It restated the relations of man to government and of man to man in solid, hopeful terms. The New Deal was happening.

In this new deal the Negro in the North got a better hand than he had ever held before. He also played it better. He had something to play for, and he finessed his hand just enough to win. The things the Negro won were perhaps inconsequential to those who had long had them — a Federal judgeship, county and municipal judgeships, government advisory posts, legislative seats, appointments to West Point and Annapolis — but they were a clear promise that democracy for him was not dead. His tongue began to speak with the authority and in the accents of the new dispensation.

The tongue gives voice to a new Negro leadership North and South. Actually, traceably, it is a leadership newly created from a complex of conditions arising in the South — the weakness of old leaders, the inertia of those old leaders' white patrons, the labor activity along bi-racial lines, and the development of class-consciousness. But the most important respect in which this leadership is new is in its thoroughgoing representativeness. A. Philip Randolph is president of a labor organization with a membership close to 10,000. Walter White has seen the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which he is secretary, grow from seventy member chapters to five hundred with a total membership well above 15,000. Max Yergan, president of the National Negro Congress, claims 15,000 for his group. The National Urban League, of which Lester Granger is secretary, has affiliates in fifty cities.

It is no wonder that these men can speak to audiences of 20,000 in New York, 18,000 in Chicago, 7000 in St. Louis, and to hundreds in Baltimore and Boston, Richmond, Memphis, and New Orleans. Even in their best days, when agricultural and mechanical training for Negroes was insisted on as *the* solution for the race problem, when frock coat and "white folks" were sign and symbol of the Negro's success — even in those days the old leaders

could command no such audiences as these. These new men are backed by organized followings almost exclusively of Negroes. In their aims, they are backed by the will of peoples all over the world, including the will of the Southern Negro.

For even the leading Southern Negroes, who have "fortunately taken matters into their own hands," and in whom reposed the Southern whites' hopes of "producing something which will appeal to forward-looking white Southerners as in the best interest of the whole South," — I am again quoting Mr. Dabney, — are a part of that exerting will. On October 17, 1942, the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, undoubtedly the Negro South's own paper and in Southern white judgment "one of the sanest and best-edited colored papers in the United States," put it bluntly: —

They [Southern liberals] want the Negro to adjourn all discussions of equality of opportunity, or of inclusion in the processes of change, or of holding on to the gains already made. . . . We can understand the confusion in the minds of Southern liberals when they read statements . . . which set forth objectives in language that is, at least, impolitic. We can understand how they discern a difference in goals as well as a difference in methods of attaining them, as between Northern Negroes and Southern Negroes. Fundamentally, the goals are the same. The Negro wants a chance to work at any job for which his training and abilities qualify him. He wants to become a member of a union as a craftsman. . . . He wants to vote and participate in his government after meeting the requirements set up for citizens of other races. He wants to serve his country in war as a civilian as well as a soldier. He wants the stigma of implacable Jim-Crowism in its barbarous impact upon every phase of his life removed.

Last October some of these leading Southern Negroes met in a conference which the articulate whites hoped would provide an "antidote for the inflammatory agitation by Negro extremists." In December the policy-making committee of that conference issued a statement about which the *Journal and Guide* commented editorially: —

Up to this time the Southern Negro has not spoken in tones and in terms that clearly defined his position. There is the assumption that the Southern Negro is leaving the case entirely in the hands of his Northern brethren. This is not true. In the current statement a representative group of Southern Negroes speak for themselves, and in clear terms

they make it known that they are not in accord with any thinking concerning the war period, or the post-war period, that contemplates no change or improvement in the . . . second-class citizenship rating of the Negro.

The committee's declaration makes this clear:

We are fundamentally opposed to the principle and practice of compulsory segregation in our American society, whether of races or classes or creeds; however, we regard it as both sensible and timely to address ourselves now to the current problems of racial discrimination and neglect and to ways in which we may coöperate in the advancement of programs aimed at the sound improvement of race relations within the democratic framework.

Ten years ago this declared opposition to custom would have been impossible. Ten or even five years ago Negroes did not issue statements on race relations and race policy without first submitting them to a group of "liberal white friends" for advisement. The declaration must have sounded treasonable to the South. None of the old shibboleths here, no truckling to expediency. No indication here that settlement will be what it always was for the old Negro leaders — the white man's settlement. Nothing here to gladden the hearts and quiet the minds of those who believe that the Negro South is being misled out of conformity to the outworn Southern pattern by Northern agitators. This statement of policy runs sharply counter to any based on the maintenance of a concept of inferior and superior races.

It is pertinent to point out a further step the Southern Race Relations Conference took. In a sentence which seems to be a chiding of those who either will not or cannot see that the righting of inequalities in a democracy is no alarum to internal war and no threat to the violation of the sacredness of the home, the Conference says: "We regard it as unfortunate that the simple efforts to correct obvious social and economic injustices continue, with such considerable support, to be interpreted as the predatory ambition of irresponsible Negroes to invade the privacy of family life."

This last was as necessary as the other was fundamental, for there is need to deny the white South's conception of social equality. Everyone knows what that conception is. Its apothegm is the question, Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro? Of course no Negro takes a view of equality relatively so short and unimportant as this. Neither

North nor South expects a breakdown in the tradition of segregation that will go this way. No government regulation or intercession could do it. The idea is completely a bugaboo. No Negro suggests it. What is suggested is that the repeal of the laws of segregation is a necessary step in a completer realization of the dream of democracy, and that it is particularly now a timely step when we are fighting a war and asking others to fight a war on the premise of the equality of peoples in a free world.

5

The outstripping and supplanting of outworn Negro leaders, the effects of the growing class-consciousness on the race problem, the tremendous pressure of world forces generating the global war, the war itself for the equality of peoples — all these taken together are a stupendous challenge to the South. It is a challenge to her customs, her isolation, her insulation. It is a challenge to her oft-repeated belief that the South is a *different* world and that the South can handle her own problem alone. In its minimum meaning, it is a challenge to the South to keep, if she must, the present facilities for bi-racial living, excepting only the dodges that prevent the Negroes' exercise of the ballot, drop the discriminatory practices that make those facilities for Negroes inferior to those for white, let the Negroes work at any job they can do, then abolish compulsory segregation. Trust the slow yeasting of *unprejudiced* knowledge — and see what happens. "Let the people work!" It is a challenge to change!

I repeat, this is a war for change. On our side, the United Peoples' side, it is a revolutionary struggle for the equality of peoples. There was a time when some believed we could stay out of it. The rest of us were somehow touched and aware and finally unified by the spirit that makes our common humanity. Even if we could have stayed out of the war, this spirit, this cohesive force, would have touched us; and it would have affected the South and the Negro, and there would have been racial tension.

But we did not stay out, ostensibly because of Pearl Harbor, but actually because we had to help fight this war in order to save the moral prestige of democracy — not our democracy, but the well-loved cosmic spirit of the thing upon which we rest as a people. Had we stayed

out, we should have snuffed the spark of hope in the hearts of millions of people and cast deep shadow over the democratic ideal.

We can still do this even now that we are in the war and even though we win the war. As Wendell Willkie has said, it makes a lot of difference how we win. In pledging a war against the Fascist we have pledged to wipe racialism and the threat of racialism from the earth. We have made the corner of our creed the proposition that men are equal. The ethnic theories of our enemies have forced this inevitably upon us. This is the realistic moral issue. If we evade this issue and win, we are lost — as much as if we lose the military victory. If this war ceases to be the kind of war that supports, enlivens, and helps fulfill this proposition — and there is growing danger

that it might so cease — and becomes just another war to defeat a nation or a group of nations, then we are lost.

The creed of the war is also our creed of government. In the face of the danger of self-defeat it seems a small thing to ask that we live now by a creed which we voluntarily adopted. It is not an easy and a conservative creed. It was never meant to be. But the test of the strength and the durability, the humanity and the godliness, of our way of life is whether we live by it now. This is also the test of the righteousness of the war the peoples wage. There is no refuge in conservatism. There is no road back from liberalism except to a precipice. The road lies ahead, and we built it. It is our right and our duty to lead the way along it.



THE BEST NEWSPAPERMAN I EVER KNEW

by WALTER DURANTY

1

MY friend Norman Ebbut, the London *Times* correspondent, was, I think, the best newspaperman that I have ever met. When British reporters are bad or fakers, they're bad and fakers. But when they're good they're exceedingly good.

Norman Ebbut was one of the best, and of course the *Times* has a drag which no American newspaper can ever hope to obtain. Many American correspondents stand in with powers that be, and get themselves an inside track; but the London *Times* is something else again. The *Times* is a Pillar of Empire, in a way that the *New York Times* or any other American newspaper never dreamed of, and is recognized as such. The *Times* correspondents are picked men who have no diplomatic standing but frequently count as high in the mechanism of the British Empire as, say, a Minister or Counsel-

lor of Embassy. Which means that they have access to secrets, and all the real low-down, and play the government game, with reservations.

Ebbut was better than that, a thick-set West Country man in his late thirties, who never while I knew him missed a trick. Quiet-talking and sober, he drank nothing stronger than beer, but knew the whole German works. I first met him at the Taverne, a small café in the center of Berlin where the English correspondents had a *Stammtisch*, or reserved table, every evening. Ebbut's interests were not confined to Germany, although that was the country he knew best. It was that which made us friends; he always wanted to know the latest dope I brought back from my travels in the Baltic, Balkans, Russia, or China; and we soon had a sort of unwritten compact that I'd wire him on the morning of my arrival in Berlin, and we'd dine together the same night.

I not only enjoyed the benefit of Ebbut's keen comment on my own information, but an unrivaled firsthand résumé of the current

WALTER DURANTY is speaking from experience when he tells us of the best journalist he has ever known. This episode has been drawn from Mr. Duranty's new book, *Search for a Key*, to be published this month by Simon and Schuster.

line-up in Germany. That is one of the great advantages of having a roving commission, especially when it includes places most people don't reach, like the Soviet Union. Other newspapermen, diplomats, politicians, and bankers are so anxious to hear about the Bolshevik Sphinx that they will go out of their way to meet anyone who has some inkling of its riddle. Again and again on this account I found doors open to me that otherwise would have been closed; and as the years passed I extended my "pact" with Ebbut to other countries, so that everywhere I had someone, not necessarily a colleague, who really knew what was what in his own territory, and with whom I had the same arrangement of pooling information.

Among resident correspondents, and diplomats too, it is always a vexed question how far they should "feed" roving colleagues who flick through their city at high speed, snatch up some scraps of information, and write a powerful but generally inaccurate piece for a magazine or syndicate which often pays them twice or three times the monthly salary of the men who furnished the material. Some of these visitors were careless in their use of information, and failed to realize that the wild geese they sent honking through their stories might come damnably home to roost on their resident friends and colleagues. All European countries maintained a complete service of espionage upon foreign correspondents, and many of them were infernally touchy.

I remember the case of Mike Farbman, who did a series on the Baltic States in the twenties for the *Manchester Guardian*. He wrote with skill, courtesy, and enthusiasm about the successful uphill fight which Estonia had made to safeguard its new-won independence, to balance its budget, and generally to get on a practical working basis. In the course of his stories, Farbman mentioned somewhere that Estonia took a firm hand towards Bolshevik agitators and had not feared to send a sharp note to the U.S.S.R. when the latter protested against the arrest and expulsion of some Russian Communists. Some bright mind on the *Guardian* copy desk headlined this article: "The Estonian Worm Turns," whereupon Farbman was curtly informed that he was henceforth *persona non grata* in Estonia, that he was an ungrateful wretch and his shadow should never darken their country again. "Call us worms, indeed! We'll show you who's a worm, you scavenger of a reptile press!"

2

In the middle of 1928 I had just returned from the United States, and Ebbut said, "Wall Street seems to have recovered from that setback in the spring and to be going stronger than ever; but I don't feel easy in my mind. They're riding for a fall, and when the bubble does burst, as bubbles must, the effects here in Germany will be far more serious than most folks think. You hear of men living 'on borrowed time' after a cancer operation or something, but Germany is living on borrowed money. The world is growing smaller, and I tell you that when Wall Street slumps there will follow a mess in Germany."

"I am worried about this man Hitler. Most of our friends, even my own Embassy, think that he's unimportant, or crazy, and that the Stahlhelm and Hugenberg and all that nationalist outfit are much more important than the National Socialists and will ultimately absorb them. I don't believe it myself; in fact, I'd say just the reverse, that the Nazis know what they want and have a concrete program, which is more than the others can claim. I think Hitler's going places, as the Americans say."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Hitler doesn't count. American money . . ."

"Precisely," Ebbut checked me. "American money's the trouble. The Germans have used those billions of dollars to put their industry, especially their metallurgical industry, far ahead of anything in Europe. Steel today, more than gold, is the real sinews of war. Supposing the source dries up, the golden flood of Pactolus ceases to flow from New York. You will see a sudden slump here and general unemployment. That will be Hitler's chance."

I shook my head. "You're wrong," I said. "All the nationalists are a decreasing force in Germany. Stresemann and Briand have cut the ground from under their feet."

Norman frowned. "Stresemann's a dying man," he said somberly. "Chronic kidney disease — I doubt if he lasts a year. When he goes . . . if Wall Street bursts as well . . . I don't like the prospect at all."

I don't believe there were a dozen men in Berlin at that time who knew about Stresemann's condition; but he died some fourteen months after our conversation, and within another six weeks came the market crash in New York, and about a year after that Adolf Hitler's Nazi Party increased its seats in the

Reichstag from twelve to one hundred and seven. You can see why I said before that Norman Ebbut was good.

3

I am sure that no small part of Hitler's success has been due to the way in which he induced German and world opinion to believe that Bolshevism was a disease for which Nazi Fascism was the cure. Not only "Cliveden sets," but bankers and men of business in London and New York and Buenos Aires looked fearfully under their bed of nights to see if there lurked in hiding a horrid hairy Bolshevik with a knife between his teeth. To me it was slightly comic that Bolsheviks in Moscow also looked under their beds in fear of lurking Fascists.

Fear was Hitler's more potent weapon than tanks or Stuka bomb-planes. I saw how Hitler worked it one evening in Berlin as I was driving across the Tiergarten, when suddenly the ugly rotunda top of the Reichstag (Congress) Building became a pillar of smoke with leaping jets of flame. That was one of the most mortifying experiences of my newspaper career. I was in at the death, so to speak, of democracy in Germany and the birth of Nazi tyranny. Only the night before, my friend Ebbut had said Hitler would pull some coup. "The elections are next week, but I am by no means sure that Hitler has the nation behind him. If he means to win, — as he does, — he must drag a rabbit from a hat."

The sight of that flaming roof rang in my head like a bell. I knew it was Ebbut's rabbit. I was less than two hundred yards from the building, but the only sort of official document or form of accreditation I had with me was a press card from the Soviet Foreign Office. I don't mind taking chances, but . . . Reporters have to take chances; it's part of their charming job, but . . . I mean that thanks to Ebbut I'd caught what was going on, but could not fail to know that any attempt on my part to enter the Reichstag would be suicidal.

For the only time in my life I "gnashed my teeth in rage," and told the taxi driver to speed to the nearest phone. Two foreign newspapermen did manage to get into the Reichstag while it was burning, and saw enough to be sure that the fire was a phony fake: Douglas Reed, of the London *Times*, and a boy named Ross, who worked I think for Hubert Knickerbocker, then

correspondent of the International News Service. Whatever they saw and knew and wrote was not published in Germany; and a week later Hitler and his Nazis won the election hands down. The Bolshevik bogey again, with arson instead of knives!

Berlin was seething that night. I met Norman Ebbut about eleven at the Taverne after he had written his story, and to show you how good he was, he didn't say "I told you so." All he said was "Well, the ——— won the rubber."

It was late and we were sleepy and tired, but sometimes in a state like that you find a greater clarity of mind than when you are fresh and awake. We saw, as it were, in a flash, that a doom hung over Europe, that henceforth our personal lives mattered no more than confetti. In comparison with the storm that was going to break, our own lives and our affairs had small interest or importance. I did not foresee it completely, but that night I saw enough to fill me with horror and dread. Later the pattern grew plain, with one event after another fitting into its place, to complete the picture.

It was then I began to feel that, unscathed by the First World War, in which most of my friends had been killed, I was living on borrowed time, which I ought to use for a purpose above and beyond myself. I can put it differently and say I was caught in a net of circumstance over which I had no control, or that I shared with a handful of my colleagues in Europe, and with a few score other men who did not work for newspapers, a secret that must be told, the knowledge that war was coming. Since 1934 we knew it with gospel certitude, but the dreadful thing was that none of us seemed able to impart our knowledge, to convey it to our readers or to anyone who would believe it. That makes you small to yourself and humble as a mouse.

It did something worse to Ebbut. The Nazi press department blocked him at every turn. The Gestapo made fake raids on the house where he lived, in an effort to break his nerve. The British Embassy pooh-poohed his foresight and warnings. His newspaper, the *Times*, considered him an alarmist and killed half his copy. His strain was too great to be borne, and at the early age of forty he had a breakdown which left him unable to work. Except for the death of Bolitho, I have known no such personal sorrow. In both cases not only I but the world lost something good.

ITALY LISTENING

by GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

I

IT is often asked: What can we expect of the people of Italy in the event of an American invasion? To this there is only one answer: Coöperation of the Italian people is what we make it — or do not make it. In these critical days, all Europe is stirring. Considerations of the forces are shifting like clouds. At one pole is our military victory in North Africa; at the other is the moral defeat we suffered at the same time, which the Casablanca conference has not yet remedied.

As in France, so in Italy, the shifts are far-reaching. To appreciate them to their full extent, we should keep in mind certain basic if not always obvious facts.

This is a people's war. Hitler has made it such. We cannot expect the people to value the subtle expedients and equivocations which delighted the diplomat of the past. By now the peoples of Europe can only appreciate consistent behavior and the symbols and evidences of strength. If so much be clear, they will repose their trust in leadership. Failing that, they are left to their bitter suspicions, to the anarchy springing out of years of servitude and frustration.

Remember that the average European has rarely known an American, and has never met that new phoenix, the American statesman. Your average Italian radio listener has become wary and thoughtful through these years of broken hopes, of misery and destructive doubt. In the deafening noise of propaganda and counter-propaganda his only assurance lies in the patient game of private inference.

Luckily or otherwise, North Africa has proved to be a huge laboratory in which, for the first time, Americans have had to deal with the real and chimerical political forces which are found today in every country dominated by the Nazis. GEORGE DE SANTILLANA, an Italian living and teaching in our country, tells us what our behavior looked like to our potential allies now underground in Italy.

That is why those early days of our African campaign remain so important.

Let us make it clear that General Eisenhower's agreement with Darlan left the moral situation intact. Everyone knows what military necessity means. But the whole world awaited the developments that would come from the American state machinery. This, and this only, is what has made a test case of an episode which otherwise would be open at most to moderate criticism. Any measure of expediency taken by forces like Stalinism or Hitlerism is easily understood and discounted. But here, for the first time, United States policy had to come out from behind the generalities of the Atlantic Charter and show its real intentions.

These months are the brief, miraculous moment in which the world situation is fluid again, as it was in the fateful days of October, 1918. The faiths and hopes of unnumbered millions are waiting to coalesce into a positive force under the leadership of American principles.

Let us ask ourselves what we have done, up to now, to make this force positive. As one who has lived under Fascism, I shall try to list the definite clews that remain imprinted in the Italians' memory — the things that will serve to guide their thinking.

There was the recognition of Darlan, not simply as a ranking military man, but as the head of the civil authority. There was the recognition (or worse, reappointment) of several of the most alarming characters of the Vichy rogues' gallery, such as MM. Peyrouton and Lemaigre-Dubreuil and others who made up most of Mr. Murphy's "invaluable contacts"; there was the announcement that the 25,000 internees had been "amnestied" (another pregnant word), followed by too frequent assurances that most of them had at last really

been liberated. To Latins wise in the ways of the *dossiers*, all this meant only one thing: that local authorities went on doing as they pleased. There was the pointed exclusion of de Gaulle from even nominal participation, an act which stands out in sharp relief and was the pretext for much coarse merriment on the Axis radio. This last feature will mean only one thing to a European public: namely, that America and England had run afoul of each other in the ancient and hazardous game of balance of power.

There is also what we did *not* do. When we landed in Algeria, a department of France, the oppressed peoples imagined as a natural thing that we should proclaim the French Republic reinstated. This of course did not imply resurrecting the corrupt crew of 1940. It meant simply "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." It meant re-establishing the tradition of legality in the fundamental institutions of France. The constitutional machinery was ready and available in the departmental *Conseils Généraux*. It meant also going ourselves to free our friends from jail and making a ceremony of it. It meant, in other words, holding fast to certain symbols of action which signified that, wherever American forces land, they land as liberators; there freedom under the law will be proclaimed, and democratic principles, whether certain people like it or not.

Nothing of all this happened. No one consulted the *Conseils Généraux*; their protests remained unanswered. Yet the *Conseils* would naturally have provided the political authority and the proper legal channels for delegating power to the officials, who would have found themselves back in their traditional position of subordinate executives. Very few *fonctionnaires*, we may safely say, would have dared to rebel. Instead, we imported Peyrouton.

As time went by, not only the Italians but many other Europeans began to be seriously puzzled both about our real intentions and about our capacity for wielding power. These Americans, they thought, always bring up expediency. Now who ever heard Hitler talk of expediency? Where he appears, people are left in no doubt as to who has power and what he intends to do with it. But these newcomers who are supposed to be backed by the most formidable armaments and air power of all time give a good imitation of a nervous businessman referring you to his secretary. They speak of principles, and yet try to keep on the

good side of local bosses and racketeers. It is as if the old world, which was swept out by the whirlwind of 1940, had come back with the ideas and the language of the Non-Intervention Committee.

2

We should not take these criticisms lightly.

Hitler can well afford to treat people like things, since his avowed object is to smash up societies. But if our aim is to restore societies as living beings, our means have to be different. We have approached the North African affair as a "job" to be muddled through, whereas it is in our deepest tradition that the social body lives on precedents. It is the essence of the Common Law. If we waive these rules of our own, then in the eyes of the world we become the imitators of Hitler, who disregards all precedents, including his own.

Let us consider what we actually suggest in our broadcasts to Italy.

I can describe its effects simply in the words of a message that reached us in July from the Italian underground: "In all conscience," said the message, "we cannot ask our men to go on risking their lives and their souls when all we get is: 'Don't forget to trust your institutions, and remember that if you only get rid of that One Man, everything can go on as before.'"

The style may have improved since last summer, but we are still plugging two curiously contradictory lines: the first, "If you don't revolt right away, we shall treat you as conquered enemies" — which is about like telling a man, "If tonight you don't write fifty sonnets as good as Shakespeare's, I will have you shot at dawn"; the second, "Don't lose your heads; look to the Monarchy and the Vatican to get you out of trouble." This last suggestion, which is at least a practical one, is clinched in public opinion by Mr. Taylor's mission to Rome.

The Italians knew Mr. Taylor well before the war, and they were not allowed to remain unacquainted with his political sympathies at the time. They suspect that he is at present trying to establish contact with those very same financiers and industrialists who helped Fascism to power, and who have retained a controlling interest in the regime. These notables are now being organized, it seems, in support of a future Triumvirate made up of Badoglio, Grandi, and the Crown Prince. In

all these negotiations, of course, the Vatican is the indispensable intermediary and adviser.

In fact, the Italians get the clear impression that we are counting on the good offices of the Vatican for weaning not only Italy, but France and Spain as well, from "Axis influence," and that we are looking with favor on the formation of a Latin bloc under the tutelage of the Holy See. ("Now can it be," ponders the listener, "that they really think we like this political intrusion of clericalism? And if they don't think so, what is it they want?")

What we want begins to seem fairly clear when the rumor comes through from America of an Austrian battalion in the United States Army, under His Majesty Otto von Hapsburg. One only, among so many groups. "I get it," thinks the Italian listener. "Their choice is Dollfuss and Franco, all over again."

If this arouses indignation among us, it is because we do not expect to be judged, but to be taken on faith. Yet we must admit that the scattered clues picked up across the chasm of time and space that separates us from Europe do add up to a plausible picture. Italians cannot be expected to know about our good intentions. In the swift confusion, they try to make sure of some points of reference on which they may rely for analyzing subsequent news.

Now they think they have their bearings. Suppose tomorrow we admit de Gaullists: it will mean that Britain has managed to muscle in on the deal. Suppose we drop an Otto von Hapsburg or a Peyrouton: it will mean they did not deliver the goods. Moreover, as events progress, there will stand inevitably revealed the spectacular amount of skulduggery on the part of Franco-American power groups and the military *Deuxième Bureau* that led up to the presence of Darlan in Algiers; and this is not likely to increase the unquestioning faith of our friends. It will also appear that those groups do not regard themselves as "temporary expediences"; they are "rigging" the situation against coming risks so as to make it irrep- arable. Of that we seem totally oblivious.

The word from high quarters is now: We will make any deal that pays. Pays whom? It does not occur to us that until we have shown the power to have a constructive program of our own, it will look to the other side very much as if the Fascist bosses had imported us into North Africa as a strong-arm squad for their own purposes.

No generalities and no Atlantic Charter will suffice to dispel the idea that we are bent on establishing a set of "good strong" regimes, balanced by mutual dislike. In fact, such a simple and realistic policy will be received with both relief and shame by the populations involved. I say relief, for in our epoch of apprehension each man will hold on to his job as a clam to its shell. This passive all-pervading aspect of Fascism was underestimated by our officials, for they found that even Giraud's prestige could not budge the swarm of bureaucrats and *colons* of French Africa (a region that has been ridden with fascists, out of local conditions, since before Fascism), and that it took a man with five stripes on his sleeve, speaking in the name of the *Maréchal*, to promise them that, whoever won, their tenures and pensions would remain secure.

3

Such is the behavior that "fascitized" countries will display as soon as we step into them, if we encourage it ever so slightly. Political carelessness may exact a higher price than actual scheming.

Totalitarianism, by drawing every form of social activity into the orbit of a centralized party-state machine, makes any breakdown of government all the more terrifying to envisage. Power is indivisibly at the center. If we come to terms with the group that holds it (and I am not thinking of the men that hold a "philosophy of conquest," as we have tried lamely to define them; I mean the hierarchy of Noguèses and Peyroutons on all levels down to the smallest local boss), then all talk of reform or elections becomes a sinister joke; yet four fifths of the population will take it with resigned passivity.

Let us not say again that we have found a confusion. We shall have helped to make it. Who cares to think of the immense relief of the Italian generals and officials who were only yesterday quaking in their boots; of the police who by tradition knew they must be quick to betray five minutes before anyone else; of the *attentistes* everywhere, waiting in anguish to find out on which side their bread is buttered — and who discovered that all that is asked of them is to follow the safe habitual path of subservience and vicious discipline?

It appears that we want order (the kind of idea they get with a wink), and only they are

competent to deliver it. So they can name the price. The right way then is to make a great show of zeal around the "smart" chiefs who can be trusted to fall on their feet, to keep the population well in hand by firing it with patriotic unity, to shoot up American task forces vigorously, as Darlan has shown you must do if you want to raise the ante, and when the right moment has come, the safe moment when Hitler can get at them no longer, lo and behold, an American general will be produced at the Palazzo Venezia sitting behind a battery of telephones, and all will be well. And even if worst were to come to worst, thinks the fascist "hierarchy," — if these uncouth Americans should really insist on a democracy, — why at least it would mean not ending up before the execution squad.

Thus in two easy moves, surely easy and surely realistic, for we can well count, as Hitler did, on all the reserves of open and hidden cowardice of demoralized nations, we have carelessly precipitated the brooding cloud of Europe's future, and the situation has begun to crystallize. On one side, there are those who are in a condition to rig a deal with us; on the other, the cheated and heartbroken.

Such a statement, I know, may arouse incredulity among us who feel that there is nothing to warrant it in our intentions. We forget, however, that it is not our good intentions that operate in these critical moments, but only what is understood and discounted over there.

Unless we make our intentions clear, when we arrive brimful of brave resolve we shall find people who think they have already figured out what we mean. In 1936, at the height of the Ethiopian crisis, the British Foreign Office established contact with the Italian Crown Prince and asked whether it could not assist discreetly in a *coup d'état* in favor of the Monarchy. After consulting with the loyalists and the Vatican, Humbert replied that unfortunately they could not see how they could keep control if Fascism collapsed. Today the Italian concludes that we still are in the same frame of mind, and even though those "institutions" are weaker than they were in 1936, now we can come in with tanks to uphold them. And surely everybody knows that the Red Danger is very much on our minds. So in the eyes of anyone, including ourselves if we stop to think of it, the logic of our course would appear unescapable: we must at all costs have authoritarianism in France and Italy; we must also, ob-

viously, have a strong military Germany for the new *cordon sanitaire*, and a balance of power to keep it in place. Any other consideration has to go by the board. And if the common people apprehend this, Stalin will not be slow to grasp it either.

Is this really what we want? Is it true that we have no other policy except a Balkanization of Europe? Is it possible that we should see no solutions except such as must revive confusion, class hatred, and internal strife? Do we really intend to drive away from our own camp our natural allies in all submerged countries, the common people and the workers, and compel them to look to Russia as their last hope?

We still have open before us the other way, that of a policy based on firm democratic principles of behavior and friendly understanding. The common people still are not committed beyond hope. But we must be willing to face the choice. It would certainly be less risky than to go on muddling along toward a third conflagration, on the time-honored principle that You Can't Be Too Careful.

4

Even Mr. Lippmann, who came out courageously for de Gaullism, does not find a way out of the vicious circle, as far as Italy is concerned. "What we have to build upon," he writes, "are those elements in each country who have proved by their actions that they have the character and the strength to remain true to their country's institutions and to its engagements, and have cared more for honor, and loyalty, and freedom than for their lives and their fortunes."

Right. But when we land amid the gushing zeal of those career men who did indeed stick by the "institutions," how are we going to find the "men of character" we need? Do we think the decent people of Italy will thrust themselves forward to outdo their rulers in servility and brazen "democratic" patter? Our attachés and Army intelligence officers will be able to report that the rabble is clamoring for the Pope's intercession; that after scanning the situation on the spot, they have not been able to find the so-called opposition, and that probably there never was any.

So of course we shall turn to the Vatican, and ask them to "suggest some names." Some good safe names. Q. E. D.

But what is happening, meanwhile, to the living body of Italy, to those who in some degree still cared "for honor, and loyalty, and freedom"? I am not speaking now of the born dissenters, the avowed revolutionists. I am thinking of something nearer to our familiar lights and shadows, of the many who stuck to their obscure jobs in silence, asking for no favor and receiving none; of those who were debarred from service to the "institutions" by their refusal to take the Party badge; of the many from high to low who tried at least to save the inner man from compliance. All of these knew they were sacrificing something, for their tepidness was carefully noted.

I am thinking of those Italians who are marked men because they refused to make the gesture expected of them; of the scholars, the thoughtful aristocrats, the liberal and cultivated minds which kept themselves intact under punishment as the last reserve of their country's civilization — all those whom we still expect "to ride the storm and to shape the future"; of those who struggled to keep alive in obscure retirement rather than collaborate; of the men who fought in Albania and Russia and Libya, the "smiling prisoners" of our rotogravures, thinking of the time when they would come back with the vested right of calling their tormentors to strict account.

I am thinking of the workers who tried to struggle along without a Fascist union card, and stood among their fellows as a living reminder; of the ferment in the universities, of the comrades of those young instructors who shot themselves in a death pact rather than go out and teach as they were bidden. I am thinking of the "underground" that may well stay underground for good; of that rebirth of opposition from within the ranks of the Fascist youth after 1937, which gave anti-Fascism its modern meaning and content, and spread like wildfire to prove for the first time that all the clever theories on conditioning did not work.

I am thinking of the new contact between classes; not only of the political chiefs who have fought since the beginning, but of all those newcomers, students and professional men who had gone in for underground activities as a kind of limited liability, assuring each other in a joshing way that if they were caught they were not going to be heroes and suckers, no sir, they were going to sign any kind of submission and get out; and once they were behind bars, they realized with what awe and grati-

ude the imprisoned workers looked upon them, the men who had agreed to lead them and share their fate; and they discovered they had to live up to it.

How are we going to assess all this? Hundreds of thousands might be our future associates in the reconstruction job. Wherever there was still a man with a conscience, he was our hidden ally. How many shall we find now? It is truly the seed beneath the snow, which we are burying under the rubble of practical logic.

We are still in time. Of course. There is always time before the end. But it will take heroic decision and clarity to do what we must do.

5

Reconstructing the enemy will certainly be a staggering job. But it is also one of the greatest experiments in history, and if we want real peace we have to face it.

What we should keep in mind is the totality of totalitarianism. The legal and administrative institutions are still there, several of them have to be preserved, and yet nothing will be done until we have purged them of the spirit of death. Institutions mean men, but if you look for the smallest book in the world today, it will be the Italian "Who's Who." How can we bring back life into the institutions except by means of the people? And how can we get to the people except by way of at least some of their institutions?

It looks like a vicious circle, but it is not. The solution does not lie in this or that local remnant, it does not lie in fencing off the nation or in giving it some more of its corrupted juice to stew in. It rests in us. It rests in the pervading and ordering influence of a sound international order.

Have American statesmen decided that, of the possible structures of order, that one is best fitted for Latin countries which has survived many centuries of trial: namely, the Catholic Church?

It is time someone broke the dire taboo of silence that hangs over this question, and faced it openly. It is important to know how this stupendous misapprehension has taken root, unsupported by any historical evidence, that the Italian people would adjust easily to a political supervision by the Vatican. Italian civilization has been essentially Catholic, in the highest sense of the word, and I believe that no order will be really congenial that does not embody

the abiding values of Catholic Christianity. But it is also a verified fact that throughout their history the Italians have been inflexibly anticlerical, and have revolted again and again against the political encroachments of the Curia.

Since the Middle Ages, Italy has been, literally, fighting for breath. All the struggle for culture, for political maturity and responsibility, has been directed, even by strict believers, against the weight of a world-embracing Church, nourished on Italian substance, that was too big for the country. Even in the most liberal times before Fascism, under most able leadership, the Progressive Catholic Party was never able to enlist more than one fifth of the electorate. If we believe in facts, these are the facts. Behind the facts are compelling motives. In their resistance, the Italians were actuated by the essentially religious idea that it was bad for the Church, as well as for them, to have the Faith mixed up with power politics. Nor were the Italians alone in thinking so. Part of the clergy, especially the small clergy, will side with the people against the hierarchies — the same small clergy who in France are now de Gaullist. In this respect I should like to quote one of the greatest French Catholic writers, Georges Bernanos: —

Whoever tries to deal with the Church in a realistic spirit for realistic ends, will always be a dupe in the deal. In the exact measure in which you think you have tied her down through clever bargaining, you will have detached her from what makes her true force. Never did the clerical parties in our country have more means and power available than during the last years before the war. They had a foot everywhere, as they used to say. How many feet! The coming liquidation of their puerile Pétainist revolution will show that their chances were never worth a farthing.

These things, surely, must be known to our political strategists. What is it then that urges them to push through, against wind and water, such a cynical plan? One of the simpler reasons may be that suggested by an American Catholic, G. C. Paulding, in the *Commonweal*. He writes: —

It is possible that Franco some day may seem less fascist if he recalls a King; fascism in Italy less fascist if it deposes a Duce. . . . It is possible that we can win the war and hand over the peoples of Europe — with their freedom gone and their social hierarchies intact — to any collaboration their leaders may choose with Germany.

I do not say that this is what we are doing, and it is certainly not what we are planning deliberately to do. I say that it is possible, that such a disaster is possible, for the reason that in America we have not suffered under fascism and therefore cannot feel an entire solidarity with people who, because they have suffered in this particular way, seek a revolutionary solution, and can seek nothing less. And I say this also. If such a betrayal takes place, it will be for the convenience of the dominant classes in America and abroad.

There is a little plan, a dirty little plan, to spread the word that any concession to conservative Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Austrians (and to Otto) will be made to the Catholic Church, and to American Catholic opinion. That plan will not work.

6

So this way out, too, will not work. The reader may feel at this point, with Mr. Hull, that what we need is less criticism and more constructive suggestions. My excuse is that I fear, above all, that blind and ant-like “constructiveness” which wastes irretrievable treasures of good-will in piling up materials on a foundation of mud and muddle. If we leave to the dictators alone the privilege of being ruthlessly clear and consistent in action, we must resign ourselves to a comeback of dictatorship.

What the poisoned nations need above all is the feeling of infrangible and concrete principles of behavior, of a moral intention which will not unload its responsibilities onto shady intermediaries. Fascism springs from an assumption of international anarchy which points to the monolithic bloc of a centralized nation as the only way to survival. The only solvent for such a bloc of fear and aggression is a strong international magnetic field of order and justice. People's minds are sensitive needles.

On this first necessity for an international order, even the most national-minded underground has been most explicit. The Italian underground has reached through sacrifice a spiritual level above our average, but it knows how limited is its political experience. The country as a whole has lost respect for parliamentary democracy; critical faculties have become preternaturally sharp; they know only too well what makes men tick, but their grasp of what makes a society work has become terribly feeble. It is either millennialism or cynicism. If we show them that realism does not mean having to be a crafty scoundrel, that

decency can still get rewards, we can still bring them into line as our friends and allies.

But, it is often asked, cannot we expect also some initiative from the Italian side? The answer is yes, if we do not destroy it ourselves, and if we do not ask them to achieve with their bare hands what we find difficulty in doing with all our tanks and airplanes. We cannot even know who will be the chiefs. It is only action that will bring them out. What we know is that there are groups who have reached cohesion and political maturity. They surely would be competent to bring back a democracy. But we cannot expect them to pull an order out of a hat.

If we want to give our Italian friends a chance, we should keep the country occupied for a year or so, and protected from extremist coups, either fascist or communist. This would allow local and provincial bodies to constitute themselves, and perhaps to organize directly a national representation.

But the decisive action must begin right now, before invasion. We must establish what we mean and get it across. It is certainly a breathtaking experiment, to offer for the first time to a distraught and hard-working population an order that need not look for stability in

international provocation, in police machines, or in foreign adventures. Nothing less is needed. To undo an abnormal history, you have first to restore the self-respect and the inner integrity of the victim of that history.

If, on the other hand, we persist in the present course; if we nip democracy in the bud while we proclaim self-determination, then of course the European idea and the common reason of Europe will pass into the hands of the "groups of resistance." In the end, what the hard-bitten French workers have to say, who had perhaps more to do with resistance to Germany than Mr. Hull seems willing to concede, and the fervent French boys who have grown overnight into embittered men, and the Yugoslav insurgents — what they will say and do will mean more to the Italian people than a dozen local stuffed shirts, even if backed by slick police experts. If we cold-shoulder them the Italians may find more solidarity among the Czech democrats, among the Austrian workers (who do not forget how they were bombed out of their homes by their Catholic government), among the communists everywhere, than among the chiefs of American labor.

On that day, America may indeed be isolated.



WHAT LETHE?

by MARY GRANT

WHERE may the spirit win
 Deep forgetting? What spell,
 Witch's apple, or flower
 Has in dark juice such power
 To blur remembrance, to thin
 Desire's image, to quell
 The pain-keen longing? What stone
 Steadfastly gazed upon
 May maze the memory, and reach
 The shrunken channels of speech,
 Winning by words redress:
 To a child, for the emptiness
 Of a lost plaything's place;
 For love's incredible
 Bitternesses, to youth;
 For a dream, to age, or a face
 Grown alien, a worshiped truth
 Tarnished, a faith that fell . . .
 What Lethe? What asphodel?

» What happens when you place a detachment of Marines on an island in the South Pacific? What happens to them and what happens to their new-found neighbors, the Elysians? Read and grin.

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

by CAPTAIN ROBERT P. PARSONS

1

HERE is the formula: Take equal parts of two nice peoples, white and brown; mix suddenly and intimately; close your eyes and hold your hands over your ears while awaiting the explosion. If no explosion occurs, open your eyes and see what, if anything, has happened.

That experiment was made in Elysia in 1942. It wasn't exactly an experiment — it was a necessity. Elysia, for obvious reasons, is not the name of the place, but it would be a good name if the Elysians wanted to use an English designation for their group of islands.

A word about the white and brown ingredients. The whites are American boys who in 1941 were in American homes, on American farms, in American factories, filling stations, offices, grocery stores, drugstores, soda fountains, high schools, colleges. In 1942 they were transformed, transported, and transplanted, all in the course of a few months — transformed into American Marines, transported far into the Southwest Pacific to Elysia, and transplanted onto Elysian soil.

The browns, the Elysians, are only a few generations removed from cannibals, but they have changed their dietary habits and now subsist on taro roots, bananas, breadfruit, chicken, pork, papayas, and an infinite variety of dishes prepared from the ubiquitous coconut of the Southwest Pacific. They are a gentle, kindly, and friendly people of great simplicity as to manner of life, and are, I should judge, the happiest people in the world.

Until about forty years ago they had practically no contact with the white man, and from

that time until 1942 they saw only a few traders and a handful of missionaries. The white man, having been present in such small numbers, did not affect them very much, except in two ways: he brought them his diseases, notably tuberculosis (but in fairness to the missionaries as well as, I suppose, the Elysians, be it said that he brought them no venereal diseases, and to this day venereal disease is virtually unknown in the Elysian group), and he brought them Christianity.

The missionary business has always been good in Elysia. Christianity came pretty high as it brought a plethora of fine church buildings that had to be built and have to be supported. But on the whole, the Elysians got their money's worth. Or rather, their mat's worth. Until very recently, woven mats were the only medium of exchange. They got their mat's worth because they love religion, they love preaching, they love rituals and ceremonies and prayers and dignity and austerity, and meetings and gatherings under any pretext; and above all they love singing, the choral music of our hymns being as much up their alley as spiritual choruses are to the American Negro.

The Church brought a certain amount of social order and discipline, which did no harm. The Church should not be credited with the Elysian's abstemiousness as regards the white man's alcohol. He just has no taste for it and probably could not even be "driven to drink." The Church taught the women to cover their bodies with dresses when in public, and although there are those who view this custom as an unfortunate introduction of prudishness, I am inclined to stand with a different school, which contends that partial concealment, like distance, lends enchantment.

That was the milieu in which the Marines

CAPTAIN PARSONS is an American medical officer in charge of a base hospital unit on a South Pacific island now occupied by a detachment of United States Marines. He tells us that the Leathernecks and the Elysians (as he calls them) are not only good neighbors: they actually enjoy each other's company.

were set down. They found themselves in the midst of Elysians, and the Elysians found themselves in the midst of Marines. There was a fairly even mixture — white and brown. There wasn't a white woman in the islands. The few that were present were evacuated after Pearl Harbor — before the Marines arrived.

2

The Marines were not segregated in one section of the islands, as they were before the war when Marine Corps posts were established outside the United States. They moved into every village. They pitched their tents between the "little grass shacks" and all around them. They even expropriated some of the larger and better native huts and moved in. Sometimes they didn't wait for the natives to move out. Shelter is something you have to have in Elysia, the way it rains there.

There are many social distinctions and castes among the Elysians, but they all dress alike and live in the same kind of huts, so the Marines were not aware, at first, of the pattern of the social order, and they did not know that any arrangement or negotiation of any importance with the natives could be effected only by prior consultation with the high chief of the village. Also, the natives did not know much, at first, about the pattern of the Marine Corps, and they didn't appreciate the necessity of seeing the colonel first about matters involving interracial transactions.

But both sides caught on quickly, and both saw and accepted the need for extensive compromises. To the credit of both sides, the compromises were accomplished with the utmost ease. Both broke with tradition and both gave a good deal of ground. So no explosion occurred, and if you should ask what happened, the answer would be: so far as trouble goes — not a darn thing.

The compromises were interesting enough, and often surprising. The Marines were obliged to learn and to endure a much simpler way of life; the Elysians had to conform to many complexities that must have seemed strange and needless to them. It is debatable which side found the larger difficulties, the greater amusement, or the greater mystification through all the changes. I wouldn't venture so much as a guess about it, but I attended the meeting of a native debating society one evening and was given a running translation

of some arguments relating to the advantages and disadvantages of wisdom. One elderly Elysian woman debater doubted the high value of the white man's kind of wisdom. She said, "What is the use of it when it teaches them so many new and terrible ways of destroying each other in such large numbers?"

One of the more serious problems at first was that of camp sanitation. Pigs were everywhere in the villages and did not respect the white man's living quarters. In terms of sanitation they were a serious nuisance. The Marine captain told the village high chief to fence the pigs in a designated area well removed from the village. There was no fencing material, but the high chief said, "Okay, Cap, we do." The natives brought rocks, carried them one by one, and built a wall that enclosed a two-acre pigpen, all in the course of a couple of days. But an occasional pig got out or an occasional one wandered in from a neighboring village. The captain said, "Chief, tell your people that any pig I see in the village I am going to shoot." The chief said, "Okay, Cap, you shoot, we eat." The chief was privately pleased over an arrangement whereby the Marines would perform some of his slaughtering for him.

Every village was soon a model of cleanliness and orderliness. The captain would say, "Chief, I notice there is some trash around the village; get it cleaned up." "Okay, Cap, we do," the chief would say, and quicker than it takes to say "remove trash" in Elysian there would be fifty brown kids scurrying about the village and carrying every article of refuse to an incinerator outside the village.

Plumbing, modern or otherwise, was something entirely foreign to the Elysian. Even a latrine was a nonentity as well as a nonessential so far as his past experience went. The whole jungle was his latrine and the jungle came close, too close, to the village and marine encampments. The sanitary officers recommended that the natives be provided with privies and be forced to use them. The captain had a conference with the village chief, explaining that the Marines would construct the necessary buildings, et cetera, at strategic points about the village. The whole problem was rather perplexing to the chief and he had to ask a few questions about technical details and ponder the matter some minutes. But he soon announced his decision: "Okay, Cap, you build, we use."

3

Considerations of recreation and entertainment, in the service, come under the general heading of "morale." The military use of the word is a very broad one. It was easy enough to provide such standard American forms as athletic sports, music, movies, and reading matter, but when it came to holding dances, well, the only girls were brown ones; they had no shoes and had had no experience at all in American forms of dancing. Moreover, they were outnumbered by the Marines about five to one, and then there was the question of what the Elysian boys and parents and high chiefs might think about it. The whole thing had to be entered into cautiously, and at first as a sort of small experiment.

The success of the experiment was incredible. There were a few sticklers for tradition among the Marines, but fully 90 per cent believed in "taking their fun where they found it." The bare feet of the girls seemed to matter not at all. It detracted nothing from their grace or their ability in ballroom dancing, and the bare feet were so tough that when they were stepped on their owners just giggled and said "Okay, so sorry." The girls learned all the steps in one easy lesson of about ten minutes. Arthur Murray would never make a cent in Elysia. Dancing lessons in Elysia start at the age of two, shortly after the baby is able to stand on its feet, and I have often seen mothers, at the break of day, sitting cross-legged on a coconut mat and beating a rhythm with their hands while naked babes were learning the first foot and body movements of the native dances.

The awkward ratio of sexes was met at first by stag lines and tag dances, but further measures had to be taken. Some of the villages are close together and at first the Marines of different units from several neighboring villages would all collect at the one village where the dance of the evening was being held. This practice was soon stopped by an innovation that might be called the reverse invitation. Colonel Smith, of village X, would send out invitations to the commands of the neighboring villages, announcing that a dance was to be held in his village on a certain evening, but because of the small size of the hall and the shortage of girls, all troops from all other villages were cordially invited to stay away. These invitations were accepted, respected, and fully reciprocated. On the other hand, all

the girls attended from all the near-by villages and sometimes were imported from distant villages by the truckload.

As for the Elysian boys, they rose to the situation handsomely. They came in their bare feet and did their share of tagging and got tagged. Both sides were very sporting about it all and tried to outdo each other in courtesy. The girls never left the floor except for a moment to go to the powder room, or rather the powder jungle. Perhaps that was why parents didn't worry about the dances in Elysia. Incidentally they don't use powder in Elysia, or rouge or lipstick. It would be terrible to gild those satin complexions. If Patrick Henry were here he might say, "If this be treason, let's make the most of it, but the truth is the American boys kinda like that absence of cosmetics and find it rather refreshing."

The dance business soon became too much of a success and would have become too much of a racket if certain restrictions had not been applied. The Elysians had begun to get acquainted with American money and its potentialities early in 1942 when the American contractors arrived to construct certain military installations and hired Elysian labor. This enabled most families to stop planting taro and to import it from other islands and to buy canned salmon and other American luxuries.

The dance business supplied more fuel for the gravy train, and this new economy was not salubrious. The village chiefs and other important families soon realized the financial possibilities of dances and began the practice of removing the furniture from their houses once a week and turning them into dance halls. They charged fifty cents admission and put on native dance exhibitions during which the customers were invited to throw money on the floor. The dancing girls did not share in the floor money, the house taking all. The take for one exhibition would be sometimes as much as forty dollars. Exhibitions usually alternated with partner dances. The overhead was negligible. The dances were becoming so numerous and so raucous that the military people put on the brakes. Now the only dances are those sponsored by the Marine units, admission free, Marine music, selected exhibitions only, paid for by straight fees to the exhibition girls, and no floor money.

During the heyday of the exhibition dance racket we saw some unusual advertising

placards around our village. The following is a verbatim copy of one of them except for name place deletions and the English substitution for the native name of the dance club.

DANCE
Give by
"TAKE IT EASY CLUB"
Admission 50¢
Dancing Hall at 6.30 P.M.
June 13, 1942 — Saturday evening
Jazz Music Orchestra

The fancy show will be held on Saturday Night, in the same time competition of different dances will perform. Those who will give the best show and the best performance will be deserved to get the first prize. Come, don't miss the best dancers wonderful time Hawaiian hula and Polynesian dances and performances, will be taken place and also a knife dance. I believe you eager and grave to have good time so come to see its will be helpful remedy for your sadness and to give a chance to your long happiness.

(NOTICE)

Intoxicating liquor, fights and arguments with all indecent actions are not allowed to be seen, if we do get rid of these things its does mean we are showing our Gentlemenlike. (*Dress Up Well.*)

4

At village X we went in for benefit dances at first, but now they are definitely out. The Elysian Teachers Society approached me about a dance for their benefit because of their trouble in eating, with the high price of taro and their continued low salaries. After confirming their story I agreed to their request and we planned to hold the dance a week later to inaugurate our newly constructed recreation hut. The day following the agreement with the teachers, I received at my tent a delegation of very irate brown ladies, members of the Ladies Relief Society of village X. They said that I should have consulted them first and they demanded that a benefit dance for their Relief Society be held before the one for such a non-local organization as the island Teachers Society. They said that their plan would be more in keeping with Elysian custom, which follows a policy of Charity Begins at Home.

I explained that it was an old American custom to keep one's promise; that I had already promised the teachers the opening night benefit; but that I should be glad to fix a later date with them for their benefit. They were adamant and gave me notice that unless

I acceded to their demands they would boycott the teachers' dance and would not allow the village maidens to attend. I countered with the information that we had already arranged for two truckloads of girls from village Z, three miles distant, and that doubtless other neighboring villages would send girls, so that while the high quality of the village X maidens might be missed, their numerical absence would scarcely be noticed. The delegation left in a huff and I thought at the time that they were my enemies for life.

A serious dispute was brewing at that time between the natives of village X and the natives of the adjoining village Y. I set to work to arbitrate it and on the day of the dance I was able to gather all the chiefs together from both villages and was fortunate enough to negotiate a settlement that was entirely amicable and satisfactory to both sides. The resulting joy was so great throughout village X that the matrons called off their boycott and they and their daughters attended the dance in force. The box office was so successful that we presented the teachers with the price of a three months' supply of taro.

Late in the evening the Relief Society president came to me with the request that her ladies be allowed to put on an exhibition dance. I explained that, by previous agreement with the teachers, the exhibitions were limited to a selected few, that our boys had expressed themselves as being surfeited with exhibitions, and that it would profit her nothing anyhow, since all floor money was being turned over to the teachers, in addition to all the box office money. Whereupon she offered me a personal bribe of five dollars if I would allow the exhibition; a bribe, not for the teachers, but for my personal pocket. The teachers' committee was then consulted and they decided to accept the five dollars (plus the floor money) for this infringement on their program, but two of them said they doubted if it was worth the money. The transaction gave me some insight into the ramifications of the dance racket. Apparently, except for feature numbers, the performers pay higher than the audience for the exhibitions.

Two weeks later we put on a benefit for the Ladies Relief Society and doubled the take of the teachers' dance. At this writing the ladies of the Relief Society are my warm friends. I don't think they know yet that we have banned benefit dances for all future time.

5

The laundry situation has been a difficult one ever since the Marines landed. In the pre-Marine era there was a small machine laundry in the largest village, capable of giving service to about one hundred people. Except for soap, the Marines brought no laundry equipment with them. The Marine officers, especially the colonels, had been accustomed for years to rigid standards of personal attire, and now there was no way of keeping them in the fine style to which they had become accustomed. Some of the early arrivals were able to secure a private laundress for each house full of Marine officers; and these women, having had some previous experience with laundry methods and standards of the white man, were able to produce results which at best could be classed as fair. With the officers billeted in tents in or near the smaller villages it was different. They had to send their laundry out to any of the village women who would handle it.

The Elysians have many fine arts in which they have attained a laudable degree of skill, but laundering is not one of them. The Elysian method, in common with that of most tropical regions, is somewhat as follows: —

Entire laundry collection of one individual is wrapped into a tight bundle and taken to the nearest river or the village pool, which is a combination bathing and clothes-washing center. The bundle will include socks or other articles from which the dye will run, and these streak plentifully the khaki and white articles. The next step is to take a club, a little longer and heavier than a policeman's, and beat the bundle mercilessly for twenty minutes, immersing it momentarily after each fourth or fifth whacking. The bundle is then opened and the articles are spread out over bushes or rocks or grass. The drying period varies from minutes to days, according to the rainfall of the season. In the final step the clothes are spread over a cloth on the floor of the woman's hut, and by a few deft strokes with her charcoal-fueled iron she removes some of the wrinkles, rewraps the bundle, calls it a day, and reaches for her guitar. The customer's problem, after the bundle has been returned to his tent, is to guess which of his clothes bundles are to be sent to the laundress and which have just returned from her.

The Elysian laundresses do not concern

themselves with check lists. That is the customer's worry, and it does worry him to find frequent discrepancies between outgoing and incoming bundles, the discrepancy always being on the wrong side of the ledger, so far as he is concerned. The Elysian woman's vocabulary of English words is totally lacking in terminology of the laundry business, except for matters of price, so that the question of discrepancies is absolutely closed to discussion. Many Elysian men and boys, whose chests and necks once proudly bore fine necklaces and artistic tattoos, are now much less colorfully attired in drab khaki shirts or white cotton undershirts.

The Marine undershirt is practically a universal garment in Elysia. It clothes the entire body of a child up to the age of six — at least as much of the body as requires covering in Elysia. The Marines usually have their names stenciled along the lower border of the undershirt, so it is a little incongruous to see brown children playing about the village in undershirts of knee or ankle length bearing stenciled names like Steve Ryan, Corp. USMC, or Pete Macielewski, Pvt. 1st Class, USMC.

The natives do not acquire all these undershirts through laundry pilferings. They come by many of them honestly as just payment for native merchandise or favors granted. The undershirt seems to have replaced the woven mat as a non-monetary medium of exchange. Most natives prefer to receive payment in undershirts since they have an intrinsic value which is lacking in American currency and because there is a very limited variety of commodities that can be purchased in Elysia anyhow.

As I remarked earlier, the most acute sufferers in the present laundry situation are the later arrivals among the officers. The privates, of course, wash their own; but the sergeants and corporals have every woman for miles around every camp signed up in one way or another to her full capacity of laundry production. A newly arrived lieutenant, down to his last clean shirt, was complaining bitterly to one of the sergeants. "Sergeant," he said, "I can't understand it and I don't know what I can do about it, but it seems a person can't get a laundress around here for love or money." The sergeant's reply was a classic. "Well anyways, sir," he said, "not for no money."

The colonel in village X doesn't have to worry. They do a pretty good laundry job

for him with quick and regular service and never a missing garment; not even an undershirt. But the colonel has something to trade for the service. He has a commodity that is more highly prized than undershirts. You could never guess what it is, so I'll tell you. It's garbage. The Elysian's favorite dish is roast pig, and the pig's favorite and most fattening dish is garbage. Without garbage from the Marine Corps camps the pigs would be in a bad way, and without fat pigs the Elysians would be in a bad way. The colonel sends the camp garbage to the village high chief's pigpen, thus solving with no trouble at all the sanitary problem of garbage disposal. The high chief's wife is the laundry dictator, as well as the social dictator, of the village — and there you have it: contented pigs, happy high chief, high chief's well-fed wife, and satisfied laundry customer, the colonel.

6

It must not be concluded from what we have said about the Elysian laundry service, or anything else we have said to place the Elysians in an unfavorable light, that the Marines do not have an admiring and friendly regard for them. The more the Marines see of them and learn about them the higher they esteem them and the more they value the Elysians' friendship. It is only the small fraction of the Marine population that fails to appreciate the finer qualities of this remote people living in a world that is a complete contrast to the world we have known. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. It is just the few who, laboring under some ridiculous sort of race superiority complex, are not able to see that variations from our own social-economic formulae should not necessarily condemn a people.

These few say that the Elysians are dirty. Actually, they bathe oftener and longer than the white man, and put on clean (though poorly ironed and unstarched) clothes oftener. They say the Elysians are lazy. Actually they work harder and longer than the white man, with their own hands and not with machines. They go into the mountains daily — all those not needed in the home or in village activities, from young children to wrinkled old men and tottering old women — to plant and to harvest taro and to gather heavy loads of food and materials of many kinds that enter into their scheme of home economics. The few say the

Elysians lack ambition. But the mountains have fertile soil and plentiful rains and the sea is full of fish. It is hard work to gather the fruits and the fish and the materials for clothing and home building, so it would be foolish to gather more than you need. You can only sleep in one bed (or on one mat) at a time, so why have a house larger than is needed for one mat per occupant?

"Why don't they make chairs?" the white man inquires. But the answer is that they are more comfortable sitting cross-legged on a mat; and those who, out of curiosity or deference to our custom, try sitting on a white man's chair get just as cramped and tired as we should sitting cross-legged on the floor. Why don't they follow our clothing fashions? Because theirs are twice as comfortable and therefore twice as sensible. Why don't they build houses like ours? Because theirs are cooler and airier and easier to build. Why don't they eat our types of food? For one good reason, because they like theirs better; and for another, because, judging from the Elysian physique, theirs must be much more healthful.

The Marines have learned a great deal by coming to Elysia and living among the Elysians. Many of them have come far enough away from the large cities of America to unlearn a few things. The smarter and more philosophical ones have been able to unlearn some very old American fallacies. Those who had been accustomed to money and to the idea that money is a measure of success and happiness found themselves very unhappy when they first arrived in Elysia. There was nothing to buy with their money. They had to learn that great happiness comes from working with one's hands, producing one's comforts, one's food and clothing and shelter, with one's own hands; that you get your happiness with manual skill and industry and mental alertness, and from the natural joy and loving friendship that nature has stored in the more fortunate of human hearts. Nature has stored her best gifts plentifully in the hearts of the Elysians.

We have done many things around village X that have brought serious hardships and inconvenience to the villagers; but far from complaining, they have smiled and shown their beautifully perfect white teeth and have thanked us, and God, that it was no worse.

We have built barracks in their taro patches, moved their homes when it suited our plans, injured or destroyed their houses by tractor accidents, plowed up their yards, their flowers and grass, with our trucks and tractors. But they have always laughed and said it was their contribution to the war. They have laughed and have sung soft music in the moonlight for us and have planted their taro higher in the steep mountains where our tractors cannot go. They have shown us happiness and deep friendship at times when the white man would be inspired to murder.

Most any Elysian kid can win the heart of most any Marine. My first acquaintance in village X was with Willie, aged twelve. He stood in front of me for a moment and, flashing his white teeth in a bewitching smile, lost no time in engaging me in conversation. Willie had just come down the mountain with a heavy load of taro and was quite dirty; in fact, his only garment, his loin cloth, was filthy. Willie could be a perfect stand-in for Sabu, the elephant boy, of the movies. He is a smart kid and speaks better English than anyone in the village except his father. He looked me over and noted the insignia on my collar.

"Captin," he said, "I very very happy, very happy to meet you." I had not introduced myself or made any gesture that would indicate a desire for his acquaintance. "If you like walk in village," he continued, "I can go wid you, show you everytings. I did not know I would walk wid you dis day. If I know I would make my body clean. If dere is words you do not know I will announce de meaning of dem to you."

Willie's father has one eye, wears a khaki-colored cloth and a string of shark's teeth beads, and speaks polished English. He teaches school all day — all the usual subjects of the grade school, plus English. In the evening he conducts a class in which he tries to teach the Elysian language to a group of Marine and Navy officers, but with indifferent success, which is no reflection on his teaching. The language has no points of comparability with English in what we understand as grammar or

sentence construction; but that is an intricate subject, and don't get me started.

One evening Willie entered the classroom in the middle of the session and whispered something to his father. Quite unruffled, the teacher stopped his lecture to announce: "If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I think we shall terminate our lesson for this evening. My son, Willie, has just come to inform me that my wife is removing the furniture from my house and is leaving." Trying to outdo him in *savoir-faire* I stood up and said, "We are dismayed to learn of this unhappy turn of events. If we can be of any possible assistance in this dark hour that has fallen upon your house you have only to call on us."

Still unruffled as he made his unhurried exit, he smiled graciously and said, "Thank you so much. No, I can attend to this myself quite well." I don't know what sort of technique he employed in that crisis but it must have been effective. I passed his house the next morning and his stout wife, Katie, and all the children were going about the morning routine in their usual happy and placid way.

We and the Elysians have learned a good deal about each other in 1942, and the more we have learned the more friendly and appreciative of each other we have become. Each has recognized that the other is smarter in some things; that the other excels in some directions. We both understand that our backgrounds have made us differ from each other a little but that basically we are pretty much the same thing.

But the Elysian children still think we are rather odd.

Little Lucie, aged six, wandered into my tent one day and looked the place over carefully. She turned to me and said, "Where woman?"

Lapsing into Lucie's dialect, I said, "Don't got woman this house."

Lucie was frankly puzzled. "Don't got woman this house? All house got woman," she said.

"Well, this house don't got woman," I said.

"White man funny" Lucie said, and walked out of the tent.



THE MRS. WILLOUGHBY PLAN

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

MRS. PETER WILLOUGHBY long had wished to devise and to contribute to the world a personal plan for the solution of its ills. This would be known as the Mrs. Willoughby Plan. It would cover such points as the prevention of friction between nations, the economic rehabilitation of distressed areas, and the preservation of the amenities.

The Plan was, briefly, for everyone on the earth to behave himself. Needless to say, this embraced the thought that no person was to covet lands, goods, or persons which were not his. The genius of the Plan was its utter simplicity.

"From now on, everything will be better," said Mrs. Willoughby's husband, after she explained the broad outlines of the Plan to him one evening.

"I do hope so," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"How did you happen to hit upon this nostrum?" asked James Peter Willoughby, who was dividing his attention between the Plan and the evening paper.

Mrs. Willoughby said modestly that it had simply come to her, as she was going about her daily rounds.

"The idea is superb," said Jim. "I am aroused. How will you make it work?"

Mrs. Willoughby explained that there would be a council of experts, and some kind of steering committee. These would be provided for in the Plan, yet to be drafted. Later, codicils would be added, containing guaranties.

"One of the codicils should provide for a large, sturdy committee with fixed bayonets," said Jim.

Mrs. Willoughby considered a moment, and then said that he had missed the whole point of the Plan, the purpose of which was to dispense with such needs.

"Well, in the event of trouble — an incident of nationalistic nastiness — what would you do?" he inquired.

Mrs. Willoughby pondered. "Under my plan," she said intelligently, "trouble spots of the world would be given special attention. Spots where natural resources are located. Such as deposits of various kinds, including manganese."

She was not sure what manganese was, but anyway it was fraught with trouble. As soon as it was mentioned, a current of desire passed through the nations. Under the Mrs. Willoughby Plan, illicit desire for manganese would be outlawed.

She saw herself rising at luncheon meetings, having been called upon to explain the finer points of her plan, and stating: —

"My plan took shape during long evenings at my own fireside. . . . No man or groups of men shall desire illicitly. . . . No flag or flags shall be advanced with a view to having trade follow it or them. . . . I am not mentioning any nation by name, but all of us know. . . . My plan calls for the creation of a council. . . ."

There would be a murmur of voices afterward: "Her plan is so simple. Why didn't we think of it ourselves?"

But how to implement her recommendation for a cure-all for man's distresses? From day to day, as the international picture changed, she tried to think of something — some suggestion that could be offered through the proper channels, to the proper authority in Washington.

A native of Bedford, Indiana, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER is a promising young satirist who served on the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* before taking up her residence in Manhattan. Her heroine, Mrs. Willoughby, has already made warm friends in our audience.

For a while she considered a general evacuation of all seaboards in all nations, to a depth to be decided upon by the steering committee.

This idea was drastic. It meant legislating the Port of New York out of existence, for example. Mayor La Guardia would raise a great stir. However, there was a germ of good in this proposal — because many people, as soon as they saw a ship, were determined to go somewhere in it and bring home something. This led to conflict. Strife over possessions.

"Tungsten!" thought Mrs. Willoughby. Tungsten was a thing people struggled over.

"Are ships a good thing?" she asked herself coldly. Yes, on the whole, they were. Without them, America never would have been discovered and the world would be in a hopeless snarl. Man must have his seaboards and look beyond them. Mrs. Willoughby abandoned her plan for their evacuation — with relief, because now she would not have to propose where all the people in New York would go, not to mention those in Baltimore.

Another proposal called for the cessation of all communication here and abroad for a period of months or years, to be determined by the steering committee. The idea underlying this recommendation was that many persons were at their spiritual best when incommunicado.

She abandoned this, too, having decided that everyone would simply resume his former activities when the stated period was over, like the palace cooks when they awakened after a century, in "The Sleeping Beauty."

2

Distressed by her inability to help fix things internationally, she retreated into the lives of the great, to see what they had in mind for the human race. One book that she looked into was Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; and she came across his Plan for Moral Perfection.

With great interest, she read about Franklin's little blank book, in which he allotted a page to each of the virtues, and in which he marked his errors with a little black spot.

Mrs. Willoughby wished she had some of these little books. She would send them to some of her acquaintances, saying, "With best wishes for your improvement." Immediately she knew that Franklin would have worked to weed out such a thought. It was captious.

Franklin had been concerned not so much about world behavior as about his personal behavior. He was toiling to make himself a better Franklin: "I wished to live without committing any fault at any time."

There indeed was a bold plan. If each person had this bright dream, how many international difficulties would be eliminated! Franklin had begun at the right end — with himself. Mrs. Willoughby resolved to modify and abridge her world plan into a compact plan applying only to herself. She made a mental note: —

"1. Keep the Christmas card list where I shall absolutely be able to find it next year."

In the next weeks, Mrs. Willoughby read Law's *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, with a view to perfecting her ways, and dipped into the sayings of various mystics. Jim would come home in the evening and find her fair face bent over a book about Buddha, and would tell their friends that Janie was sitting under the banyan tree.

As the international picture darkened, Mrs. Willoughby's personal rectitude mounted by leaps and bounds. "This," she told herself, "is the least, and the most, I can do."

She strove valiantly to make each day better than the one before, and to have no truck with slander and talking nonsense. By rising late and dawdling in the morning, she could have a perfect day until lunch time. Then she went forth into the New York streets, with all their cross-currents of carnality. There was a progressive softening of purpose in the afternoon. Evening often found her flinging austerity to the winds. The sun rose unsullied over Sutton Place South, and set besmirched, with her having uttered needless remarks and having engaged in activities which could only be called boondoggling.

The Janet Willoughby Theory of the Upward Reach and the Downward Pull evolved about this time. Mrs. Willoughby thought of it one day while she was in a bookstore, leafing through two beautiful volumes reproducing Blake's Illustrations for the Book of Job. What nobility was expressed in the great upward surge of the long lines in Blake's angels, musicians, and shepherds! Some persons and things uplifted one like that; others hauled one down, into a sphere of pure triviality.

"You are hauling me down," Mrs. Willoughby thought one afternoon when Lolly Winters called and engaged in what Benjamin

Franklin called "prattling." Looking at her friend dispassionately, Mrs. Willoughby felt that Lolly was not trying to be better. She was proud and covetous. She was slothful. There she sat, spreading reports of others and bearing false witness. Lolly should be home, rooting out her own faults.

And where was the Upward Reach in Mrs. Valentine Sledd's character? Mrs. Willoughby considered this question when she went to Mrs. Sledd's one afternoon. Mrs. Sledd sat jangling on a little gilt chair. She was a far cry from Blake's angels.

Back home, delving more deeply into the thoughts of the sages, Mrs. Willoughby noted that some virtues had been esteemed highly in nearly all times and places. Prudence, for example. It was good in any era. "I should like to be known for my prudence," thought Mrs. Willoughby.

Another trait highly esteemed by all peoples was poise. Serenity. Freedom from perturbation. She noted that Confucius said, "The superior man has neither anxiety nor fear. The ordinary man is always full of distress," and that Marcus Aurelius praised the man who was neither perplexed nor dejected. She believed Erasmus also had something to say on this point, but she couldn't find it.

Indubitably, this personal peace which philosophers praised was a step toward world peace. She would inaugurate the revised Mrs. Willoughby Plan with a Personal Peace Week.

3

Mrs. James Peter Willoughby's quiet, unobtrusive Personal Peace Week came in like a lion, with a disagreement between Mrs. Willoughby and her two younger children.

The incident began with an ominous announcement from four-year-old Joyce that she had got up on the wrong side of the bed. Young Peter then told Joyce that he would put her in the goose coop, as the witch did the children in *Hänsel und Gretel*.

"We have no goose coop," Joyce pointed out, "because we have no geese."

Young Peter said they had two: her and his sister Jane. He made moves to seize her and put her in an invisible coop, and Joyce started howling.

Mrs. Willoughby became embroiled on the plane of earthly conflict. "Joyce and Peter," she began patiently, "you are not coöperating."

The incident progressed from a model parent-child conversation to a crisis over Mrs. Willoughby's authority. "I shall have to preserve this authority or evacuate," she decided. There was a soul-shaking scene.

Soon afterward, Bernadette appeared from the kitchen, to report that the eggs delivered by the milkman were stamped 89 cents on the box.

Mrs. Willoughby went firmly to the telephone. Not even the great Stoics would have paid 89 cents a dozen for eggs. She called the dairy company. No, the label was on upside down. It was 68 cents for white, 60 for mixed. She had spent five cents on the call, which brought the price of the eggs to 73.

Mrs. Willoughby felt that the practical application of her plan had begun inauspiciously; and later events bore out this view. It was a week in which the quality of goods and services in general declined markedly, because of the situation abroad. No patriotic citizen would complain about this; still, the consumer had to be somewhat more vigilant, lest his dollar go for defective goods or for service unrendered.

Vexation over several household incidents marred her contemplation of personal peace as an abstract ideal.

One morning, there came an anguished wail from Bernadette. The laundry had kept the hemstitched sheets and had substituted inferior sheets belonging to another family. Also, the laundry had not returned James Peter Willoughby's plaid Scottish socks in any form.

Mrs. Willoughby telephoned the laundry. "I wish to speak to the complaint department," she said belligerently. Then she remembered a saying of Confucius: "The superior man does not wrangle."

With forced serenity, she explained about the sheets. The laundry was deeply sorry. It would be rectified. "Of course, in these times, madam —"

"I understand," said Mrs. Willoughby. "There is one other matter. My husband's socks —"

There followed a request for a description of the missing socks. Mrs. Willoughby explained in detail, in so far as she remembered, and added that they were in the plaid of her husband's ancestral tartan.

"Could you send us a sample?" asked the

laundry. Mrs. Willoughby replied impatiently that neither the ancestors nor the tartans were in this country; that, moreover, the ancestors were dead.

"I mean, could you send us a sample of the socks?" asked the laundry resourcefully.

"Ordinarily," said Mrs. Willoughby, "I keep samples of all my husband's socks for such emergencies as this; but unfortunately at the moment I am out of samples."

The conversation ended with Mrs. Willoughby in a rage.

Hardly had she cooled when Bernadette appeared gloomily and reported that the watercress for the dinner salad had foreign bodies in it.

Mrs. Willoughby went to investigate, and found among the cress a pair of small, aqueous creatures with claws.

Spiritually shattered, she called the market and informed the vegetable man of this outrage. "I am disappointed in this market," she said with dignity.

There was a sound, from the other end, of the vegetable man trying to cope with Mrs. Willoughby's disappointment.

"They are water crabs," he said, when Mrs. Willoughby finally ceased describing her state of mind, "and they are perfectly clean." There followed an attempt on his part to persuade her that all the best watercress had water crabs in it. Mrs. Willoughby was irate.

Her Personal Peace Week, under the Plan, ended with one of the most unfruitful shopping expeditions in Mrs. Willoughby's experience. Ordinarily she evaluated merchandise quickly, judiciously. Salespersons recognized this and, with obvious enjoyment, showed her only good quality.

Today she encountered disgruntled salespersons who brought her inferior merchandise, with the hems already coming out. She considered protesting to the section head, but decided it would be more in line with the Plan to commend the store's good work rather than to criticize its bad work. So she made her way through a morass of shoppers and told a section manager, "You have a particularly

good notion department. Miss Spenke has always been unusually helpful."

The section manager gulped. It was the first kind word his department had had from a customer in thirty years.

Mrs. Willoughby did not feel that this enterprise had turned out well, because on the way she had to pass the stocking counters, where consumers were pawing, with avaricious expressions on their faces. Even looking at this scene was a reckless expenditure of spiritual energy.

She stopped in a little hat shop, laid her hat down for a moment, and another woman seized it, thinking it was for sale. On the way home, a fellow passenger entering the bus inadvertently knocked her hat off; and the bus would not stop at Mrs. Willoughby's corner, but determinedly went up two blocks away.

Next morning, Mr. and Mrs. James Peter Willoughby sat peacefully in St. Thomas's. The discourse had ended, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, O Lord." The Sevenfold Amen echoed through the church.

Mrs. Willoughby's hands, beautifully gloved in brown suede, were folded in her lap. Her face was tranquil; her thoughts soared with the Blake angels. It was true, she thought, that she had found a solution to world problems: namely, for each person to look rigorously to his own state of grace. This was more easily said than done, but one could keep trying.

As they left the church, the idea occurred to her of doing all her shopping during two weeks in the year, in order to be sure of living in grace in the remaining fifty. She would revise the Plan to that effect.

Somewhat sadly, she realized that the Plan, which she had envisaged as a covenant, now was only the size of a sampler; so she proceeded to embroider it in sheer fancy. For the two weeks, she could take a room in a hotel near one of the retail centers, and advertise in the *Times* that merchandise was to be brought there and shown to her:—

"Mrs. James Peter Willoughby of Sutton Place South is at the McAlpin. Tomorrow she will see garments in size 14."

IS GERMANY INCURABLE?

by RICHARD M. BRICKNER, M.D.

1

As a responsible physician practicing neurology and psychiatry, intimately acquainted with the sick minds that laymen call "crazy" or "insane" and that we call "psychotic," as well as with milder forms of irrationality, I can say: —

First, the national group we call Germany behaves and has long behaved startlingly like an individual involved in a dangerous mental trend. Although many individual Germans may not participate in this trend, the mass actions of the German nation are, and for over a century have been, typical of what the psychiatrist finds in certain highly alarming types of individual behavior.

Second, clinical experience can identify the specific condition that Germany's mental trend approaches. It is paranoia, as grim an ill as mind is heir to, the most difficult to treat, the only mental condition that frightens the psychiatrist himself — because, unless checked, it may end in murder. Murder is the logical denouement of its special outlook on the world.

Identifying a paranoid trend, when one is dealing with a paranoid patient, is absolutely necessary, not only for the good of the patient, but also for the safety of those near him. He is by definition a potential killer, a bomb that any jar or change of mental environment may set off at any moment. Safety from his potential menace lies only in recognizing and treating it along established psychiatric lines.

Paranoia is not used here as an epithet, but as a responsible medical diagnosis. Laymen often know the major psychoses by name —

the manic depressive state, schizophrenia (sometimes called dementia praecox, the "split personality" disease), and so forth — without realizing how clearly each can be distinguished by characteristic symptom-grouping. Although all classical symptoms are seldom present in a given case, evidence is often so preponderant that the psychiatrist can diagnose as surely as a heart specialist dealing with angina pectoris. There is also the "feel" of a case, the sum of tenuous small impressions made on sensitive clinical instincts. The German group — as a collective force, not necessarily as individuals — both "feels" paranoid and displays a remarkable number of the classical paranoid symptoms.

The paranoid is the megalomaniac, treating his environment exclusively as a device for his own aggrandizement and glorification. Grandiose mystic notions of the cosmos, which nobody can refute, because they have no basis in everyday life, crop up in him — huge, world-embracing thoughts that make the thinker feel as big as the universe. He often develops a belief in Destiny or The Wave of the Future or a personal divine mission or an exclusive personal right to satiate all his desires and ambitions — although he is by definition incapable of satisfaction in any triumph. The failure of others to coöperate with him in his divine mission, he interprets as conspiracy to sabotage his self-aggrandizing programs. He develops a "persecution complex." He is the "they" man — "they" have it in for him, "they" whisper maliciously behind his back, "they" are the malicious schemers who make sure that no job, deal, career, marriage, or project of his ever succeeds.

We do not yet know what causes paranoia, not even whether or not it is hereditary. Environment undoubtedly plays an important part. Possibly it springs from special inability

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to cope with the over-discussed "inferiority feeling" in early childhood. Most of us have something of that in our backgrounds, as we also have healed tuberculous lesions in our lungs. But, fortunately for society, such psychic lesions react on only a few to produce the steely, hard-cored, explosive paranoid — as sinisterly impressive, integrally designed, and dangerous as a block-buster bomb. For, when pushed too far, in order to do justice to his outraged majesty, in cold rage at the world's diabolically malevolent thwarting, the paranoid kills, committing not a sudden *crime passionnel*, but a deliberate, well-executed, self-righteous murder. Grant the paranoid's warped premises and it is all utterly logical.

This discussion is not directly concerned with whether or not Hitler is a mental case. No doubt he is — no doubt many of his chief supporters are also. But Hitler, Göring, the Nazi Party, the German Army, are important here only as their behavior meshes with the characteristic behavior of the German nation as a group, which tends to bring paranoid types to the top. Mr. Chamberlain was so notably unsuccessful in gaining his ends, not because he failed to diagnose Hitler individually, but because he did not realize that typical German techniques in diplomacy and internal politics alike, brought to a peak under the Nazi regime, are of grave psychiatric moment.

All Germany's neighbor nations have made the same mistake, interpreting Germany's conduct in the same naïve and failure-doomed way that leads the average patient's family astray in dealing with paranoia. That is not surprising — important key figures in world affairs so frequently fail to recognize symptoms of mental troubles in members of their own families that there is little reason to suppose they would recognize them in international affairs disguised under layer after layer of traditional political and economic thinking. But such blindness, resulting from insufficient acquaintance with descriptive psychiatry, is just as dangerous internationally as domestically.

In the case of Germany we are not and never have been dealing with fascism or imperialism or aggression *per se*. Instead we are confronted with a group who employ whatever power they may have, under whatever system of government, in a strangely intense and terrifying manner. "Aggression" has been dis-

played for thousands of years, ever since national groups were sufficiently organized and developed to be able to take advantage of their neighbors. What distinguishes German aggression is the megalomania, the sense of mission, the fanatic violence, and above all the irrationality that invariably accompany it. Unremitting complaints about "unjust treatment," "encirclement," "need for *Lebensraum*," always couched in the idiom of the martyr, make German spokesmen sound remarkably like people typically involved in a paranoid trend.

2

Actually the paranoid trend in Germany that has once more plunged the world into bloody warfare did not come into being with the advent of Hitler, but has been present through at least five generations of German history. Hitler and his associates, like some of their predecessors, are mere transient leaders of a type that a paranoid culture will inevitably seek or produce. There is not, for instance, a single sentiment voiced in *Mein Kampf*, nor a single feature of Hitler's whole political program as originally formulated, that cannot be found in literature of the Pan-German League, which attained wide popularity in Germany in the latter years of the nineteenth century and the years preceding the First World War.

It is my purpose to show that the Nazi movement and its leaders are *symptoms*, not causes, of Germany's trouble, the equivalent of the scabs on the body of a smallpox patient. To get rid of them and let it go at that would be like treating the scabs and ignoring the disease itself. Indeed there is so much evidence to show the existence of group paranoia in Germany long before the word "Nazi" was even coined that this book could have been written without any mention whatever of Hitler and company.

Internally Germany has long been turning itself into the kind of society that an individual paranoid would like to create. Such a society naturally rewards with social approval people to whom paranoid behavior is congenial. As a parallel to this internal situation, Germany has also been trying to impose a paranoid hierarchy on the whole world, devoting to the task the all-out energy, sense of timing, and ruthless logic that characteristically develop from the paranoid's internal pressures. Germany believes that she is or ought to be the father-emperor-schoolmaster-slavedriver-

general-drillmaster-boss-hero of the universe. Since paranoid demands are by definition insatiable, every success merely whets her appetite for more.

Like the individual paranoid, Germany extends every concept far beyond the exigencies of any situation. Black is always extraordinarily black, white correspondingly white, the dividing line between them is uncompromising. Either you are a superman or a pariah, a chosen descendant of the gods or a worm to be trodden underfoot. This is not just a matter of what the sociologist calls in-groups versus out-groups, but of a constant need to assert and to prove, by extreme violence if necessary, transcendent superiority over everybody else.

This is the key to the disproportionate quality of German aggression. Economic distress may have helped to precipitate this particular outburst, but Germany has continued to use her distress as justification for striking east and west, north and south. In practically every country on earth, she has spies and secret organizations on a scale never before dreamed of. Deliberately, almost systematically, she has antagonized the whole world. While trying to hold the entire continent of Europe in subjugation, she has simultaneously invited additional wars with the Soviet Union and the United States. This is obviously no mere case of seeking resources, markets, or population outlets. Germany is trying to rule the world and, by the very megalomania of the conception, demonstrating the paranoid quality of her thinking.

Many people believe that, without a rational basis for discontent on Germany's part, such a state of affairs could not exist. Her self-pitying evaluation of herself as a have-not nation is accepted at face value. Exponents of this theory never explain, though, how it is that in the years preceding 1914 Germany was behaving in virtually the same way as in the years preceding 1939. Germany was no international stepchild then. She had colonies, immense military power, tremendous intellectual prestige, a standard of living ranking among the world's highest.

Wilfred Trotter, a pioneer in the psychological approach to groups, actually developed the theory that Germany's pre-1914 paranoid behavior was due to her unprecedentedly brilliant success between 1866 and 1914, observing that winning three wars and organizing a large unified nation with so little difficulty could

hardly help going to Germany's head. At that very time, Germany was shouting just as loudly about "encirclement" as after the "humiliations" of the Treaty of Versailles. Whereas Switzerland, the possessor of exceedingly little *Lebensraum* and for five hundred years more densely encircled than Germany has ever been, has been uncomplainingly going about her business in a quiet, democratic way. All of which brings to mind a criminological commonplace: "Poverty alone will not incite to crime; it depends on who it is who is poor."

When we speak of Germany as a paranoid society we do not mean that every German is paranoid — there are, in fact, many non-paranoid Germans. But there is ample evidence that they have been relatively impotent. Nor must the conception of Germany as a paranoid society be taken to mean that group paranoia does not exist in other countries. Any spread-eagle nationalism, for example, shows paranoid symptoms. Our own Know-Nothing Party, Ku Klux Klan, and various "Shirt" movements have all been paranoid in character, and have influenced many Americans. This very fact — that many apparently everyday people take to paranoid behavior at the first opportunity — aids understanding of how the Germans, those good-natured, industrious, clever, able, valuable, and efficient exponents of so much of the best in modern culture, can behave in such an antisocial fashion as a group.

It is not my intention to indict a whole nation. It would be both inaccurate and unconstructive to employ the concept of group paranoid trends as a means of casting the whole German population in the role of villains. The present situation is far too serious for us to expand the huge web of fantasy already spun around the Germans both by themselves and by others. The dimensions of Germany's threat to the world can best be understood if it is kept in mind that unchecked paranoia, allowed to develop like compound interest, has only one logical outcome: with an individual, murder; with a whole society, war.

Precautions must obviously be observed in applying knowledge of individual behavior to the behavior of groups as if no distinction existed between the two. But, since groups are composed of human beings, the legitimate subject of psychiatric research, group behavior — the sum of the behaviors of individuals in cer-

tain respects — should also be eligible for such research.

In speaking of the group called Germany, we are not speaking of some mystic whole, but of an organized congeries of individuals, sharing a common language and common traditions, who have been reared in a common, particular way, technically called a “culture,” so that they develop common, particular manners, morals, tastes in food, dress, and other departments of life.

Variations in these cultures result in the fact that human nature is not, as is so often remarked, “the same the world over.” The chances are — although nobody is yet certain on the point — that a German baby ten minutes old is free from paranoia. It is equally likely that, out of every million German-born babies, a certain number will develop enough resistance to the paranoid trends in German culture for their individual attitudes to correspond closely to those of, say, non-paranoid Swiss or Icelanders. Statistically, however, the odds are against any given German baby’s escaping this cultural “infection”; and this means that enough adult Germans in each generation will manifest paranoid behavior to make Germany behave in a paranoid fashion as a group.

3

The keynote of every criticism is almost invariably: “How strange these Germans are!” It has been struck regularly by visitors to Germany for the last century without regard to what kind of government temporarily held the reins of state. When, for example, Lillian Mowrer asked her husband: “Do you think Germans are madder than any other people? They seem so unbalanced — so hysterical,” she was not talking about Hitler’s fanatic subjects. The year was 1925, the flag that flew over the Reichstag was the black, red, and gold of a government that called itself “the freest Republic in the world.” Mrs. Mowrer was marveling over the number of supposedly intelligent Germans who adhered to cults and crank movements, theosophy, nudism, or peculiar diets.

Graphology, astrology, and something called “characterology” had attained an astonishing degree of success in the country of Immanuel Kant and Albert Einstein. The pedestrian rationality of the Republican government was regarded with universal scorn. Its citizens

found far more potent appeal in the developing nationalist movements with their rabble-rousing slogans and their bloody putsches. By 1924 three of these parties, including the Nazis, were gathering in 1,900,000 votes for their extremist programs and had thirty-six deputies in the Reichstag. The paranoid’s preference for indulging in semi-occult rather than rational thinking was in evidence on all sides.

This habit of mind has often been identified by Germans themselves. Nietzsche deprecated it as the German “revolt against reason.” Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi philosopher, glorified it as thinking with the “subconscious blood” — a mystical procedure which only “racially pure” Germans are qualified to perform.

Even the vocabulary in which such thinking is expressed is often incomprehensible to the uninitiated. It is impossible, for instance, to derive from the homely English word “folk” the mystic connotations intended by Germans speaking in reverent tones of the German *Volk*. Race shaming (*Rassenschande*) and culture shaming (*Kulturschande*), both of which concepts long pre-date the Nazis, have an ineffable significance far better grasped by German grocers than by foreign Ph.D.’s. A monthly magazine founded in 1924 fairly rocks with this grandiose phraseology. The *Weltkampf* (world battle), as it is called, exhorts its readers to crusade against “world chaos,” “world Judaization,” and “world finance capitalism,” and teaches them to think in “world political thought grooves (*Weltpolitische Gedankengänge*).”

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, one of the shrewdest observers of late Republic and early Nazi days, commented upon the Germans’ “distorted batlike fancies, illusions, madnesses” and called Germany “a country where men are continually flying to extremes.” Sober common sense and clear logical processes were an “iron collar to the Germans, who escaped from them as quickly as possible into that peculiar subjectivity in which alone they feel comfortable.” Many Americans visiting Germany in the pre-Hitler years have described the chilling spectacle of hordes of German students parading the streets bawling the words of the famous Storm Trooper ballad: “We spit on freedom!” A young Nazi aviator told a British visitor how happy he was at last under Hitler to be free. “Free from what?” she asked. “Free from freedom!” was the exultant answer.

Awesome solemnity attends every German ritual from a Sunday stroll in the park to a mass meeting in the *Sportspalast*. Madeleine Kent, an English writer married to a German, has described the passion evinced even by the self-styled rationalists of Social Democratic days for making a "cause" of everything they did, organizing anything from personal tastes to political principles. When these missionaries went in for vegetarianism or a diet of raw food, when they espoused "rational dress" or practiced free love, they did it "not frivolously, but in the solemn conviction that they were thereby hastening the millennium and lifting mankind to a higher plane."

This sense of mission reflected in both the behavior of individual Germans and the behavior of Germany as a nation is described by William L. Shirer in passages that could easily be excerpts from a psychiatrist's files. The "feel" of paranoid mission, for instance, is unmistakable in Shirer's description of an audience listening to Hitler at the Berlin Opera, their hands raised "in slavish salute, their faces now contorted with hysteria, their mouths wide open, shouting, shouting, their eyes burning with fanaticism, glued on the new god, the Messiah."

The paranoid's sense of justice — one rule for me, another for the rest of the world — is classically exemplified in the attitude of a German announcer showing uncensored newsreels at a press conference Shirer attended. Pictures of devastated Holland and Belgium inspired him to shout: "Thus do we deal death and destruction on our enemies!" Pictures of damage from English bombs at Freiburg brought forth a righteously indignant: "Thus do our brutal and unscrupulous enemies bomb and kill and murder innocent German children!"

The sense of the divine right of Germans, Shirer says, is nothing new. "Fichte, Hegel, Nietzsche, and Treitschke fired the German people with it in the last century . . . our century has not lacked for successors . . . all these writings emphasized that Germany was entitled by the laws of history and nature to a space more adequate to its mission in life. That this space would have to be taken from others . . . made no difference . . . the 'lesser breed' of Europeans are not entitled . . . to the very towns and cities they have built up with their own sweat and toil, if a German covets them."

The strange characteristics of the German

conscience also struck the well-known British writer, Miss I. A. R. Wylie. Looking back with the perspective of maturity over eight youthful years in Kaiser Wilhelm II's Germany, she noted that it is possible for a perfectly respectable German to "do atrocious things with a clear and shining conscience" since "vice becomes virtue and virtue vice by simple decree if it serves the tribe." In a people thus dedicated to a holy, national mission, individual conscience must necessarily wait upon the orders of the High Command.

This helps us to understand how the Germans, whose clothes, features, and general outward appearance closely resemble those of the inhabitants of other Western nations, can accept without visible demur their government's policy of mass murder and mass starvation of thousands of other human beings. "Taught for generations before Hitler came," wrote Madeleine Kent, "that the good of the race was infinitely more important than the happiness of the individual, they found nothing shocking in the Nazi claim that opponents of the State were 'subhuman' and their consequent sufferings 'trifles.'"

German status-anxiety — the paranoid's desire to define with intense rigidity just "where he stands" with relation to everybody he meets — has repeatedly been pointed out. Shirer said flatly that "German character is such that the German must either dominate or be dominated. He understands no other relation between human beings on this earth." The English-born Daisy, Princess of Pless, whose German in-laws were always finding her insufficiently conscious of her husband's high place in the world, described two complementary aspects of German character: the imperious aspect that has as motto "Live as I wish; move as I say; sit or stand as I order; think as I think; speak as I do," and the leader-worshiping aspect which makes Germans "adore being ruled and kept in their places, and perspire with satisfaction when they get plentiful opportunities for heel-clicking and hand-kissing."

These symptoms, of course, have not been noticed by foreigners alone. For over a century, Germans whose own vision was not clouded have struggled vainly against the rising tide of paranoia. The most famous of such viewings-with-alarm is Heinrich Heine's striking prophecy, first published in 1833.

Christianity, Heine said, had subdued but not quenched "that ancient German eagerness for battle which combats not for the sake of destroying, not even for the sake of victory, but merely for the sake of the combat itself . . . when the Cross, that restraining talisman, falls to pieces, then will break forth again the ferocity of the old combatants, the frantic Berserker rage. . . . The old stone gods will then arise from the forgotten ruins and wipe from their eyes the dust of centuries, and Thor with his giant hammer will arise again, and he will shatter the Gothic cathedrals."

The great Goethe too was gravely apprehensive of the growing fanatic nationalism, with its encouragement of the herd ideal, that he saw about him. With the same prophetic sense, he begged his increasingly chauvinistic countrymen always to bear in mind that "Germany is nothing. Every individual German is a great deal." The Germans would not listen to Goethe. But a little over a century later they were listening with bated breath and uplifted arm to an ex-Austrian ex-corporal who taught them just the reverse: "*Du bist nichts; dein Volk ist alles* (Thou art nothing; thy *Volk* is everything)."

Nietzsche, that paradoxical thinker who railed at Germans in such an utterly German way, also took note of the straws in the wind from the Rhine. He called his compatriots "a dangerous people with a genius for intoxicating themselves," sneered at the jingoism of such songs as "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*," harped perpetually on the absurdity of German nationalism in all its manifestations. By 1889 he had grown so fearful of the effects of Germany's coming "barbarism" that this fierce opponent of Christianity actually wrote the Pope begging him to sponsor some sort of league of nations to save civilization from this threat. Unfortunately some of the signs of Nietzsche's impending mental illness were already upon him. The Pope could scarcely be expected to take seriously a letter signed "Nietzsche Caesar." Yet in that letter, dismissed by historians as the ravings of a lunatic, Nietzsche had named as the ingredients of the developing "barbarism": fanatic racism, fanatic nationalism, and the *Realpolitik* of Bismarck which has been admired and imitated by the Nazis.

There again a sensitive observer, accumulating data and aware of their emotional content

but not their scientific significance, has found characteristic German behavior sinister and disturbing. The reader, however, has in his hands a clew to the missing psychiatric knowledge that makes the puzzle pieces fall into alignment with eccentric human behavior in general.

4

We can now take the accepted paranoid symptoms and match them against the collective voice of Germany. Diagnosis of group as of individual paranoia must depend strictly on descriptive data — on what the patient says, what he indicates he would like to do, what he actually does. The paranoid can do no wrong, for the very fact that it is he who performs a given act clothes its performance with moral sanctity and cosmic importance.

Thus a paranoid nation does not set out to seize the oil fields of a neighboring nation strictly because it would be more convenient to have her own oil supply under her own control. As she mobilizes her armies for the job, her leading spirits believe, and effectively influence many of the soldiers to believe, that it is a far, far better thing for the world in general that a superior nation like herself should have the disposal of such wealth. It is intolerable that the former nation-owner, insignificant folk with an impudent tendency to resist expropriation, should longer usurp a privilege obviously intended for their betters who have the job of raising a great nation to the pinnacle of world importance that is her cosmic due. Bloodshed involved in correcting one of nature's more careless mistakes is not only permissible but sacred.

Adolf Hitler has often expressed his belief that the Nordic race has a right to dominate the world, and that consciousness of this right should be the guiding point of German foreign policy. A few years ago a good many people, who know better now, classified such remarks as "typically Hitlerian" exaggerations and cheerfully debated whether he "really meant" them or was just "talking to the gallery." It had not yet been made clear by millions of casualties that he both meant them and was talking to a gallery that wanted to hear them and would get themselves mowed down in windrows by Russian machine-guns to prove it. Nor was it realized that their Führer's high-pitched, hysterical voice that has shouted down so many grave and suavely spoken non-German

diplomats was only echoing generations of the German past.

Listen, for example, to the voice of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, first Rector of the University of Berlin, sometimes called "Germany's first nationalist," philosopher and war hawk of the German *Erwachung* (awakening) that swept Napoleon to the other side of the Rhine in 1813. In recommending Machiavellianism as a guiding policy for the Prussian state, Fichte explained that the king, while bound to observe law and order in his private life, is by no means obligated to do so in his relations with other states. "If you [the German people] sink into the depths, the whole of humanity sinks with you without hope of eventual restoration."

In 1814, the poet and historian Ernst Moritz Arndt expressed German megalomania with a mixture of coarseness and intellectual snobbery: "Everything which is impure in the German philosophy comes from abroad. We rightly thrust all this dung from us, for it comes to us from abroad." And again, the Germans are "a royal race, even a race of high priests; we administer the most holy priesthood, the oldest oracles and mysteries of the European world. What Delphi meant to Greece, Germany is to the North Europeans, the navel of the world of sciences and culture today, the center of the innermost spiritual movement and power."

Toward the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, the claims of superiority come thick and fast. One of the most influential authors was Otto Julius Langbehn, whose *Rembrandt as a Teacher*, first published in 1891, had run into sixty-two editions by 1925 and had precipitated the famous German Youth Movement. Langbehn, pivoting his argument around what he called the truly Germanic figure of Rembrandt, counseled Germans to throw off the shackles of positivist reason and utilitarian science and return to "art and personality." He advocated the cultivation of the "heroic German soul," hinting that the rewards of so doing might be rich and juicy: "Perhaps before much time passes he [the German] as a 'human being' will govern the world." He wrote ardently of the "mission of modern Germans . . . for which nature has created them." This, it appears, is to "victoriously revolt against all other blood."

After the outbreak of the First World War, Ernst Haeckel, the famous biologist, delivered himself of a strangely unbiological rhapsody:

"One single highly cultured German soldier of those who are, alas! falling in thousands represents a higher intellectual and moral life value than hundreds of the uncivilized human beings (*Naturmenschen*) whom England and France, Russia and Italy, oppose to them." "Germany is the center of God's plans for the world," thundered one pastor. "Germany is the religious heart of Europe," chanted another.

The *Gott mit uns*, "we are the Lord's anointed," idea recurs like a Wagnerian motif in German thought. As early as 1810, Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, "Vater Jahn," the nationalist youth leader of the *Erwachung*, proclaimed that "the sacred races were formerly the Greeks . . . now in their turn the Germans." Seventy years ago Kaiser Wilhelm I said, "Providence desired us to be its instrument." Shouted Hitler: "I am certain that my name will never be forgotten as that of a great man of this country. I believe it was the will of God — the will of the Supreme Power was fulfilled through me."

Perhaps the most intellectual documentation of the German mission is contained in Oswald Spengler's famous *The Decline of the West*, published in 1918. A few quotations set the tone of the book: "Three stages are clearly to be distinguished — the release from the Culture, the production of the thoroughbred Civilization-form, and the final hardening. For us this development has now set in, and as I see it, it is Germany that is destined, as the last nation of the West, to crown the mighty edifice." This book is a beautiful sample of ostensibly profound and well-documented paranoid thinking in print. It might be called "the appeal to the inevitable." Emotionally committed to admiration of a paranoid world, the thinker proceeds to prove to his own satisfaction, and that of anybody else emotionally inclined to see things his way, that what he would like to see happen is bound to happen. Since it is bound to happen, the only sensible thing to do is get aboard the steam-roller and help make it happen. This is not a logical conclusion, but it is firmly based on the psychological fact that something sold as inevitable exerts a fascinating attraction on many people.

5

The need to dominate everyone, to control every situation in which he finds himself, is part and parcel of the paranoid's megalomania.

Indeed the desire for domination and the megalomania are so merged that they are indistinguishable from each other. The paranoid is desperately concerned with exactly which rung he occupies on the ladder, plotting incessantly how to get higher and higher, how to dislodge anybody who stands in his way.

The most organized, explicit expression of the German need for domination is found in the Pan-German League, the foundations of which were laid by Dr. Karl Peters in Berlin in 1886, when German pride was still swollen with the victories of 1870 and the unification of all the states under Bismarck. By the time of the First World War, it was said to have as members half a million of the "intellectuals of Germany."

Ostensibly the League was devoted to fostering "Germanism" in every part of the world, supporting all German national movements in foreign countries, uniting all persons of German blood, but its exponents went much farther than that, many of them frankly demanding world hegemony for Germany. The particular prophet who most influenced its ideas was Heinrich von Treitschke, the famous historian who passionately and incessantly preached Germany's need and right to dominate other nations.

Von Treitschke is a veritable John the Baptist of the Pan-German attitude, calling his countrymen to repentance whenever they seemed hesitant to fulfill what he regards as their historic mission and instructing them in the "might makes right" morality that is a necessary concomitant.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, a hereditary and not an appointed or elected official, was nevertheless so thoroughgoing a product of paranoid culture that he could epitomize German paranoid trends with the greatest effectiveness. The Kaiser made no secret of his estimate of his own and his country's stature. At the turn of the century, he decided to construct and adorn an "Avenue of Victory" in Berlin. He himself drew up the general plans, selected the artists and sculptors to execute it, and gave a dinner for them. In a speech at that dinner, he spoke of great ideals that "have become for us Germans a permanent possession, while other nations have more or less lost them. The German nation is now the only people left which in the first instance is called upon to protect and cultivate and promote these great ideals." Having thus set his gaze upon far horizons, he be-

gan to dream articulately of an empire "not less authoritative than the Roman world empire of old time." These magniloquent words, according to such a distinguished historian as Pinnow, were widely applauded, especially by the middle classes and the Pan-Germans.

On the verge of putting his dream into effect, Wilhelm outdid himself in his proclamation to his eastern armies in 1914: "Remember that you are the chosen people! The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me, because I am Emperor of the Germans! I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative. Woe and death to all those who resist my will! Woe and death to those who do not believe in my mission! Woe and death to the cowards! May all the enemies of the German people perish! God demands their destruction — God who, through my mouth, commands you to execute His will." Thus spoke the man whose spellbound subjects cheered him every time he appeared in public and rejected him only when, his mission having failed, they hungered after a new "instrument of the Most High."

It is difficult to imagine a German leader preparing his men for battle with the words, so alien in their humanity to every paranoid ideal, used by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in addressing the 166th Ohio Regiment, August 22, 1864. Abraham Lincoln said in part: "I happen, temporarily, to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. . . . It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright."

6

Persecution complex and projection — these two symptoms melt together in the paranoid's dour, guarded, easily inflammable relations with the world. Because he himself is so important, he is obviously destined to rule others who are less important. Because his superiority and potential power are so unmistakable in his eyes, he feels nobody can overlook them. All other people are naturally consumed with

jealousy of him and hostility toward the inevitable consummation of his supremacy. In consequence they scheme against him and contrive ways to balk his present or projected domination of them as parts of the cosmos that is his rightful heritage. The paranoid inevitably attributes to his fancied enemies the very desires toward violent hostility that absorb him as uncrowned heir of the universe.

The German hullabaloo about the Versailles treaty loses much force when one realizes that this is only a sharper kind of whining that Germany had been indulging in long before the Sarajevo assassination. In 1803 Arndt was already maintaining that "Holland represents the most violent injury to Germany's natural frontier" — sixty-eight years before there was any such working entity as Germany, one hundred and fifty-five years after the tough little Dutch states had convinced the world formally of their right to paddle their own canoe regardless of the German fiction of the Empire.

The Triple Entente made Germany froth at the mouth. A writer in one of the most conservative journals of the day observed that "no reasonable person" could possibly doubt that the Triple Entente intended to "annihilate us." When, in 1913, England proposed a conference to arrange mutual limitation of naval armaments, the same paper called the proposal "as clumsily grotesque as it is absurd" and demanded a guarantee that England "is not shamefully deceiving us in this matter."

The word "encirclement," dinned into the world's ears to explain each fresh Nazi aggrandizement, was in circulation well before the First World War. One pre-war devotee of this idea was Ernst Hasse, a Reichstag deputy, "master mind" of the Pan-German League and editor of *Alldeutsche Blätter*, who wrote in 1907 that Germany needed war because she was "encircled by enemies! That's what we have been since the beginning."

This encirclement motif struck a fundamental chord in the hearts of paranoid-tending Germans, as it well might, considering the fundamental nature of its paranoid appeal. The irony of its obsessive use is heightened by the fact that at this time Germany was more prosperous and powerful than she had ever been in modern history. She had long since beaten Austria and France, unified the various German states into a strong and resilient whole, acquired a respectable number of potentially rich colonies, pushed into the front rank as a

sea power, both militarily and commercially, developed a standard of living close to the highest in the world, arrived at international prestige for her scholarship, technical ingenuity, military genius, artistic achievements. From that setting, Wirth could write: "If anybody thinks we are living in the best of worlds, we have to tell him that, since 1871, Germany has never been in a worse position. One thing is sure: we are encircled!"

It follows from paranoid reasoning that all nations are potential, if not yet actual, enemies. Wirth made this attitude notably clear when complaining that Germany had "ceded" military instructors to Japan and China, Greece and Turkey, Chile and Argentina; tens of thousands of merchants, tradesmen, and peasants to Russia, Algeria, Natal, Argentina, and the United States; thousands of doctors, jurists, philologues, and electricians to various other foreign countries; he called it "a strange way to achieve domination, by strengthening our enemies at our expense!"

Two things are notable here: the assumption that every country on the globe, no matter how far away, is by definition an enemy of Germany; and the other assumption that the chief end of every German act is domination of other countries. The German megalomania and the German hypersuspiciousness merge in a few sentences into the unmistakable paranoid pattern.

Evidence of secret hostile plots is constantly being unearthed. "Plots" to achieve world domination by the Jews and the Freemasons have been "uncovered" regularly. In *Berlin Diary*, William Shirer gives some classic examples of newspaper headlines explaining Germany's various acts of aggression by the Nazis' use of projection. At the time of the Czech crisis, for example, the Berlin papers shrieked: "Bloody Regime — New Czech Murders of Germans, Extortion, Plundering, Shooting — Czech Terror in Sudetenland Grows Worse from Day to Day!" And at Poland's eleventh hour: "Answer to Poland, the Runner-Amok (*Amoklaufer*) against Peace and Right in Europe!" "Warsaw Threatens Bombardment of Danzig!" "Unbelievable Agitation of the Polish Arch-Madness (*Polnischen Grössenwahns*)!" And even the fantastic accusation in one headline that "Poles Bombard Warsaw!" Unluckily the paranoid, typically lacking a sense of humor, is incapable of enjoying his own grim jokes.

7

"When have the German people ever broken their word?" asked Adolf Hitler in his speech to the Reichstag of May 21, 1935. Nearly every speech of Hitler's leads off with a long period of blustering instruction for the world in the past history of Germany. The general theme is that Germany has never been defeated in a war. If, temporarily, Germany may *appear* to have been defeated, it is due to the machinations of plotters, always at work to discredit this great nation and, when opportunity arises, to stab her in the back.

According to this rewriting of history, Germany actually emerged victor from the First World War. For ten years the word "defeat" was taboo — when strictly necessary, one spoke of the "collapse" (*Zusammenbruch*). At a meeting held to celebrate the "Day of the German Soldier," Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's grandson, announced that "the German soldier returned from the war unvanquished. In the last fourteen years the memory of the victory of the German heroes has been boycotted." In 1924 General Ludendorff, quondam supporter of the early Nazi movement and principal German military leader in the latter part of the First World War, contributed to an English compendium an article entitled "Germany Never Defeated!"

This particular kind of rejugling of past events to suit emotional necessities is an integral part of the paranoid picture, technically known as retrospective falsification. Every human being probably does it to some extent — the paranoid has developed its technique into an essential ingredient of his life. He finds it indispensably handy in erecting elaborate structures of complaint about what his teeming enemies want to do to him, buttressed by elaborate accounts of what they have all done to him in the past, and in bolstering his conviction of the degeneracy of all other persons.

In instructing its citizens to believe that "all Jews are cowards," for instance, the Nazi government was not long embarrassed by the fact that large numbers of German Jews had been decorated for valor during the First World War and owned medals and certificates to prove it. Paranoid techniques soon produced the glib explanation, widely circulated and ac-

cepted, that any such medal in the possession of a Jew had been bought from the needy widow of an "Aryan" hero for a shamefully small sum, and that all such certificates were forgeries.

Eight hundred, one hundred, ten years ago, it is all the same to the paranoid — Germany must be glorified or depicted as a swindled stepchild. The ephemeral Hohenstaufen Empire, for all its rickety weaknesses and quick extinction, must stand as prototype of the solid, exultantly victorious glory that is the paranoid good-time-coming for all members of the *Herrenvolk*. For paranoids have long memories and will dig through any number of accumulated documents to find the nugget of justification for their conduct or the occasion for false rumination.

In order to explain the inexcusable hostility of the United States toward Germany during the First World War, Heinrich Class, for many years president of the Pan-German League, writing in 1920, had to develop facts that would have been hard to recognize in the United States of 1914: "The population, except for the Germans and Irish, stood entirely on the enemy's side; it had for years been prepared in that sense by the press, which was entirely pro-British, and policy was determined by important financiers of Jewish and Anglo-Saxon origin, who, from the outset, would not allow a victory of the Central Powers." This fantastic picture of Wall Street as a giant cobra reaching its poisoned fangs overseas to sting Germany to death is the stuff that Nazi ideology is made of. With such retrospective falsification as precedent, no wonder the Nazis can be so glib about their claims that, in actual fact, Germans played the paramount role in both the American Revolution and the national development that preceded and followed it.

In my second article I shall therefore outline a tentative program for "treatment" of the sort psychiatry might hopefully offer. Admittedly the cure will be difficult, and the victors may have to pay part of the cost of effecting it. But it will not be so difficult as coping with the results of allowing paranoia to flourish unabated inside Germany, nor so expensive as preparing for the Third Paranoid War we shall have to fight if it does.

BLINKER WAS A GOOD DOG

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

1

A MAN naturally disremembers — it all happened such a while ago — a good many the yarns that used to be told up river and down about him and her, and how they was always a-jowering and a-jawing one at t'other, come day, go day, the old man and the old woman. Them as knowed them never blamed them, on account of they was so all-fired alone on the home place, with the young ones growed-up and gone, that him and her was sort of bound for to entertain theirselves, in times when there wasn't no mail in the country, and no radio.

So him and her taken to disagreeing, the whole eternal time, sort of to keep interested. All the while the old man would have give his last breath for the old woman, happen it would come in handy, and the old woman would have more'n died for the old man. Him and her was like that. Lots of folks is.

But of them times beyond reckoning when him and her was as cross as two sticks, one at t'other, in all them years at the old place on the upper river, a man recollects best of all the time the old man was plumb sot on having a regular Christian funeral for their old dog *Blinker*, so near as the old man could manage it. You knowed about how the old folks finally lost *Blinker*, him that they'd raised from a pup, on the bottle — he growed old and gray with them two, him and her — but did ever you hear tell of how *Blinker* was buried?

By Godfrey, that time the old man and the old woman may have been nigh to a-splittin',

because the whole p'int was religion — and the old woman, she sot great store by religion; she could be hard as a niggerhead when it come to the Word. Of course the old man, he knowed this to his sorrer, but when *Blinker* up and died on him, and laid there in the chips in the doorway, stiff as a poker, and the old man was recollecting how the old dog used for to grin at him, dang him if he could see any way to get out of a-burying *Blinker* like a Christian. For the life of him, seemed like he couldn't.

So the old man, he come into the kitchen, and he seen right away that his old woman had been a-weeping, whilst at her housework — but when he taken his courage in hand, and told her what he had a mind for to do, told her as best he could manage, the old woman she give it some thought for a moment, and then she turned on him, clicking her store teeth. He knowed that for the worst sign of all. But danged if he didn't have for to admire her, like always, outfacing him like that — little and puny but bold as a bobcat, whilst she give him a piece of her mind.

When his old woman got her dander up, seemed like she looked like the girl he fetched home from the valley. She looked like the queen on a playing card. And she give him to understand that them two had buried their own, years past, and had sorrered over them, and though the old man might be sort of minded to forget, a woman she must always recollect. She wouldn't have spoke ary word such as that — if she'd rightly knowed how it hurt. But, howsoever, when a woman gets riled — The old man, he stood there and blinked at her out of his whiskers, but he was as sot in his ways as she was in her'n, and he knowed what he allowed for to do.

"It's mighty un-Christian to bury a dog like a Christian!" the old woman says. "You want

Born in Wisconsin and raised as a small-town boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first smell of ink and most of his education around his father's print shop. At fifteen he was "on his own," working in Canada and the Western wheat country. He joined the staff of the *Oregonian* in 1916, and to its editorial page he has contributed ever since his distinctive and well-flavored Americana.

me, your own wife, for to sing a gospel hymn over Blinker, whilst you pray? God is my witness I cared full as much for old Blinker as you ever did! Who redd-up the kitchen after him, since ever he was whelped? Who seen to his platter? But I shan't have no part in mockery that's fit only for heathens. Nor shall you!" says the old woman. "It ain't fitting for Christians!"

And up come her apron whilst she cried her eyes out. She fair twisted the old man's heart — but you know how it is. There's times when a man is just bound not for to give in to them. He taken a chew of tobacco and he stomped out of the house. What was in his heart was as nigh to bitterness as ever had been there. It come to him then, like a thousand times afore, that they always got a man at a disadvantage, on account of they never lack words.

Well, sir, a man reckons that the old woman knowed she was bested, when the old man slammed the kitchen door, but first-off she dried her eyes, like women will, and put some wood in the stove against time she was going to need the oven. She clicked her store teeth, too, every once in a while — but all the time she was a-listening. She was a-listening because she knowed right well that poor Blinker wasn't more than a step from the kitchen stoop. And after a bit the old woman heard the old man say "Whoa!" There the old fool was, with the bay mare and the stoneboat, alongside of the old dog.

She looked out and give him a look that ought to have wilted him in his tracks, but he give her a glare like ice on a duck pond, right back. "The old fool!" she was a-thinking. Might as well have taken the old dog in his two arms, and carried him to wherever it was — but, no, the old fool was sot on a Christian funeral. The tears come up to her eyes again, but still the old woman was riled as could be, and she couldn't make no allowances for him. It was so un-Christian. All she said was: —

"I declare, if you've a mind for to make an old fool of yourself, like a heathen in darkness, you might as well change your shirt! Come in here, this minute!" The old man, he taken Blinker up in his arms, and he laid the old dog down on the stoneboat, and gentle, there on the new straw, and stooped and picked off a burr, before he turned to give his old woman so much as a look. He glared at her then, like before, and breshed by into the kitchen. She might have put her hand on his arm, easy — but she

couldn't bring herself to do it. She watched him stomp into their bedroom, right off the kitchen, and she seen that when he come out the old man had on a clean shirt. It wasn't the shirt she'd have chose — but at least, she seen, it was fitting. He give her never a look when he went past her and out of the kitchen door — and, a-listening, she heerd the old man say, "Giddap, Dolly! Easy, girl!" The stoneboat was a-grating on the gravel.

2

Soul alone in her kitchen, the old woman began for to mix a batch of lazyman's biscuit — the old man was uncommon fond of it — but all the while she knowed that her heart wasn't in it. Seemed like there come betwixt her and the dough, bat her eyes as she did, pictures of Blinker and the old man — and some of them pictures was of Blinker when he was skeercely more than a gangling pup, and of the old man when he was still so supple he could put one hand on the top fence rail and clear her.

It wasn't biscuit dough she seen, there in her kitchen on the upper fork: it was Blinker barking at the foot of the lone spruce in the meadow, whilst the old man he circled the tree — and him in his prime then, the best man on the river — with the Harpers Ferry musket cocked for a shot at a silver-gray that Blinker had treed. She seen Blinker leaping; she heerd the musket; she seen the squirrel tumbling, over and over; she seen the old man in his prime. And then she seemed to see Blinker with one flank raked open by a cougar, and still a-laughing, and the old man — he wasn't old then — with one foot on the long, lanky cat.

She seen them two a-going for the cows together, as many the time, and of a sudden her eyes they blurred till the dough wasn't there any more — and the old woman she jerked back from the table, for her mind was made up, and she taken off her apron and went straight into their bedroom. The old woman was in such a hurry a body might have suspected she had for to catch the stage at the Corners. She come out of the bedroom with her hat on, the pink roses bobbing, and she made for the kitchen door. She had a book under one arm, and when her favorite rocker got in the way she flang it clean across the kitchen. As folks used to tell it, up and down the river, the old woman was in a hurry. But she'd time for to break off one stalk of wallflower, there by the stoop.

He had stopped the bay mare back of the henhouse, where there was a considerable stand of honeysuckle, and the raw, black earth, with fishworms in it, was thrown back in a heap. And Blinker wasn't on the stoneboat no longer, so the old woman judged that the old dog must be in his everlasting grave. Back of the henhouse and under the honeysuckle, where the old dog used for to sun himself. The old man, his eyes lifted and shut tight as could be, he seemed for to be a-praying, with his whiskers a-wagging. For the old woman heerd him say, plain enough, as she come a-hurrying up:—

"And, Lord, what You got to remember is that Blinker was a danged good dog! Dagnab me, if he wasn't! Wherefore, Lord —"

But right there his old woman shoved the old man over a ways — she had a sharp elbow — and "Amen, Lord," she says, and "You tar-nation old fool!" she says, and she makes him take half of the hymnbook. She had the page open at the place. The old man opened his eyes and squinted, but he taken his half of the book, like he was used to, and she chosen the hymn mighty well, though at first she had thought of singing "Old Hundred," on account of it says to serve Him with mirth — like Blinker always done. But she changed her mind, and the place she had the book open was at "Beulah Land." So them two sang — she did, and he trailed her — the old man and the old woman,

back of the henhouse, whilst the words went away across the crick and the river:—

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me —

Then the old woman, she leant over and dropped in the wallflower and she seen Blinker for the last time — a-laying there on the straw at the bottom like he was sleeping. The old man, he taken up the spade and he done what he had for to do, and times he was thinking of Blinker, and times he was thinking that the old woman's voice still was like a girl's. Happened it was along toward evening, and there was a sliver of young moon in the sky. His old woman she taken a glance at the new moon, and she might have been a-thinking of times they walked in the mowing together, for what she said was, half to herself, "Yander's a hunter's moon." She meant that there'd be quite a dry spell. That there was too bad, for the old man he bridled to hear it. He tossed in the last turf and he flang down the shovel.

"Hell's fire, old woman!" the old man he snorted. "You taken leave of your right senses? That there moon is wet as ary moon ever I see!" Then they was at it, like always, over and over, a-jowering and a-jawing again. Him and her was like that.

SONNET: JOY IN BATTLE

by JOHN BUXTON

THE joy of battle — that I never knew
(The more's my loss), unless the joy should lie
In the curled, waiting finger, and watchful eye
Sifting each distant movement through and through.
But when that crawling shape came into view
Over the steady sights, what joy had I
To see it jerk, fling out an arm, and die?
What joy in such an easy thing to do?
Death I accept as man — who does not so?
And killing I accept at England's need.
I am not I alone in war, but know
Myself as citizen. But none shall read
Of joy in battle in my verse and throw
That camouflage on men who lie and bleed.

OFLAG VI B
August 19, 1942

An Atlantic Portrait

MR. ROLFE

by EDMUND WILSON

I

THE first days of my first fall at prep school were passed in complete confusion. We were always being shrieked at by bells, which uprooted us from what we were doing and compelled us to report somewhere else. We had to get there while the bell was still ringing, and I used to be swamped in the mob of boys pouring in and out of the classrooms and pushing along the corridors and porches, and finally arrive late in a panic.

One of the places in which I used to land was a room that was larger than the others and that had white classical busts above the blackboards and a dais for the master's desk. This was the room to which I went for Greek, and I realized at the first recitation that what went on there was of a special nature. The master, who was tall and well-dressed and who loomed taller from sitting on the dais, had an aspect, an accent, and a manner unfamiliar to the point of seeming foreign.

He was blond, with drooping-lidded blue eyes and a high-domed oval head, which was very inadequately thatched with strands of thin yellow hair, and he wore a yellow drooping mustache of the kind that was supposed then to be English and which reminded me of a character called Mr. Batch who figured in the funny papers. His eyebrows were of the kind that arch outward and have the perpetually lifted look which conventionally indicates distress but also comports with irony, and his mustache concealed his mouth, so that his expression remained enigmatic, and you could never be sure whether he was smiling at you kindly or withering you with mock sweetness.

Critic, novelist, and poet, EDMUND WILSON does what every writer of eminence longs to do at least once in his lifetime: he repays with gratitude the debt which he owes to the teacher who gave to him most liberally in his youth—Mr. Rolfe of the Hill School.

At any rate, as soon as he entered, he dominated the room to the last row of seats. From the moment he sat down at his desk, rearing his long neck and his back very straight and setting out his book before him with a kind of sober directness that was a part of his approach to his subject, he kept the class in a state of tension as if they were witnessing a performance in which—and all too often without knowing their lines—they themselves were to be called upon to take part.

The first characteristics of Mr. Rolfe's which impressed a new boy in his class were the wittiness, pungency, and promptitude of his sarcasm and the mercilessness of his demands. He put you on the spot for your assignment as none of the other masters did; he would not allow you to slide over anything, and it seemed that he would not help you; and if you failed, he made you feel by some caustic touch a criticism of your classroom personality. He evidently made tacit but definite assumptions about the classroom personalities of us all—I was supposed to be moony and inattentive—which one might feel did one less than justice. He had a way of going around the class in pursuit of the answer to some question, designating us as "First little gentleman . . . Second little gentleman," and so forth, and pointing at us with the butt of his pencil, which could put you at a distance and be paralyzing.

And there were also his special drawl, which could be musical and yet so mocking, and his queer but distinguished accent. I knew that he was not an Englishman, in spite of his British mustache and though he pronounced words like *bath* and *advanced* with what was called the "broad a." *Afterwards*, when it came at the end of a sentence, he pronounced *ahfterwårds*, with the accent on the last syllable. It seemed impossible to appeal to him outside of class or

to establish with him the personal relation by which boys seek to protect themselves from masters, and one got to be afraid of being snubbed. If anyone were rash enough to ask him whether Xenophon, which we were to start next term, or the verbs in μ , which were looming as the next ordeal in the grammar, were as hard as they were rumored to be, he would answer, glancing away: "Oh, very difficult! almost impossible."

I had been rather badly trained at my previous school, and I at once resented Mr. Rolfe. I took to brooding over his sarcasms outside of class; and there were days when I was obsessed by his image and some brief and derisive remark of which I had been the victim that morning. The Greek class both excited and scared me.

One night I went to see him in his rooms. He had invited us to come to him for help, and I had finally taken courage to do so. He was engaged with someone else when I came in, and I shyly glanced about the room and then bent over the books on the table. The incident must have been one of those which sharply and suddenly mark the emergence of some new element into consciousness, because whenever I dream of going back to school and calling on Mr. Rolfe, it is never to the rooms in the new building into which he moved the year afterwards and in which I often saw him, but always to these earlier rooms where I could only have gone a few times and in which, when awake, I never place him.

These rooms were the rooms of a bachelor but not those of a bachelor schoolmaster: in their relative elegance and luxury, they reminded me rather of the apartment inhabited by a bachelor uncle; and Mr. Rolfe was lying back on a couch and giving attention to the passages presented to him less like a master after class than like a gentleman receiving at his ease. In the bookrack, with their titles upturned, I saw volumes of Bernard Shaw, and this sight somewhat startled and shocked me. I had not yet, at fourteen, read Shaw; but I had heard that he was a perverse and witty cynic, who considered himself superior to other people and who liked to wound his reader's sensibilities.

Mr. Rolfe, when my turn came to talk to him, answered my questions with his usual aloofness; and I went out of the room convinced that he was a disciple of Bernard Shaw,

and that his brilliant performance in the classroom at the expense of us poor Fourth-Formers had something to do with the scandalous plays and the arrogant and mischievous personality of which I had been hearing such disturbing accounts. I thought that I had conceived an antagonism, bitter and forever intransigent, against Shaw and Mr. Rolfe.

I began to like Greek, however, which I was only just beginning that year. The truth was that, in spite of his sarcasm, Mr. Rolfe invested everything he dealt with with a peculiar imagination and charm, and this held you even when you resented him. I got interested as I had never done with Latin, which I had not been taught especially well and which seemed to me something technical like algebra, with almost no relation to literature or human speech. The Greek words as he pronounced them or wrote them on the board in his clear and beautiful hand took on an aesthetic value; and when you came to understand his attitude, the recitation became a kind of game, which, though taxing, had its rewards and its amusements.

I came to see that he was not really cruel. Though severe in his conception of his duty toward his students and of their duty toward their work, he was not really the kind of master who takes a joy in humiliating his class. He never failed to acknowledge good work, though he liked to express his approval in Greek; and he told me one day, in his drawl that always sounded ironic, that if I continued as I had been doing I might become his favorite pupil. I decided, thinking it over, that he had meant it; but this won me no indulgence or tenderness, and he would curtly correct my vagaries.

It was characteristic of Mr. Rolfe, who aimed to do so much more for his pupils than get them through the college examinations, that he should one day have explained to us in passing the theory of the lost *digamma*, which he described as "a little thing like a tuning fork"; and it was characteristic of me, with my interest in literary *arcana*, that I should have become fascinated by the letters that had been dropped out of the Greek alphabet. Mr. Rolfe suggested that it might be better if I concentrated on those they had retained.

And I came to understand that his rigor was really in the interests of Greek. I have found out from later experience that it requires a rare blend of qualities for a man to teach Greek well: he must have a real taste for Greek (which seems rarer than a taste for Latin), a real feeling

for its luminosity and subtlety, its nobility and naïveté, a lively imaginative picture of the society behind it; and at the same time he must be capable of insisting on the high degree of intellectual discipline required to keep the class up to the standard demanded by the difficulties of the subject — difficulties which do not consist merely in the more or less automatic application of formulas one has learned, but involve, along with accurate memory, a precision of feeling in which one can be trained by an adept but which cannot be learned by rote.

Mr. Rolfe was the perfect Hellenist. He made you get everything exactly right, and this meant a good deal of drudgery. But one was also always made to feel that there was something worth having there behind the paradigms and numbered paragraphs of Goodwin's Greek grammar, the grim backs and fatiguing notes of the Ginn texts "for the use of schools" — something exhilarating in the air of the classroom, something immense and shining. The prospect of knowing this marvelous thing lent the details excitement — and so it did the daily game between Mr. Rolfe and you, which really became quite jolly. You felt that he was not unkind, that he merely wanted people to learn Greek, that teaching people Greek was a serious purpose to which he was devoting his life, and that he only became really unpleasant with students who did not want to learn it.

I therefore began working hard to keep myself on the right side of his severity. Besides the appetite I had acquired for Greek, I was stimulated also by the fact that I had grown to enjoy his wit. The truth was that I had myself a satirical turn which I was just beginning to learn to exploit, and that I had never before met in the flesh a real past master of mockery. Hence my resentment, and hence my admiration. I was soon reading Bernard Shaw.

2

The Hill School in 1909 represented a combination of elements which must have made it unique among prep schools. It had been founded by the Reverend Matthew Meigs, a Presbyterian minister from Connecticut, who had settled in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and started a small school in an old stone house on a hill. In my time it was run by John Meigs, his son, who had extraordinarily enlarged and improved it and made for it a considerable reputation.

John Meigs, whom we always called "Professor," was not really a schoolmaster, however. He had taken on his father's school and accepted it as a career with reluctance; but, once he had done so, he had worked at it tremendously. He had no endowments and no wealthy patrons; and he had at first kept all the accounts, written out all the letters in long-hand, and taught twenty-five hours a week as well as personally handled the discipline, the records, and the relations with parents. He had created the school from small beginnings — as a boy from a Pennsylvania farm of that period would buy coke ovens and build a big industry; and in spite of his New England origins, I have always assimilated John Meigs to the Pennsylvania Dutch of that countryside of the extreme western corner of Montgomery County.

A short, stocky man with a wide straight mouth and a square head that was made to seem even more cubelike by a nose flattened out in boxing, he resembled a successful manufacturer who had become something of a man of the world. He had gone to college at Lafayette instead of at Yale or Harvard; and the school had certain qualities of the back Pennsylvania of solid farmhouses and brick-streeted towns rather than of the Eastern seaboard, of Sewickley rather than Philadelphia. "Professor" had a certain smartness, but it was the smartness of a local man of substance, and not at all like the Episcopalian smartness that one sometimes found in the headmasters of the quite different New England schools. His hair, which was silver and parted in the middle, curled crisply at the corners of his forehead, and he liked to wear a bright red tie, and sometimes a flower in his buttonhole, with a spotless white vest. As he would walk down from the platform after prayers, leading the rest of the school, stepping so firmly and yet jauntily, he was a figure that inspired confidence and in whom we could feel pride.

In the state he was a man of some consequence, quite active in local politics. He had, as one of the masters has told me since, no real interest in education whatever. But he did possess qualities which enabled him to organize a first-rate school. He had certainly a touch of the brutality characteristic of industrial Pennsylvania, but with it went the independence of the man who has built up his own business, and a downright and four-square directness in his dealings with students, parents, and faculty. The school was financially sound as I imagine

few prep schools have been, and quite free from the tremors and depressions that reflect the inability to raise funds. Nor were there, as far as I was aware, any of those moral leaks which cause favoritism, ill-feeling, and inefficiency.

The efficiency of the Hill was perfect — as perfect as Bethlehem Steel. It was a legend at the time that no student who had been graduated from the Hill ever failed to get into college, because the drill we were given was so stiff and the tests we had to pass so difficult that entrance examinations became child's play; and it was true that we mostly landed in the top sections of the college courses.

But this system had its injurious side. Every moment of our time was disposed of; our whole life was regulated by bells; and — till we reached the Sixth Form, at any rate — we had hardly an hour of leisure. The intention was beneficent, of course; but the remorseless paternalism of the Hill had something of the suffocating repressive effect of the mill town in which the company owns the workers' houses, controls their contacts with the outside world, and runs the banks, the schools, and the stores. Save for walks in the country and excursions into town, for both of which we had to get permission, we were confined to the Hill grounds which rose like a segregated plateau in the midst of the little steel town, the narrow and cobbled streets where the greenery showed meager in spring, the slag pits and the blast furnaces that startled new boys and kept them awake at night by blazes that would light up the whole room.

The same ideals in John Meigs, however, which had produced this iron regime had secured for the Hill School some admirable things. Professor had seen to it that the equipment, the staff as well as the plant, was as good as it could possibly be. The buildings, the gymnasium, the tennis courts, the swimming pool, the showers, the ball fields, somewhat offset the drabness of our surroundings. And the masters, in order to keep us up to scratch, had to be first-rate, too.

Yet here, I believe, Professor must have been aiming at something beyond efficiency and may have contributed a certain creative genius, for he did get very able men who, though quite different from one another, did seem to work together and to feel a genuine interest in the school. In talking afterwards to boys from other schools, I never found the same enthusi-

asm for their masters that the Hill graduates had for theirs. Some of them, I came to realize, were quite above the usual prep-school level and would have adorned any university. Alfred Rolfe was one of them. It was characteristic of John Meigs that he should have secured for Greek at the Hill an accomplished New Englander of the best tradition.

3

For that was what Mr. Rolfe was — a New Englander. And it was that about him that had seemed to me foreign.

He was moreover a special kind of New Englander: he came from Concord, Massachusetts; and this, as I afterwards observed, was quite distinct from being a Bostonian (and Mr. Rolfe had gone to Amherst, not Harvard). He had that quality of homeliness and freshness that one finds in a Concordian like Thoreau, blent, as it was in Thoreau's case, with a sharp mind and fine sensibility. The rustic expressions and accent with which he sometimes roughened his speech were a feature he knew how to make use of to set off his natural elegance, just as his very large feet and hands somehow enhanced the grace with which he went about his business, and as the touches of gruffness and brusqueness that had the sea captains of New England behind them gave his urbanity a greater authority.

All this side of him, in fact, was the rocklike base on which the flowers of Hellenism flourished: the sophistication of his comic sense, his exquisitely developed literary taste, and the benignant incandescence of his mind. Alfred Rolfe has been my only personal contact with the Concord of the great period, and I feel that if I had not known him, I should never really have known what it was, and what a high civilization it represented. For there was nothing about Mr. Rolfe either of the schoolmaster or of the provincial. He had in his early years studied in Germany, but he cared little for travel or cities, and now spent every school year in Pottstown and every summer in Concord; yet he always seemed to be enjoying the freedom of the great social world of men as well as of the great world of literature, just as Emerson did. His brother, Henry Winchester Rolfe, was also a classical scholar. I later read a book of his on Petrarch and discovered that my friend Rolfe Humphries, the Latinist and poet, had been named after him.

The manners we tended to learn at the Hill were a little on the heavy and flat side; and Mr. Rolfe, for all his dignity, moved among us with a charming ease and what can only be called a kind of blitheness. He was tall but not especially well-built: besides large hands and feet, he had shoulders that were narrow and sloping. He stooped and thrust forward his head as he walked; and in the skirted black frock-coat and striped trousers which were *de rigueur* for Sunday chapel, he looked like some long-legged Great Auk as he stalked back to his rooms after service. Yet he was one of the real ornaments of the school, perhaps its principal ornament.

He was an admirable after-dinner speaker and always in demand for banquets. He cultivated the dry, solemn, drawling manner which Mark Twain had made the fashion but which became very New England in his hands. His face, when he was not in conversation, tended to lapse into a Saint Bernard sadness, and he liked to exploit this for comic effect. He was wonderful at "morning exercises," where the reading of profane literature had been substituted for passages from the Bible. His fine voice, deep, resonant, and rich, was not the voice of a school elocutionist who loves to play-act for his students, but always remained personal and in some special way colloquial: what it was rich in were nuances of humor and perceptions of the values of style. And the rhythms of poetry to Mr. Rolfe seemed something natural and dear; it was as if they represented a dreaminess which, for all his Yankee common sense, was a part of his everyday life and did not require a condition of trance.

The first time that you heard him read aloud a passage of Homer in class, you knew what Homer was as poetry, and no amount of construing and syntactical analysis could blur the effect of that rhythm. We used also to read Browning's plays with him, for fun, between chapel and midday dinner on Sunday, and he would easily disentangle the speeches of such things as *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* and get out of them their own kind of music. Sometimes at morning exercises he would read from the New England writers, and he would give them a kind of distinction which I had not known was there. In those days we had been brought up on the New Englanders and by the time we came to read for ourselves had decided they were childish and a bore. But Mr. Rolfe could

put, say, Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom I did not at that time think amusing, in an attractively different light. When he did scenes from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, he really made you hear the people in that ideal Boston boardinghouse: you felt that he had boarded there himself, and that the quality of the talk in its way had been good. His rendering of "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" was one of his most brilliant performances. When the deacon swore as deacons do with an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou," the voice of the old man would come through with a sudden dramatic realism that startled us and made us laugh.

He had certainly the sense of audience. When, in the absence of Professor and Mrs. Meigs, he would preside at our meals in the big dining room, one felt his presence even here as one did during a recitation. While he would be waiting for the boys to assemble, he would stand up with folded arms, joking with the Sixth-Formers beside him; then he would press the buzzer and say the brief grace, — "Bless, O Father, thy gifts to our use and us to thy service: for Christ's sake. Amen," — in which, many times though I heard it, the words never seemed merely a rite, but something said and felt. At the end of the meal, when it would sometimes happen that a general silence fell as we waited for the buzzer to release us, he would mutter some amusing remark which would be caught by the whole room and bring a laugh; if the buzzer stuck, as it sometimes did, he would make it a whole little comedy and would send us out quite lighthearted from the then rather close and crowded dining room and its Pennsylvania Dutch food.

There was a moment, I remember, when he read something which impressed him about the importance of drawing in the stomach in order to carry oneself more correctly; and he used to preach this to us half-humorously as he attempted to practice it himself. As I watched him one day in the dining room, throwing back his shoulders and pulling in his chin, which was round and rather recessive, I thought of his luxurious lounging on the couch and armchair of his apartment. And there was also his gesture which was so much of a betrayal of his effortful and Spartan pose: a wandering of his hand to his necktie and breast, as a woman fingers a necklace, which came from the something poetic — the something almost romantic — in him.

I remembered how he had warned us once in class that it was impossible to study properly when sunk in the comfort of an easy chair; and I realized that in Mr. Rolfe a certain strain of the sybarite co-existed with the rectitude and the discipline. I recognized it thus very early because I myself was rather on the sybarite side. I incurably disliked athletics, carried myself very badly, and loved to read in bed. And at this moment I became aware, though I did not of course formulate it then, that what made Mr. Rolfe interesting, and gave him a sort of preciousness and rarity, was his having reached just that point when a tough and well-tried stock first gets the freedom to smile and to play, to work at belles-lettres for their own sake.

At some point in our early stages of Greek Mr. Rolfe had handed us over for a term or two to his assistant; and by the time I got back to him again, I was no longer so much afraid of him. The Greek class still imposed a certain tension, but it stimulated for the literary students a very keen interest in Greek. Mr. Rolfe worked us awfully hard, harder than any other master; but we did feel that we were getting Homer and not just boning out an assignment every day. We had to scan every line and understand every form, and we had to translate every word into an English that was worthy of the original. It was as serious to give clumsy equivalents as to miss out on a case or a mood, and would bring down on us his tartest derision. He accepted as a standard for the proper tone of a successful Homeric translation the passage by Dr. Hawtrey cited by Matthew Arnold in his essay on translating Homer: "Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia" — and made us commit it to memory.

With all his exacting demands, he had many entertaining devices for relieving the dryness of our drudgery. We were encouraged to think of *ὄδύρομαι* as *oh, dear! oh, my!*; we were taught that when *γάρ* begins a sentence it is always pronounced *yar*, on the principle on which children are told that a guinea pig's eyes will fall out if you hold it up by its tail; and we were made to learn the speeches of the trial of Orontas in Xenophon and act it out in class. At the end, when Orontas was led into the tent and put to death in a mysterious manner, the boy who played him was taken into the hall and gruesome sounds were heard.

He so naturally shied away from the tone of

the textbook and the classroom that it was actually difficult for him to remember the wording of the rules as they were given in the book. There is a principle of Homeric versification which was formulated somewhat as follows: "The penthemimeral caesura gives the line an anapaestic movement, from which it is often recalled by the bucolic diaeresis." We would be called upon to demonstrate this by rapping it out on our seat-arms with pencils; but Mr. Rolfe, when he cited the rule, would resist the abstract language of the grammarian by stumbling over the second part and turning the "from which it is often recalled" into "from which it is frequently rescued." The whole thing thus got a faint comic flavor; and this little involuntary touch has always remained in my mind as an example of his putting in its place the academic side of his subject.

The impulse to parody was strong in him, though he usually indulged it quite lightly. When Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* was read once at morning exercises, Mr. Rolfe suggested that the poem really needed another line at the end, which ought to run as follows: —

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral;
And Annie wore her best black bombazine.

I was thus tremendously flattered when he complimented me on a parody of Browning which I had published in the school magazine. And later, when another old Hill boy and I had invented, as freshmen at college, an imaginary figure of speech, I was surprised at the amusement it seemed to afford him when we told him about it on a visit. "*Thipsis . . . thipsis*," he murmured to himself at some later moment of the conversation.

In my last year of school, when I lived above him, I used to go and read in his rooms. It was one of the paradoxes of the Hill, which excelled in literary activity, that Professor, in installing his extraordinary equipment, should almost completely have neglected the library. He must have conceived books as something to be administered in calculated doses by the masters in the different departments. He could never have had any interest in making literature generally available, for the two or three small rooms called the library contained almost nothing up-to-date, and they were full of an-

cient textbooks and works of reference that had belonged to the Reverend Matthew Meigs and went back to the eighteenth and even to the seventeenth century.

There were not even good editions of the classics, and I almost put out my eyes my first year on a copy of *Vanity Fair* in double columns of microscopic type. (This deficiency was long ago remedied: the library is now, I understand, first-rate.)

But at least half a dozen of the masters had considerable private libraries, which they encouraged us to use. And Mr. Rolfe's was among the most interesting, as it was certainly much the handsomest. He went in for well-bound sets, and he kept up with contemporary literature as no other of the masters did. The new volumes of Chesterton and Shaw continued to appear on his table, and I used to sit and read them on his couch. Sometimes he would come in, greet me briefly, put on a pair of pince-nez, sit down in a large armchair and silently correct his papers.

I was still shy with him: for all his humor, he was one of the most remote of the masters. With his conviction of intellectual superiority and a sensitive personal pride, there was one thing that was quite impossible for him — a capacity that makes life easier for schoolmasters: he could not be a good fellow with the boys, he could not meet them on their own level. The masters who lived in the Sixth Form Flat took turns keeping order in the halls, and most of them could do it quite amiably; but it went against the grain with Mr. Rolfe. When one of our bedtime roughhouses became too long and too loud, he would suddenly appear in his bathrobe like the Statue in *Don Giovanni* and freeze us to the marrow. A few cutting words would silence us and send us rather sulky to bed. His rebuke had been so evidently hostile that it made us feel hostile, too.

But I who admired him so much was embarrassed by what I felt was the indecency of his having to do this kind of thing at all. I felt that he hated our seeing him in his bathrobe, that he ought never to be seen in a bathrobe; and I pictured him lying in bed, as I so loved to do at home, enjoying some book from the well-stocked bookcase which I had seen through the door beside his bed without being able to make out the contents. How he must have loathed and resented being distracted from his reading by our scuttlings and shrieks, being

obliged to climb two flights of stairs and pit himself against a whole roomful of ribald and breathless boys. He liked to live in his rooms like a man at his club, and one felt that it was very unjust that he should not be able to complain to the management.

4

Against one element of life at the Hill School Mr. Rolfe by his very tone and presence furnished a constant correction. The Hill had an evangelical side which it required some stubbornness to stand up to. This was mainly, I have always understood, due to the influence of Mrs. Meigs, who was always known as Mrs. John. The school had passed through a series of disasters — three fires and a typhoid epidemic in which a hundred students and masters had been ill; and it may be that this had had the effect of stimulating in the Meiges a desperate faith in and dependence on God. But what I was aware of at the time when I was in school was simply that we were agitated systematically by a rotation of visiting evangelists. We had to go not only to chapel, but also — under irresistible pressure — to the meetings of a school Y.M.C.A.; and we were always being summoned to listen to special exhortations.

At the bottom of the scale of our speakers was the reformed debauchee and bad egg who testified to the miracle of his salvation. He always had what the stage calls a "straight man" with him who gave him his cue and showed him off with an attitude that fell between that of a man with a trained ape and the "feeder" of a team of comics. These bums who had been saved used to seem to me still very unpleasant people, who had already reached such an advanced state of corruption that their new respectability looked precarious, and one listened apprehensively to their boasts about their virtue as if one feared they might go to pieces as soon as the performance was over.

Then there was a man who had made a specialty of preaching to boys' schools and colleges and whose line was a lachrymose and mealy-mouthed virility. He used to read us Kipling in a way that did much to disgust me with that writer, and announce that he was thoroughly accustomed to answering young men's questions of whatsoever kind and that he would be glad to talk to any boys who should wish to come to him after the lecture. An imitation of

"Weeping Bob's" speeches has long been current among old Hill men and is one of the things that bind them together. "Moys," he used to say in his deep adhesive voice, "I want to speak to you first of all anout the use of foul and filthy language. Moys: they have a nog up in Alaska that they call the mlue-mlack nog. He is known as the mlue-mlack nog because the insine of his mouth is mlue-mlack. And I want to say to any moy who has the impulse to innulge in foul language that, if he gives way to this impulse and hamitually uses oaths and innecent expressions, the insine of his mouth — spir-it-u-ally speaking — will *me-come mlue-mlack like the mouth of the mlue-mlack nog!*"

A more sophisticated level was represented by a liberal preacher from New York. He was well-dressed in a secular way, and dynamic, free-spoken, and pear-shaped. His line was to shock and be witty, to be modern in the interests of the evangelist's God. He was also of course social-minded, and I remember a characteristic touch by which he hoped to make us feel, and to convince himself that he felt, a warm sympathy for the laboring classes: "Coming up on the train today, I sat opposite an Italian workman. He was dressed in his work-clothes; he had been sweating; but there was nothing dirty about him except the grime of his work. I caught his breath and it smelled of garlic, but it was a good breath; it was wholesome, not foul."

And then of course there were the two-fisted missionaries who shook us down for funds to Christianize and modernize China.

At the center of all this activity stood a kind of special myth of sin and regeneration. The legend that was handed on from one class at the Hill to another had it that Professor in his college days had been a very fast young man, who was known as "Cigarette Jack," and that Mrs. John had snatched him as what used to be called a brand from the burning and had made him into the man we knew. This may very well not have been accurate, but it was what we had come to believe: it was like the miraculous conversion from which a cult or an order dates. It was the archetype of the spiritual drama which we seemed to be expected to enact. There was the able and promising boy, well-fitted to be a leader of men, and this boy succumbed to temptation: he gambled, he smoked, he drank; he went with a class of

women who were not so much bad as misguided. But he was caught on the edge of the abyss and saved for the life of service. I am afraid that there was a little the impression created that you had to have taken the dip toward perdition or you could not belong to the elite.

The members of the Sixth Form were summoned every year by Mrs. John to a series of individual interviews in which the state of their souls was probed. These interviews took place in a room at the top of the Meigs house which was significantly called "The Sky Parlor," and I have heard the most grueling accounts of the scenes that sometimes took place on these occasions. But I evidently did not seem a good prospect, because when my turn came to go, Mrs. John had forgotten the appointment. She was writing at her desk and was surprised to see me; but she made me sit down and told me gently that the literary type of boy had his temptations, too — the temptation, for example, to become so much absorbed in his interests that he neglected his relation to his fellows, and she prayed with me a moment and let me go. I walked back to my room relieved and yet feeling a little let down that I had not been considered capable of the more exciting kind of temptation.

The result of this teaching, together with the paternalism which put us under a strain at school but did not train us to stand on our own feet, was that Hill boys had a reputation of slipping badly at college. (This is no longer true today: the evangelism has disappeared and the paternalism been very much modified.) If they were not of the serious-minded kind (as, I must say, a good many of them were — in which case they had a decided advantage over boys from most other schools), they were likely to cease working, abruptly; and the pattern of conduct suggested by the school myth could stamp itself so forcibly on the mind that the first round of drinks or the first pickup might plunge them into disorder or despair.

I do not know what Mr. Rolfe thought of all this side of the Hill; I do not know even what his religious beliefs were. He might have been a liberal Congregationalist or a conventional Episcopalian. He never talked about religion, and when he presided at chapel, he read the Bible in such a way as to make it seem noble and beautiful just as he did Homer. I particularly remember his reading the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, which did not interest our moral-

istic evangelists. When he prayed, it was never for salvation, but simply for moral stimulus to enable us to get through our work or get along with our fellows.

5

My own Presbyterian religious training had involved a certain amount of churchgoing and had more or less familiarized me with the Bible, but I had never known what it was to feel faith as something vital; and from the moment I had begun to think about such things for myself, my reactions toward religion had been negative. Under the constant stimulation of the Hill School, however, I tried hard to keep God in my cosmos. I was unable to accept as real for myself — that is, as having serious claims on me — anything that I could not recognize as a part of my own experience, so I had to try to translate my moments of exalted or expansive feeling into terms of the religious illumination about which I was constantly hearing — just as I imagine the eighteenth-century Deists, who had drawn all the rationalistic conclusions, attempted still to postulate a Deity who would be somehow the fountainhead of reason. But the fact irreducibly remained that I didn't have the revelatory experience, that I didn't even want it; that my attitude toward our repertoire of dervishes seemed inevitably to become more humorous, and that what had at first been a certain awed respect for this side of the activity of the school began to give way to the conviction that it was all in awful taste.

One day in my Sixth Form year when I was coming back to school on the train, I did at last have a sort of revelation, which was, however, as it were, in reverse. I always had to change in Philadelphia, and, as I usually had to wait for my train, I had got into the habit of killing time in Wanamaker's book department. There I bought one by one all the volumes of Bernard Shaw and even, when there were no more to buy — at the moment I graduated — Archibald Henderson's enormous biography. But I had not yet got to this, and on the occasion of which I speak was reading *Major Barbara*. At the end of the preface about money and religion, I came to the following words: "At present there is not a single credible established religion in the world." For a moment I was jolted a little; but I looked out the window at the landscape, rather muddy and sordid

with winter, and reflected that this was perfectly true, that I knew perfectly well it was true, and that I ought to have admitted it before; and the flickering childish faith to which I had been giving artificial respiration expired then and there.

I have never thought of religion since save as a delusion entertained by other people which one has to try to allow for and understand. On the train another Hill boy had sat down beside me, and I had reluctantly suspended my reading to have a little conversation with him. He was the simple and candid type. He was built stoutly and went in for football and took the Y.M.C.A. seriously. I derived an ironic pleasure from the realization that, whereas for him our ridiculous prep-school revivalism would still have the power to plunge him into struggles, earnest labors, sleepless nights, my faith had passed quietly out on the stretch between Norristown and Phoenixville, between two passages of banal conversation in which I had descended politely to his level. I felt as I had never felt before that such people as he were barbarians.

Professor Meigs had died that autumn — the ordeal of the typhoid epidemic was thought to have weakened his heart; and Mr. Rolfe took over as headmaster. The alumni gave a chapel as memorial, and we were using it by the spring of our commencement. We were to have for our last Sunday service of the year a very famous New York preacher whom we had never heard before. It was as if he were the climax and crown of our whole circus procession of evangelists. But this high point of the theological hierarchy marked for me the nadir of faith. I had heard a great deal about this man. He had long been a public figure. He had been associated with Henry Ward Beecher, and he had later been associated with Theodore Roosevelt. He was one of those preachers of the turn of the century who had been trying to bring the Christianity of the churches into contact with industrial and social problems, and he had published several books on the subject, and even, late in life, turned journalist.

I had therefore, I think, been prepared for something a little more bracing than the figure that appeared in the chapel. He was, to be sure, seventy-seven, but he looked older — he was the oldest-looking person I had ever seen. His white beard was long and stringy, and grew out all around his face. It was the kind of

undisciplined beard that we associate with Hebrew prophets, but this old man had none of the fire of a prophet. His eyes under their straggling eyebrows had a grayness almost of blindness, and even his skin was gray. His rather long bottle-ended nose had pores so enormous that you could see them plainly as he passed by the pews up the aisle. He was supported on either side by one of the adoring Meigs ladies, and he seemed as limp in his long black robe as a Punch-and-Judy puppet from which the performer's hand has been removed. I remembered the scene years later when I saw the Diaghilev ballet do Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*: the figure of Kastcheï the Deathless, the enchanter of the Russian fairy-tales, in his flimsy and hirsute senility, reeling back and forth across the stage as the egg that contains his life is tossed from hand to hand, and finally, as it cracks, collapsing into the arms of his faithful attendants while the captives stream out of his castle — this vision has blended in my memory with the image of that Sunday morning service.

It may be that the religious basis of the school had already been somewhat weakened by the breakdown and death of Professor and by the conduct of public ceremonies by the moderate Mr. Rolfe, whose authority was mainly cultural; it may be that this spokesman of the Church at grips with social problems would have seemed a little less deliquescent if Professor had been there behind him. But the whole occasion seemed to me disgusting.

The sermon itself was feeble. The subject was immortality, and this old man, who had prided himself on his modernism, announced in a quavering voice that, though we, as young men with our lives before us, might not at this time be disposed to think seriously about immortality, it would come, when we got to be old, to seem "ve-ery impo-ortant indeed." This seemed to me a menace based on the fear of death; and I decided then and there that I should nevermore believe in immortality.

6

Mr. Rolfe ran the school for a time, though I imagine he much preferred teaching. I continued to see him occasionally, and I found that my admiration for him held up as few schoolboy admirations do. At first I used to send him books at Christmas, and when he wrote to thank me for them, he never pretended

to have enjoyed them more than he had. He acknowledged Compton Mackenzie's *Youth's Encounter*, about which I had written him a hyperbolic letter, with what I thought was the pointed suggestion that "*μηδὲν ἄγαν*¹ is a good motto." I imagine that my own writings after I got out of college were not of a kind that he particularly approved. He used to kid me about the liberal weekly for which during some years I wrote, in a way that I thought rather old-fogeyish.

The *bête noire* of his later years was progressive education. He used to compose little poems on the subject and was very amusing about it. I had a sort of idea at first that I ought to be on the other side, since my magazine supported John Dewey, but the more I read of Mr. Rolfe's satire, which reached me through the Hill School alumni bulletin, the more I felt that there was something to be said for his position. Wasn't it true that in order to train children to do anything really well, you had to break them to an exacting discipline as he had done with us in Greek? Without that you couldn't do anything with Greek — you couldn't do anything with anything. How many schoolboys could be counted on to know what was going to be worth learning for them — my father had told me to take Greek, there was no reason I should have chosen it for myself — or to acquire this discipline through natural bent?

Mr. Rolfe may of course to some extent have misunderstood and misrepresented what was proposed for progressive education; but when I came later on to see something of the teaching in both progressive schools and the ordinary kind, I was appalled by the slackness of the training. Where would our American railroads and ships and buildings and bridges and bathrooms be if the techniques of engineering were taught as the arts and humanities are — so that students are graduated from college, and not merely from progressive colleges, and even take M.A. degrees without being able to write a straight English sentence, let alone having any idea of the top human achievements in their fields in the past?

It did not really help to point out that much of our old-fashioned teaching was uninspired. As far as inspiration went, Mr. Rolfe could not teach us an irregular declension without lending its cadences poetry; and one felt that it was doubtful whether progressive education would

¹"Nothing too much."

increase the number of inspired teachers. On the other hand, it probably did tend to make people trust unduly to vague ideas and currents of feeling, to the Rousseauist innate disposition of human beings to do well if left to themselves.

This trust in the instincts of humanity is perhaps only a transference from the Heavens to our hearts of the old idea of Providence; and whatever kind of God Mr. Rolfe believed in, this God had not arranged the world so that anything could be accomplished without somebody in particular doing it, and doing it with conscious effort. *You* had to find out about Homer by digging at the Greek lexicon and grammar: you couldn't find out about it by reading an outline of literature written by somebody else; and *he* had to teach you Greek: Greek wouldn't teach itself. He did not depend for this purpose on the natural rectitude of our inclinations — either his own or ours — any more than he did on the evangelistic Christ who was supposed to come to your rescue and give you a bracer of salvation as the victims of dementia praecox are supposed to be roused to normality by the jolt of a shot of insulin.

Mr. Rolfe of course thus represented both the American individualistic tradition which has cultivated the readiness to think and act for oneself without looking to God or the State as something outside oneself, as well as the older Humanistic tradition: the belief in the nobility and beauty of what man as man has accomplished, and the reverence for literature as the record of this. I had been exposed at the Hill to this Humanistic spirit at the same time as to the inspirational religion which has always remained associated in my mind with the industrial background of Pottstown; and the Humanism had continued to serve me when the religion had come to seem false. The thing that shone for me through Xenophon and Homer in those classrooms of thirty years ago has shone for me ever since.

And at the Hill Mr. Rolfe himself long survived the fading-out of that evangelism. There was a time when I tended to think of him as drying up and growing crabbed at school; but

I ran into him one day at Columbia, where he was supervising examinations, and was struck by his kindness and the attractiveness of his face, which seemed to have become terribly sad. In the crowd of assembled teachers from a variety of schools and colleges, he still stood out as a distinguished figure who did not seem to belong to that company.

An old Hill friend has written me recently of seeing him a few years ago: "I sat next to him at luncheon. He was then eighty years old and told me that the doctors had said he was in perfect health except for low blood pressure. I told him to drink burgundy or bourbon, and he said that I seemed to speak with authority and experience. He said grace, and when I told him it was a *new* grace, he said he'd be glad to sound the buzzer again and deliver the old grace for dessert."

I wrote Mr. Rolfe when he was finally retiring from the Hill. In replying, he told me that he still expected to take a few classes, "but I shall have plenty of time to write, if I can think of anything to write about. . . . I am sorry about Greek," he said. "I used to think it would last my day, but it hasn't quite done so"; and he wished me good luck in Greek.

He died last June in Concord, and it seems very queer that he should be gone: I had thought of him, as I wrote him, as a permanent element, who persisted through the changes at the Hill and the wars and revolutions of the world. After all, there was always Mr. Rolfe; and now, as I write this memoir, I feel suddenly how very far back into the past the line he was carrying went: to Emerson with his self-dependence, and "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" with its satire on the too-perfect Calvinist system, to the days when people went to Germany for the purpose of studying Greek, to Matthew Arnold, to Bernard Shaw, one now almost as old-fashioned as the other. And I try to tighten my grip on this thread of which I realize that I, too, am trying to keep hold of the end. Since it runs back so far into the past, back so far beyond even all that, it may be possible — and it seems to me important — to carry it further still.

"THUMBLINGS"

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

I WAS eighteen, and as youngest member of the staff of a State Street, Boston, office had been left alone to close up on a Saturday afternoon of late winter. Outside, a drizzle — half snow, half rain — mingled with the sooty slush underfoot. I was growing both bored and lonely when the postman shoved a letter through a slot in the door. I read my name in the superscription and noted the official atmosphere that stamped the missive. So strongly did it smack of courts and lawyers that I slit the envelope reluctantly, to draw out a slip of paper on which was much printing in a minute type under the bolder caption: —

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
BRISTOL SS. PROBATE COURT

which confirmed my foreboding that through some carelessness "thousands had disappeared" for which I was now to be held accountable.

Thoroughly shaken, I extracted a second sheet that was neatly folded in the envelope. Spread open, this too proved to be a printed notice — but with a bank check to my order, in the amount of five hundred dollars, tucked away in it. My scalp prickled as, holding my fortune tightly, I began to read the legal phrasing of the printed form.

Translated into honest English it meant that a "Cornelius Howland et als," owners of the ship *Fox*, had suffered the loss of this vessel and her cargo in 1798 by the unlawful act of a French man-of-war, and that now, after the lapse of a hundred years, restitution in part for this seizure had been given to me. There was mystery about this business. I felt I could not

sleep without an explanation. The answer, I knew, could be had in New Bedford — and a half hour later I was on board the evening train that would land me there before bedtime.

I have never enjoyed two hours more, for during the entire journey I was spending my money over and over again in imagination, only to find the windfall still intact on my arrival at the New Bedford depot. I felt so opulent that I hired one of the hacks that "met every train" to carry me over the four miles of cobbled streets and sandy roads to "The Cottage," a farm on Clark's Point, where my old friend the Skipper lived.

"Why, hang it all, my boy," said he as I explained as well as I could the story of my incredible fortune, "we must build a new *Fox*! Your great-great-grandfather, the owner of the little ship in that notice of yours, would want you to do it — for he loved the sea and all that goes with it. I've heard him tell the whole story — how 'those frog-eating French rascals,' as he called them, in a big black frigate bore down on the little *Fox*, his first command, when she was on a West India voyage. They sent her into Fort-de-France with a prize crew aboard and sold her and the cargo out from under him without a by-your-leave. It riled him clear to the bottom and he would never quit pressing his claim for damages although it cost him more than it was worth in the end — and now here at last, through you, he's squared accounts. I know he's rubbing his hands and chuckling with pleasure. Now let's see to it that the new *Fox* is a credit to the old gentleman."

Then, without waiting for any comments, the Skipper pulled out his draughting board, scale rule, tracing paper, French curves, and thumb tacks, and within an hour we were deep in the problems of the new ship's design. Before I started on my return journey to Boston next day we had arranged with Charles Beetle,

New Bedford, which has long been famous for its ships and the men who sail them, has never had a friendlier spokesman than LLEWELLYN HOWLAND. His friendship for the Skipper goes back half a century, and in this friendship are the associations which make Cape Cod a place beloved by all Americans.

the proprietor of Beetle's Boat Yard, to build our new *Fox* with all possible dispatch.

2

For the next six months I spent every Saturday night that I could at The Cottage, and Sundays at the Boat Yard. Here, when they could spare the time, the Skipper and Charles Beetle joined me and put in many hours of their skilled labor on the new boat. We three had some hand in every part and detail as she grew. We were intimate with the scarfs, mortises, tenons, and fastenings that were worked into the well-seasoned, pasture-grown white oak of the keel, stem, sternpost, and deadwood. We set up molds, we ran battens, we bent steamed timbers into place. We worked out garboard strakes and planking from a parcel of clear Gulf cypress. We selected the stock of native white cedar from which the five-eighths-inch ceiling was sawed. We spent much time and thought on the layout below decks — and yet, in spite of the fact that she was the product of their experience and skill, of their time and, I now suspect, of a considerable amount of their money, those two good friends of mine succeeded in maintaining in me the pride of creation and ownership.

Planned for singlehanded cruising in all seasons and weather, she was twenty-three feet overall, with short ends and seven-foot beam. All her ballast was “outside” — on her keel. She was flush-decked except for a small self-bailing steering well. Access to belowdecks was through a hatch with a slide — light and ventilation by means of a skylight. She was ketch rigged.

At last, late in September, a Saturday was chosen for the launching and a holiday from the office for me. I was up and out of The Cottage early that day to take an observation. The yellow light of the dawn and the freshness of the air gilded and crisped the entire landscape — it was the first morning of a reborn world with the weariness and dust of the old one swept away. And as I came on a run to the little rise that sloped sharply down to the beach on the margin of which the Boat Yard sprawled, there, freed from the constricting walls of the building shed, lay my *Fox* in her cradle. For the first time I saw her in true perspective. Bow on, she seemed breasting her way up the gentle slope — risen but that moment from the water — and coming to greet me. To my as-

tonishment, in the week I'd been away her masts had been stepped, her bowsprit run out, her standing rigging set up, her running rigging rove, and her tanned working sails bent.

Surprise mounted as I finally climbed on board and inspected her down below where the same order as on deck was evident, even to kindlings and coal in the fuel locker. All the gear requisite was on board and stowed, including a replica in proper scale of the family “house flag” that for three generations had been flown throughout the Seven Seas. I lost all count of time as I investigated, and I must admit I grew a shade jealous at the thought that the Skipper had had “all the fun” of assembling that equipment. With a sense almost of wrongdoing, I looked up to the hatch, to see the Skipper's face framed in the opening, smiling down at me.

“It's nine o'clock,” said he, “and if you can spare the time we might sit here in the cockpit for a minute and discuss the balance of the day.” I ran up the ladder, and as I dropped into the well he handed me a basket. “Here's a bite of breakfast Debby insisted I must bring you — and, Lord, how she grumbled over the trouble menfolks and boats make around a house.”

This was heaping coals of fire with a vengeance, and as I started in on the toast, tea, and crisp rashers that came out of the basket I tried to think how I could ever tell him how pleased, grateful, contrite — and all — I felt.

“Don't try to say it,” he said as he watched me. “Charlie Beetle and I have had even more fun out of building her than you have.”

“And now,” he continued, “if you'll hustle back to The Cottage with the basket, you'll find there's a chance there to square yourself with Debby and give Willie a hand with a job of work I've left him to do. I'll stay here to make sure the old railway's in shape so that when we let her go at high tide she'll slide.”

3

When I reached The Cottage I found Deborah the cook in command. She immediately drove me out of the house to help Willie and Levi take the seats out of the spring wagon and begin to load it in the cool of the carriage house. The first item was a heavily built case marked “Pol Roger 1894”; then came a hamper with linen and another with glass and crockery; a plate basket with table silver; two

big chafing dishes with their hot-water baths and a jug of "spirits" for their lamps. By the time we had Billy Bowlegs, the old horse, harnessed and flicking his ears with curiosity at the stir of things, Debby was shouting from the kitchen door for us to make haste and bring the wagon there.

Passing through the kitchen to the scullery, to which place she ordered us, I saw Deborah was very busy frying "thumbings" — small croquettes about the size of a big man's thumb — in two kettles of deep fat, and that a glazed bowl lined with a napkin stood warming in the mouth of the open oven, half full of the finished product. At that moment her back was toward the range, so I "popped" one of these thumbings. It was fiery hot, but I managed to hold on to it until I could trust it in my mouth, when I found, as I'd hoped, it was composed of a batter of mashed potato, shredded salt cod-fish, a mere trace of garlic, and cream — all whipped into a consistency that could be rolled into shape between the palms of the hands and then treated to a coating of finely crushed cracker crumbs and beaten yolk of egg, and lastly dusted with flour.

By the time there were four bowls full of these thumbings all wrapped in linen, the two boys and I had transferred from the scullery to the wagon a big pine-staved tub of chipped ice, four wooden pails, and two smaller tubs in the middle of each of which was a big wooden bowl of lettuce hearts and skinned tomatoes — half red and half yellow — and two tight-capped jars of mayonnaise all packed round with ice and carefully covered with clean cloths. Deborah insisted on superintending the loading of her precious thumbings before dispatching up to Beetle's with the parting broadside: "Lord love yer if you upset things — for, like Queen Charlotte, I never will."

It was obvious now that doings were to take place at the shop and that the Skipper, as I might have known, was not going to let the *Fox* slip unnoticed down the ways. Her launching was to be colorful; and as a proof of it, when we came in sight of the Yard both she and the buildings were gay with bunting — the many flags snapping in the now brisk breeze.

By noon, under the vigorous leadership of Charlie Beetle and the Skipper, the construction shed had been swept and tidied and a long trestle table with benches on each side and a chair at the head and the foot had been set up.

The polished copper chafing dishes, one at each end of the table, gleamed richly pink in the reflected light from the white tablecloth, while the expanse between was relieved by the two salad bowls with their cool, brittle contents of yellow, green, and scarlet. In the measured center of the table rested a three-foot scale model of the *Beetle Whaleboat*, the acknowledged acme for craft of her kind. The big tub of chopped ice stood in a corner in the shade, the gilt-capped necks of the black champagne bottles sticking out invitingly.

Soon after twelve our first guest, Mrs. Beetle, arrived in the shop, leading a troop of boys and girls, all "bearing gifts" — loaves of water-bread so light of heart that they were strait-jacketed in a thick, brittle, glazed crust; pats of primrose-colored butter; a pair of New York State cheeses mellowed by some secret process, and several jars of her celebrated chowchow.

Within fifteen minutes a host of friends — twenty-two in all — were on hand and none without some offering. Job Almy, the sailmaker, had made a beautifully knotted bottle net to protect us against flying splinters when the actual christening of the *Fox* took place. John Sherman, who had dubbed out with his adze and broadaxe the keel, stem, and stern-post, brought a blue bowl of damson plums. With Aunt Rachel, our beloved Quakeress, in a pearl-gray dress, poke bonnet, and white, lacy shawl, came Joshua, her coachman, carrying a black and gold lacquered tray on which was a jar of candied ginger surrounded with lemon meringue tartlets shaped and sized to be handled whole — a single mouthful. And that our other senses beside taste might be titillated, Obed Handy, the shipsmith, had fetched his accordion; while the shop itself, warmed by the midday sun, contributed delicious wafts of fragrance from the barrels of white cedar shavings we had swept from the floor.

Then the Skipper led Aunt Rachel to her chair at the head of the table and took his place at the foot; a champagne cork popped; everyone else found a seat, and thumbings hot from the chafing dishes began to flow with the sun. If there had been any unease among that various company, it was driven away by this time — not to return; and if kindness and harmony among the sponsors at a launching have influence on the fortunes of a ship, the *Fox* was blessed that day.

But inexorably the sun sloped toward the west, the tide rose, and the moment came for us

to leave the shop and perform the ceremony for which we'd gathered. When we were all on our feet, but before a move had been made toward the door, the Skipper signed to Golcanda, and that gray-haired Kanaka whaleman and boss caulker immediately filled the cavernous building with the music of his sweet, true, falsetto voice. His choice of songs that day was "Rolling Home," the English chantey that commences: —

Fare ye well, Australia's daughters,
For it's time for us to go.

And such is the effect of the spirit of the grape, when accompanied by good food and friendly faces, that all hands put their hearts into "Rolling Home" when Obed pumped his bellows to lead the chorus. Every eye glistened with sentiment as the final "Rolling Home, dear land to thee" faded and we filed out into the sunshine to form a semicircle round the bows of the *Fox*.

At this moment the Skipper whispered to me, "You climb aboard and go down with her." Then, turning to Aunt Rachel, he gave her a hand up onto a low trestle that raised her to the level of the boat's deck. Here she stood above the rest of the company, her gentle old face lighted with the excitement of what she was about to do. Taking the bottle in its net that Job handed to her, and with a tinge of color in her cheeks, she raised it, brought it down smartly with a crack on the bow chock,

and as the foam sprayed out and ran creaming down the stem she called out: —

"I christen thee *Fox* — little ship; and may thee always run as swiftly and as cannily as thy namesake, Reynard!"

With the report of the bursting bottle I felt a tremor run through the *Fox* as I stood expectant in the cockpit — and in another moment she and I were trundling down the beach to be lifted presently from the cradle, as if by strong arms, and lie gently rocking on the clear water of the Acushnet estuary.

It took a minute or two for me to recover my breath from the crowding events of this faultless launching and to realize that a "single-hander" makes inordinate and constant demands on her crew. With what speed my unfamiliarity with the new gear would allow, I loosed the sails, hoisted them, and ran the house flag to the mainmast head — at which moment came the boom of a cannon. Startled, I looked toward the Yard, to find it hidden in a cloud of white smoke which, drifting slowly to leeward, finally revealed my friends lined up along the beach, waving me farewell — with the Skipper a little apart, his outflung arm plainly signaling that the *Fox* and I were to make the trial trip *alone*. And so with sheets trimmed for a reach out to the Bay the little ship gathered headway, while I was exalted by this further proof of the Skipper's deep and understanding generosity.



NOCTURNE

by MARY C. PANGBORN

"LET there be night," they said; and there was night —
Hideous with fire, shrill with piteous cries.
Then further they decreed: "Let black be white,
And God be mocked and all His truth be lies —
This is our Law, and he who spurns it dies!"
Therefore men died. But others lived to fight —
Knowing Hell the penalty and Hope the prize —
And through the dark their eyes laid hold on light.

One to the plow, and one to fling his youth
Into the burning sea; and one to wait —
Guarding a small bright flame of holy things
For another age. Each sings victorious truth:
"God is not mocked. Man was not made for hate.
Out of our night let dawn come up on wings."

THE TESTS OF EVOLUTION

Naturalist at Large

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

I THINK there is more misunderstanding about evolution among laymen than about any other subject. Of course we know that some fundamentalists still deny it. I am not writing for them, but rather for those who have been led to believe that the whole subject is settled and that "scientists know all about it," which is quite untrue. The results of evolutionary processes are everywhere easy to see, but the situation is really like that of the man who sees a trolley car for the first time. The route it has followed and the direction in which it is going are clearly to be seen, and the rate at which it progresses is obvious. But what makes the thing move?

Take such a stock as that of the horse, where the fossil evidence is unusually good. Practically every single gradation from the little fox-terrier-like animal of thirty million years ago to the present-day horse may be followed with infinite elaboration of detail. The horse had its origin in the New World and we know when it moved from the New World to the Old, where it persisted in the form of the zebras, wild asses, and wild horses of Tibet. The skeletal remains show that horses, as we use the word today, existed in Florida down to perhaps 10,000 years ago in unbelievable numbers. Then they died out. *Why* they died out remains a mystery. The Spaniards brought horses with them from Europe and enlarged them — that is, turned them loose — and in no time they became enormously abundant again.

Few laymen know that the camels originated

in America and went through most of their evolutionary history in what is now the western part of the United States. During the height of the glacial period enough oceanic water was tied up in the gigantic polar icecap to lower the level of the oceans, so that many land areas now separated by water were then connected. Thus the camels reached the Old World and the elephants reached the New; and strangely enough, according to a Russian scholar, Nazonoff by name, the sheep not only passed from Asia to North America but went back again, leaving the ancestors of all our various species of bighorn behind them.

Geologically speaking, a fairly recent uplift of land formed Central America (for the Caribbean Sea was once a bay of the Pacific) and allowed camels to reach South America, where they persist as the llama, alpaca, guanaco, and vicuña. The stock then died out in North America. The elephants pushed down as far as Ecuador and likewise disappeared, as they did all over North America, where they once existed in countless numbers of individuals and an unbelievable variety of species.

I can hear my reader ask, "How do you know that the Caribbean was once a bay of the Pacific?" The answer was given by Alexander Agassiz during his explorations with the steamship *Blake*. He found that there was a greater difference between the deep-water fauna on the inside and that on the outside of the arc of Lesser Antillean islands than there was between the fauna inside the arc and that on the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Panama. Only last year I described a lovely rosy Chauxnax, a chubby, potbellied deep-sea fish which had its only near ally in one described from the Bay of Panama, and my fish came from the south coast of Cuba in a thousand fathoms of water.

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the fifth of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

2

Unfortunately the lines, "Some call it Evolution, And others call it God," however true they may be, savor of the trite and the smug. No one who thinks and has had a real chance to study modern paleontological material doubts the fact of evolution, but the mystery behind it all is deep and dark and as worthy of our worship, if you will, as it ever was. Scientists have seen the evidence where evolution has run riot. The dinosaurs reached a size which was mechanically disadvantageous. The Irish elk proceeded to produce such gigantic horns (which presumably were dropped each year) that their very renovation from year to year must have involved a fatal weakening of the stock, which of course has long since disappeared. Cope had a phrase for this process, and a good one, too. It was "superabundant growth force" — growth in a particular direction until it becomes lethal.

But what brings this force into being? Darwin provided a couple of useful slogans — "sexual selection," "the struggle for existence," and Spencer added "the survival of the fittest."

Each one of these explains a good deal. But let us apply it, for instance, to the leaf butterfly and see just how much it helps us. Metaphorically speaking, a racial stock of butterflies for its own protection starts out to become dead-leaf-like. If this change were to be accomplished by natural selection alone, it would be reasonable to suppose that as soon as the butterflies became sufficiently leaf-like to be protected the evolution would cease. It did no such thing. The leaf butterflies of the Old World are decorated with marks such as the fungi of decay produce on dead leaves, and have ragged wing margins which look like wearings or tearings in some cases. In other words, they have become ridiculously and unnecessarily dead-leaf-like. Something pushed the evolutionary urge along far beyond necessity.

Lamarck postulated the evolutionary power of use and disuse and believed that acquired characters might be inherited. We all know, however, that certain sections of the human race have mutilated themselves for thousands of generations without result, and we know that in the old days when horses' tails were regularly cut short, no short-tailed colts ever appeared.

As a matter of fact, to be realistic in our appreciation of evolution we have to be willing

to say, "I don't know how or why, but it is there just the same." We have to avoid believing in what may seem to be too obvious. Consider how fearful the ordinary person is of inbreeding. Such and such animals are inbred; hence they are weak, stupid, deformed, or what have you. As a matter of fact, animals may be successfully bred for countless generations, brother to sister, if nothing but completely sound stock is used to breed from. Of course one abnormal individual may upset the strain and bad results will then appear, but the bad results do not come from the inbreeding.

I have recently been studying a group of fishing frogs, deep-sea fishes in which the first element of the dorsal fin has been developed into a fishing rod. In some of the fish this is capable of motion and may be moved out in front of the fish's mouth and waved about, the tip of the ray being beset with little movable filaments which are fished about, squirming like a worm on a hook, to lure small fish up and into the mouth of the Antennarius.

This group of fishes is enormous, and in some species we see all sorts of ridiculous things which have happened — cases where a rod persists as only a useless filament incapable of motion, cases where it is elaborated into an organ so complicated and so absurd that it is hard to believe that it is anything but an ornament, using the word in its zoological sense. The creature couldn't possibly get that great branching affair into its mouth. Some of these fishing frogs are just gigantic muscular sacs with fins so degenerated that obviously the creatures cannot move. They have great cavern-like mouths, not improbably suffused with a luminous slime to lure fish to a point where, with a sudden gulp, they can be engulfed by these animated muscular sacs.

Many of the baits at the end of the fishing rods are luminous, and some rods are long enough so that this luminous bait can be pushed right around and into the fish's mouth. Then he snaps on the electric light, the little fish come up inquisitively, he snaps it out of the way, the mouth closes, and our fishing frog is fed.

3

I cite the extraordinary example of evolution presented by the fishing frogs because to me it is absolutely impossible to see how the first step ever happened to take place; it is simply not explainable by any means at our command.

The fishing rod had to be a good fishing rod before it served the fish any useful purpose at all. Now explain that if you can.

This discussion may sound a little old-fashioned to a modern specialist. Recent authors, among them Richard Benedikt Goldschmidt of the University of California and Ernst Mayr of the American Museum of New York, have written fascinating books concerning the modern interpretation of micro- and macro-evolution. The light which modern genetics has thrown on evolution has been carefully appraised; moreover, what it may be expected to interpret in the future has not been neglected. Genetics has thrown light, and a flood of light, on heredity and the mechanism of inheritance.

This is a very different thing from throwing light on transformism, which is evolution. Mayr has shown that the systematic zoologists, or the taxonomists, with, of course, the paleontologists, are the ones who have made the most extensive contributions to our knowledge. Whether they will continue to do so in the future remains to be seen.

But the sum total of what is really new is not greater than the contribution to knowledge made by Hugo de Vries in 1901, and nothing like so illuminating as the restatement of Jordan's Law of Evolution through Isolation — which I am about to quote in the words of Tate Regan. He has pointed out in these meaty paragraphs that this isolation might be geographic or habitual: —

"This theory [that is, the mutation theory], which explains adaptation as the result of a series of fortunate accidents, appears to me to approximate to the old 'special creation' theory, and it was in opposing this idea of great and sudden transformations that Darwin wrote: 'To admit all this is, as it seems to me, to enter into the realms of miracle and to leave those of science.' The mutation theory is in favour with the geneticists, who have found that definite variations occur and are definitely inherited. But the geneticists are puzzled to suggest how these variations could become specific characters, common to all the members

of a species, seeing that they are not adaptive, and therefore could not be selected.

"Systematists attach little importance to interspecific sterility; they know that Darwin showed that between allied species there are all gradations, from complete sterility to complete fertility. But for the geneticists sterility is all-important — it is their one hope of producing the semblance of a species — and they proclaim that the event for which they are waiting is the production of a variety which is sterile with the parent form. That great event, if and when it occurs, will leave me cold; in my opinion, it will have about as much relation to the origin of species as the occurrence of albinos has to the coloration of arctic animals — that is to say, no relation whatever!

"My own work," Tate Regan continues, "on the structure, classification, and geographical distribution of fishes has led me to certain conclusions. I believe that the first step in the origin of a new species is not a change of structure, but the formation of a community, either through localization, geographical isolation, or habitual segregation. I also think that specific characters may be grouped as follows: they are either (a) useful, (b) correlated with useful characters, (c) due to the environment, or (d) the expression of some physiological peculiarity. But I see no reason for believing that they have originated as mutations."

As I said before, we encounter a multitude of mysteries in the study of evolution, and these have made me a little bit impatient and uncharitable toward the atheist. As man's knowledge of the mysteries expands, their magnitude increases and leaves the honest and candid man very humble in mind.

I don't see why anyone should gag at the cousinship of man and the apes — the relationship is too distant. Rather let him consider with awe the majesty of orderliness which to the humble-minded is the subject most to be respected within man's ken. Like the concept of infinity in time or space, this matter passes our understanding.

FASCISM AND CHRISTIANITY

by PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN

1

GERMANY today is divided into three parts: National Socialism, socialist Labor, and Christianity. Though at present the first seems all-powerful, the very fire of Nazi persecution is molding the two others, separated for so long, into a common revolutionary front. Ever since the days of Karl Marx and of Ferdinand Lassalle, organizer of the socialist unions, Labor has been an important factor in German politics. And the inclination of the German people toward religious and metaphysical values is something to be reckoned with by the most skeptical statesmen, the most cynical of "leaders."

By liquidating, along with all others, the Catholic Center Party and the German National Party, which had been closely connected with official Protestantism, National Socialism helped against its own will to prepare the new unity between Christianity and Labor. These parties had formerly incurred the distrust of the working masses, which saw in the party leaders appeasing politicians who did not object to the abolishing of labor rights so long as church rights remained untouched. The Catholic Center Party, in spite of its governmental coalition with the Social Democrats, did not hesitate to negotiate secretly with the Nazis as early as 1931. At the session of the rump Reichstag in March, 1933, the Center even voted for the "Enabling Act" granting dictatorial powers to the new masters, whose favor it hoped to buy. Finally, it was due to the efforts of the Centrist politician Herr von Papen, and Monsignor Kaas, chairman of the party, that on July 20, 1933, the concordat was concluded between the Vatican and the

Third Reich. The impression was thereby created that Nazism, time and again condemned by the German Bishops, had become acceptable to Christianity.

Yet, in spite of the evil record of church politicians and the traditional antagonism of Continental Labor towards organized religion, a deep community of ethos and destiny has always existed between Christianity and democratic socialism. For Christianity as well as socialism, power is ethically and teleologically defined. While the socialist will work for a classless society in which, according to Marx's famous word, "the State will have withered away," for the Christian the word of St. Paul holds true, that in the end Christ will put down all authority, sovereignty, and domination. To the Christian no people is more than an interdependent part in the great drama of humanity's development toward God, while the socialist conceives of a future world community freed from nationalistic and economic oppression and ordered in accordance with the precepts of human reason.

In irreconcilable opposition to both these philosophies, fascism proclaims power as an absolute, justified in itself and serving, not mankind, but the expediency of a "racial community."

"Democrats, Socialists, and Catholics, different as their outlook on life may be," Norbert Guerke, Nazi international lawyer, explained in *Deutsche Rechtswissenschaft* (vol. II, p. 75), "all profess doctrines which aim at the inclusion and liberation of the whole of mankind." A better formulation could hardly be found.

Since January, 1942, when I analyzed the position of the Church in the *Atlantic*, a significant change has taken place in the pronouncements of the German hierarchy. The socialist leaders are either dead, imprisoned, or working

A descendant of an old German family and a devout Catholic, PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN was a leader of the Catholic Youth Movement in Germany. He has fought Nazism unceasingly, and his books and lectures have been rallying points for young Catholics here and in Europe.

underground; and as there are no other public tribunes, it is from the pulpits alone that the voice of the people can now be heard.

2

This mandate thrust upon the Church by the enslaved and silenced masses has been courageously accepted. While formerly the hierarchy confined itself largely to the defense of the rights of the Church, emphasis is today openly laid on the rights of man, regardless of denomination or nationality. A fierce war is being waged by the Nazi government against Christianity, without distinction of confessions. Cardinal Faulhaber recently declared that Catholics and Protestants are working together in most peaceful relations; they know that it is a question of the very existence or annihilation of religion.

"I used to go to four or five Masses some Sundays," the former NBC correspondent in Berlin, Alex Dreier, reported in the London weekly *Catholic Herald*; "it was touching, it was often breath-taking. You felt that they were taking their lives in both hands. They are a force tugging against a terrific current." The Protestant clergy, he concluded, are just as resolute as the Catholic.

"We demand justice!" Bishop Count Galen exclaimed from the pulpit of St. Lambert's Cathedral in Münster, in defense of Pastor Niemöller; "it is not merely a Catholic demand that I am expressing, but a Christian demand, a religious, human, national demand!"

Innumerable soldiers at the front, Bishop Konrad Groeber of Freiburg said, — men like Moelders, Germany's greatest flying ace, — feel deepest pain and indignation about the crimes committed against the people at home. While in earlier years he was not free from appeasement tendencies towards the regime, the Bishop now defied the Hitler government as treasonable to the German Reich. It was clear to his congregation what he meant by his reference to Colonel Moelders. In a wire to Hitler, Moelders had refused to go on fighting unless the Gestapo would give up the persecution of the people at home. Shortly afterwards the DNB announced his "accidental" death.

Even cases of suicide among German soldiers were reported by the Anglican Bishop Bell of Chichester after his return from Sweden last August; they felt so overwhelmed and humiliated by the hatred brought on Germany by

Gestapo atrocities at home and abroad, which they were helpless to prevent, that in despair they took their own lives.

Count Preysing, Bishop of Berlin, publicly condemned Nazi atrocities in Poland. The situation there, Cardinal Bertram, his predecessor as chairman of the Fulda Conference, wrote to the Vatican, recalled the early days of Christianity. It was on his request that the Holy Father granted power to priests, in the provinces annexed by Hitler, to absolve penitents collectively without individual confession. Thus Nazi efforts to deprive the Poles of the consolation of religion were thwarted.

In his Christmas message of 1942, Bishop Preysing attacked every single aspect of Nazi policy toward the occupied countries: the theory of "inferior" races, unequal justice, exploitation, and the shooting of hostages. Such departures from right and justice, he predicted, would sooner or later be broken against the foundations of God's Kingdom.

Of the thirty-odd members of the German and Austrian hierarchy there are few who have not spoken out against the regime. Even Bishop Bornewasser of Trier, who yielded to Nazi pressure during the Saar fight; Cardinal Innitzer of Vienna, who once signed a letter with "Heil Hitler"; Archbishop Waitz of Salzburg, Prince Primate of the Church in Germany; and many others less known abroad preach from the pulpits: "Where our faith is concerned there can be no yielding. We must stand firm or die."

That their individual fight is part of a concerted action was proved anew by the pastoral letter of Easter Sunday, 1942, signed by the entire episcopate, which has jurisdiction over some thirty million German Catholics. The Church, it declared, must stand up not only for the rights of religion but for the human rights bestowed by God upon mankind; without these rights Western culture must inevitably break down. The natural rights to personal freedom must be restored and no one deprived of them without due process of law. All those robbed of their liberty without proof of a punishable act must be released. "Every man has a natural right to life and to the goods essential for living," the letter concluded. "The living God is the sole master over life and death."

Such language is reminiscent of the Declaration of Independence. Is it the language of a beginning revolution?

A later pastoral letter was submitted to such rigid Nazi censorship that its significant passages became known in the United States only after months had passed. In December, 1942, the outspoken Swiss Catholic newspaper *Ostschweiz* revealed that the German Bishops had by no means retracted their opposition, as the Nazi news releases had seemed to indicate. "A nation that imposes on itself an exclusive scale of morality and proposes to justify its own purposes," the pastoral said, "perishes through its own deification." It condemned the "monstrous plan that contemplates breeding systematically a new people, or even a superman, without matrimonial and moral ties."

The bold language of the Church is not confined to the hierarchy. Because of their position the Bishops naturally receive publicity abroad, but there are countless unknown clergymen all over the country who say the same things. That they are not all flung into concentration camps can be explained only by the growing strength of the Christian and socialist front which stands behind them.

"The men I take my hat off to," a correspondent of the London *Universe* reported after his return from the Continent, "are the parish priests in the Berlin suburbs. There is a Gestapo reporter in every congregation, yet these priests do not hesitate to denounce what they know to be Anti-Christ."

I think I still know those Berlin suburbs. I had friends and youth groups in almost every one of them. There one must talk a militant language, for those suburbs are "red," as they have always been.

In the last few years German leftist leaders and publications have paid tribute to the lead which the churches have assumed in the common fight for liberation. Papal encyclicals and pastoral letters were broadcast by the leftist Liberty Radio, and widely distributed in leaflet form and through all the other channels of the underground movement.

The pressure of this growing Black-Red resistance has forced the Hitler government to throw off the last vestiges of law. In the fall of 1942 the president of the "People's Court," Otto Tierack, a man who has sent thousands of Christians and "Reds" to their death, was named "Minister of Justice." He received authority from Hitler to provide the judges with whatever "laws" expediency might demand. A few weeks earlier the power of the SS army of occupation in Germany had been

increased to over 750,000 men. These measures, the *Manchester Guardian* rightly commented, were taken in anticipation of civil unrest emanating from religious and other centers of opposition.

Of course there are many points on which Christians and unbelieving socialists do not and cannot agree. The barriers separating them will not come down until the Christian world has cleansed itself of reaction and realized a social justice truer than that proffered by any other doctrine. Then the time will come when the spiritual power of the Faith will be resurrected in the hearts and minds of all who erred from it, scandalized by the ill-will or negligence of many a churchman or pseudo-Christian politician. Should the present comradeship-in-arms between Red and Black in Germany mature into a genuine brotherhood after Hitler's fall, it may well lead to a reorientation of church as well as of socialist policy in all countries.

3

While Labor can rely on the support of its radical and liberal sympathizers abroad, the churches in Germany have not received corresponding support in their struggle against fascism. There are still sections of world Christianity which, fearing the awakening of the peoples, favor some kind of fascism to check the rising tide of revolutionary democracy.

While the oft-mentioned Irish sentiment is largely motivated by anti-British nationalism, the attitude of certain sections of German-American Catholics has not had such an "excuse." When I came to America for the first time, in 1935, I expected as a matter of course that the German-American Catholics would readily respond to the appeal for help in cleansing the name of their old country. Instead I found a truly remarkable reluctance to commit themselves, particularly on the part of the powerful Catholic Central Verein of America with its thousand or more member societies and string of German language newspapers. It was not always easy to detect the line of demarcation between mere political ignorance and positive connivance at the forces against which their brethren in faith in Germany were struggling so desperately. At a time when tens of thousands of Christians filled Nazi concentration camps, German-American Catholics were told by local organizers that unconditional opposition to Hitlerism was inspired

by "Jewish propaganda" or was suspect of "Bolshevism."

Lately, a number of German-American Catholic publications seem to have tied up with the Strasserites. Only recently I read in a Buffalo weekly a strongly anti-Semitic article by Father Bernhard (Otto Strasser's brother and agent in the United States), which heaped insults on the leaders of the genuinely anti-Nazi German camp. The "Free German Movement" of Otto Strasser, whose ambition it is to restore National Socialism in its "original purity," would be a far cry from democracy should it ever achieve power.

Had all German-Americans followed the lead of the late Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, or of so prominent a German-American Catholic as Victor Ridder, who recently joined the steering committee of the militantly anti-Nazi organization, United Americans of German Descent, founded by the well-known labor leader Otto Sattler, much misunderstanding could have been avoided.

The American hierarchy, in its Annual Message of November, 1942, has again come out forcefully for unconditional victory over the powers of fascism, and for an equitable peace among free nations.

The message also contained this significant passage: "Since the murderous attack on Poland . . . there has been a premeditated and systematic extermination of the people of this nation. The same satanic technique is being applied to many other peoples. We feel a deep sense of revulsion against the cruel indignities heaped upon the Jews in conquered countries and upon defenseless peoples not of our faith." The Bishops joined with their brother bishops in subjugated France in favor of the Jews, "in the name of humanity and Christian principles for the imprescriptible rights of human nature."

In November and December, 1942, I spent six weeks at Assumption College, Windsor, Ontario, a school which I have always regarded as representative of American Catholicism at its best. It is a sounding board for Catholic opinion in Canada and the United States, and I most decidedly did not find there the slightest sympathy for Coughlinite ideas, or for clerical fascism and reaction. It is characteristic that the "Christian Culture Award" of the Basilian Fathers, in previous years conferred upon Jacques Maritain and Sigrid Undset, was in 1943 given to Philip Murray,

president of the CIO. This is a recognition of labor rights which cannot fail to inspire all opponents of totalitarianism, Catholic and non-Catholic, in their present struggle.

4

In view of a recent tendency to absolve Fascist Italy as soon as "one man, and one man alone," is overthrown, an editorial by Father James M. Gillis, C.S.P., in the *Catholic World* of January, 1943, deserves wide attention. He rebukes those Catholics who have skipped the fact that fascism is not only a tyranny but a heresy. "It irked me," Father Gillis writes, "that my fellow Americans could excuse Mussolini's bulldozing and browbeating, his blatant detestations of democracy, because . . . he 'got results'!" The article reminds its readers that it is the *system* of fascism which is incompatible with the Faith; according to Mussolini's own definition in the official Encyclopedia, the state is an absolute — there is nothing beyond the state, nothing above and nothing outside it. This, Father Gillis defines as blasphemy, and he concludes: "These pro-Duce Catholics not only ignored philosophy and theology, they also forgot history."

Most striking, in my opinion, is the lesson which history has taught in our own days — namely, that one can never compromise with things which are morally evil. This should be taken to heart by all who may wish today for some kind of neo-fascism after the war, be it in Austria, in Germany, in the Latin countries, or in the United States of America itself.

In contrast to the Church in Germany, the Italian hierarchy has long backed the Fascist regime. This policy (as Gaetano Salvemini pointed out in the *New Republic*) may, at the inevitable fall of Mussolini, conjure up severe dangers for the Church. However, even in Italy Catholic opposition against fascism is growing. The Bishops of Trieste and Fiume, as well as the Bishop of Gorizia, who only a year ago endorsed the "holy war" of the Axis, have protested to Mussolini against the wiping out of Slovenian villages and the hostage system.

Also, judging from violent anti-Catholic outbursts of the party newspaper *Regime Fascista*, the attitude of the Italian clergy can no longer be entirely to the liking of the regime. The paper repeatedly denounced "parish priests who formulate insidious reservations against

the Axis — and those spiritual advisers of nuns and 'foreign-loving' ladies who cause prayers to be said against the new persecutors of religion — our two great allies and friends."

All fascists-at-heart continue to draw comfort from General Franco's "Christian State" and now happily argue that "strategic reasons" demand even more appeasement and less criticism of this defiler of the Christian name. Neither will Franco's address of December, 1942, in which he again endorsed the Axis governments, open their eyes. Should he ever, against his will and intention, be drawn into the conflict on the side of the United Nations (and in a war like the present one nothing seems impossible), his crypto-fascist friends in America would claim to have been right from the beginning.

Yet no strategic reasons or expediency must ever induce us to condone the appalling conditions in that unfortunate country where, according to an American Friends Service Committee report, one million people are in concentration camps, famine is raging, and the poor are poorer than ever. But of protests against such misrule, rendered still more intolerable by mental slavery, we have heard nothing. The Spanish Bishops have contented themselves with rebukes to the government when it infringed administrative rights of the Church, and there still are "Catholic" publications in the United States that consider any criticism uttered against the Generalissimo as tantamount to blasphemy.

José de Aguirre, President of the Basque Republic, one of the ablest exponents of Iberian democratic Catholicism, whom I met repeatedly during the Spanish Civil War, pointed out upon his return from Latin America that appeasing Franco was likely to make the Latin nations of democratic conviction suspicious of the whole of American policy. "The United States," he said, "must show that it stands clearly for democracy all over the world, and not just for democracy in some country."

As always, appeasement encourages fascism everywhere, and in the long run it defeats even the strategic reasons of "expediency" for the sake of which it was undertaken. A fascist Spain wooed by the democracies offers to foreign and native fascists an ideal background for their propaganda throughout the Latin world. The diplomatic representations of Franco Spain serve, as is well known, as centers of fascist propaganda and hide-outs for Axis

agents. We may wonder whether it is not from there that pro-Nazi clerics and Protestant pastors in Argentina, for instance, receive their means and instructions.

Their activities were recently exposed by the Congressional Investigation Committee of Anti-Argentine Activities. They "carry out persistent pro-totalitarian propaganda despite the severe anti-fascist and anti-totalitarian admonitions of the Supreme Pontiff himself," the Committee stated, and it listed instances in which pro-democratic German priests were molested and persecuted for their convictions.

That the pro-fascist tendencies found among Argentine Catholics are in opposition to the sentiments of the majority of the people was stressed by one of the foremost Latin-American prelates, Miguel de Andrea, Bishop of Temnos, during his recent visit to the United States. Speaking before the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies, he took the only stand permitted to Christians when he stated that "liberty, justice, and democracy are the highest principles of human life."

"I sustain democracy," he said, "because it is a system of government which morally obliges all men . . . to work for the raising of the moral and material level of the people, and since no other system opens the way to the people, as does the democratic, to participate in the responsibility of power."

5

It is to be hoped that the way shown by the struggle in Germany and by enlightened men and groups everywhere will guide church policy and Christian statesmen when the war is over. Because of the unprecedented waste of natural and national wealth by the conflict itself and by the ruthless Nazi-Fascist regime, the vast majority of Europeans will find themselves reduced to a state of almost complete proletarianization. By far the greater number of these proletarians will be practicing Christians. Their economic problems will be identical with those of the propertyless socialists of former days. To maintain the ban on democratic socialism, once justified because socialism was associated with Marxian agnosticism, would then be as incomprehensible to the Christian masses of proletarians as a condemnation of the heliocentric system, which in the sixteenth century was suspect of irreverence for the Book of Joshua, would be today.

"Socialism is a vague term," the Archbishop of Canterbury writes in his newest book, *Christianity and Social Order*, "and in some sense we are committed to socialism already. No one can doubt that in the post-war world our economic life must be 'planned' in a way and to an extent that Mr. Gladstone (for example) would have regarded, and condemned, as socialistic."

Much of the practical program of democratic socialism is Christian heritage, reiterated in the social encyclicals of modern Popes. Its philosophy must be baptized, so to speak, as St. Augustine and St. Thomas baptized the pagan philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. These great pioneers of the spirit bridged the conflict between philosophy and faith, then the most urgent problem of Christianity. In our time it is the conflict between the two contenders for social and spiritual freedom that must be overcome for the sake of man's temporal and eternal happiness. The Marxist creed of internationalism, its aim of uniting the whole human race under one constitution of liberty, must be transfigured and redeemed by the Christian doctrine of the Mystical Body.

Today the paradoxical situation exists that, while Catholics and Protestants in Germany are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their socialist comrades, socialism remains anathematized, whereas Nazism, though denounced by the encyclical *With Burning Anxiety*, has never been banned *in toto*. To do this should be the first step, which would automatically lead to the excommunication of Hitler and his helpers, most of them Catholics by birth. It would have tremendous effects throughout Germany and all other occupied countries. It would also pave the way for people's states, friendly to Christianity, in those countries where now the danger exists that the Church will be made to pay for the pro-fascist attitude of many of her representatives.

In the midst of the cold, hunger, and sorrow of the fourth war winter in Europe, the Christmas message of Pope Pius XII must have conjured up the vision of a better world to come. In his demands of respect for human dignity, recognition of the rights of labor, reinstatement as property owners of all whom a cruel system has made paupers, and an international order based on the moral law, all denominations will readily concur. The realization of these demands will help more than any sermon to bring the unbelieving back into the flock, and Christianity will receive new life-blood from those millions who, though led astray, never gave up the fight for the bread and the kingdom. Socialists everywhere may then recognize that never was there a more revolutionary song intoned than Our Lady's Magnificat: —

"He has scattered the proud in the conceit of their hearts. He has put down the mighty from their throne and exalted the lowly. He has filled the hungry with good things and the rich he has sent away empty."

Since it is on German soil that Anti-Christ has shown his ugly countenance most nakedly, it may well be that also the revolt against him will begin in that country, and that the church bells of Münster, Freiburg, and Munich, of Breslau and Vienna, will ring in the fight for universal deliverance.

"High above all conflicts," Leopold von Ranke foretold in his *History of the Popes*, "there will arise from the ocean of error the unity of a conviction, untroubled in its steadfast security — the pure and simple consciousness of the everduring and all-pervading presence of God."

Then the nameless masses of Christians and socialists who today, in the darkness of their night, gather around the banner of revolt may follow that hallowed black symbol, reddened by the Blood of Redemption, which stands for universal Freedom and the people's Justice.



Mr. Wilder Urges Us On

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Observe how Miyanoshita cracked in two
And slid into the valley; he that stood
Grinning with terror in the bamboo wood
Saw the earth heave and thrust its bowels through
The hill, and his own kitchen slide from view,
Spilling the warm bowl of his humble food
Into the lap of horror; mark how lewd
This cluttered gulf, — 'twas here his paddy grew.
Dread and dismay have not encompassed him;
The calm sun sets; unhurried and aloof
Into the riven village falls the rain;
Days pass; the ashes cool; he builds again
His paper house upon oblivion's brim,
And plants the purple iris in its roof.

SO READS the eighth in that series of eighteen sonnets which Edna St. Vincent Millay once chiseled into some perishable substance as an "Epitaph for the Race of Man." In the eighteenth, we are vouchsafed a last glimpse of her standing on a distant and empty shore, her witch-hair stirred by a wind of danger new and deep, in her hands a skull.

Alas, poor Man, a fellow of infinite jest! And courage, too! It had taken more than the eruption of Miyanoshita and its like to get *him* down. Ravening monsters, famine, cold unbearable, earthquake, flood — these had left him undaunted. And he was quite bright. After aeons of study, jarred by wars, he had got good marks in music and astronomy and things like that. But as a species, he had proved inferior in one respect to the termites, let us say. At the all-important art of survival, he was not so good. From the first there had been that in him which foredoomed him to be done in by his own kind. Therefore, long before the end, there would

In his last talk with the Town Crier, the editor described to ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT his plans for some light-hearted pages with a special Accent on Living. Mr. Woolcott made a number of suggestions and then, as his enthusiasm kindled, he volunteered to open the department this month with an appraisal of the most provocative play on Broadway — Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

be no trace of him on this indifferent planet, itself impermanent, save one round skull, left behind among the sand and pebbles of the beach. Thus Miss Millay, lifting herself by her poetic bootstraps, as one must to get the long view.

In the new and apparently agitating play called *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which has been packing the Plymouth Theatre in New York since mid-November, another solicitous friend of Man contemplates the same odd creature's progress, surveying it from an eminence rather less dizzy but still lofty enough to induce symptoms of vertigo in some members of every startled audience. The result does not pretend to be so conclusive as an epitaph — or need to be so depressing. Rather call it a bulletin issued from the sickroom of a patient in whose health we are all pardonably interested, a bulletin signed by a physician named Thornton Wilder. In its matter that bulletin may conscientiously avoid anything which would encourage us to relax a bit, but there is



something flagrantly optimistic in the good physician's manner. There is exultation in the very title as it testifies to those same tonic dangers in spite of which Man, to the confounding of all skeptics, has wonderfully got as far as he has. Indeed, if another writing fellow named William De Morgan had not stolen a march on him, Wilder might have called his play "Somehow Good." His prognosis in this case will be accepted with reservations by those who remember how dearly he loves the patient.

The Plymouth program might well have read: —

PLACE: Home of George Antrobus (Everyman to you)
TIME: All eternity up to now and then some.

It did take a bit of doing to crowd into the two hours' traffic of the stage the invention of the wheel and the multiplication table and the alphabet, the



B E N S O N & H E D G E S
F I F T H A V E N U E
N E W Y O R K

killing off of the wistful old dinosaurs, one glacial period, one flood, and the end of some war or other. This one, perhaps. But here is a theatrical craftsman every bit as bold, as impatient, as ingenious, and as sovereign in his field as Frank Lloyd Wright is in the field of architecture. Therefore only a little muttered resistance is left in each audience when, at the end of Act One (the chill of the last Ice Age having reached New Jersey), there is the sound of rending wood at the back of the auditorium and the ushers come down the aisles bringing torn-up seats for the Antrobus fireplace, thereby aiding the Antrobus hired girl in her natural and perhaps commendable effort to save the human race.

But long before this, even with the rise of the first curtain, there had been another rending noise, the sound of Mr. Wilder, with a lot to be accomplished, briskly shattering all those comfortably familiar conventions of the theater which would only be in his way. Small wonder that every now and again there rushes forth from the Plymouth an immovable body, loudly voicing to the Broadway night his proverbial distaste for all irresistible forces.

Mr. Wilder probably thinks of such weaklings as playing hooky. You see, he is, like Bernard Shaw, a pedagogue at heart, and just before the final curtain of his exhilarating comedy he does score a schoolmaster's triumph. In some twilit hour when he was daydreaming of power, there may well have popped into his head the notion that it would be fun sometime to take an average audience of flabby and itching Broadway playgoers and jolly well make them listen to the philosophers.



In *The Skin of Our Teeth*, in the very moment when a meeker playwright would be resigned to the sight of his patrons reaching for their hats — See how strict he is standing there, ruler in hand, all ready to crack down on a knuckle or so! — Mr. Wilder requires *his* boys and girls to sit still and listen hard to a few words from Spinoza, Plato, Aristotle, and the author of the Pentateuch. You may think of me as decently awe-struck when I report that they do listen — with all their ears and with all their might.

All this happens in a play of the stature, let us say, of *Cyrano de Bergerac* or *Peer Gynt* or *The Cherry Orchard* or *Heartbreak House*.

It is not easy to think of any other American play with so good a chance of being acted a hun-

dred years from now. His own *Our Town*, perhaps. Or *The Green Pastures* or *The Wisdom Tooth* by Marc Connelly. Of course *The Skin of Our Teeth* is a war play. Only one who had forgotten *The Trojan Women* would have thought it impossible that a play *could* be at once so topical and so timeless.



Blackbirds

By MARY GRANT

WHAT urge of impetuous flight
Has driven the blackbirds this late August day,
The sunlight bright on sleek red-shouldered wing,
From the lush marshes of their harboring,
From a world of shadowed water and bending
 reeds,
Low nests and swart close weeds,
To these green arching trees in brief delay,
In urgent circling crowds swerving and calling?
Prescience of autumn, though no leaf is falling?
Sense of the weakening sun, though his rays burn
 bright?

Harsh through the thick-leaved elm trees hot with
 summer
Their jargon strikes like shiverings of split glass,
Sharp-pitched alike for the venturesome, the late-
 comer;
Their black forms dot the trees, — the sun glances
On sleek wings veering, seeking still to alight, —
Till, on a sudden impulse, a quick stir
Moves them; with swelling whirr
In a cloud they rise and pass,
Wheeling to harmony of sound and sight,
Merging the clamor of their dissonances
Southward, unerringly southward in strong flight.

Almost we may see in the green yet paling meadows
The crimsoning sumach and the goldenrod,
Brown seed, full-feathered pod,
Or the thin grass lying in sun-struck windows,
And a sense nostalgic, a sense of sadness fills
The silence the birds have left, as of overcast
Fair skies, and of summer past,
With the gullies clean again, and the long hills
Stripped to their rock-lean lines, their scrub bare,
And a crisp stillness as of frosty air.

Memo to Expectant Fathers

YOU HAVE before you one of the greatest experiences a man can know. It is a joyful experience—and a sobering one. It brings a lifetime of satisfaction, affection, love . . . and a continuing responsibility.

For who can measure the span of your dreams for that little life? The happy childhood, the eager adolescence, the fruitful college years . . . you want them all for your child, as every father does.

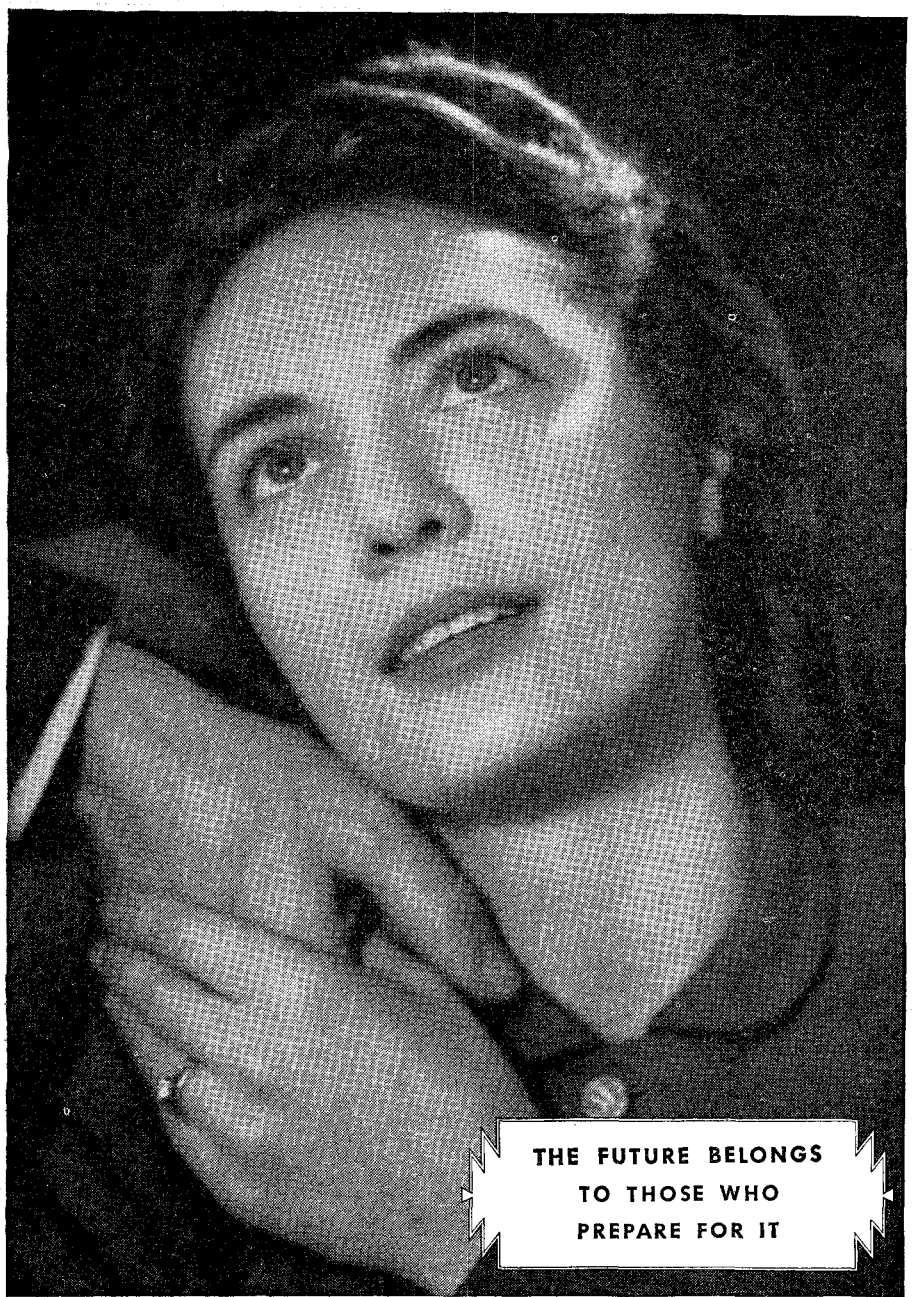
Then isn't it worth remembering—right now, today—that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it"?

There is a friend near by who is genuinely interested in helping you plan for your future and your family's future . . . wisely, conservatively, and soundly. He is your Prudential representative . . .

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TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT

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Dressing for Beans

By RICHARDSON WRIGHT

AS TIME passes, the culinary orthodoxy of our household becomes more fixed; as the discipline of rationing increases, it grows more fascinating.

At first, to my outlander notions, the almost Puritan habit of assigning particular dishes to days of the week seemed tarred with too much New England rigid theology. Gradual and kindly pressure, however, made my succumbing to it almost painless. Yes, I finally agreed, the coincidence of Saturday night and baked beans was of divine provenance, and with the ardor of the freshly converted, I insisted that we practice it. I actually looked forward to Saturday night.

And yet, in the days of peace and plenty, we compromised — or maybe the cook was plain lazy. Those beans were bought — bought in a can, slyly doctored, insinuated into a bean pot, and thence brought to table with the bland innocence of the uncorrupted. Then Pearl Harbor. As its encircling consequences tightened around the household our dietary backsliding fell into deeper relief. First the cook deserted her pots for a lathe; at least she said it was a lathe — with time and a half for overtime. Next the grocer who supplies our little valley had no more canned baked beans. His shelves were as naked as a shorn lamb. It was evident that if this household was going to keep the faith, we'd jolly well have to provide those beans ourselves.

Now a well-made pot of home-baked beans is no slapdash affair. You approach its climax by a slow-paced succession. Friday night, when bedtime nears, you descend for a final glance at the kitchen fire and, as casually, measure out two pounds of marrowfat beans to soak. Saturday morning and breakfast cleared away, the ritual grows more complicated, more exacting. First come the lustra-

tions demanded of all who approach acts of grace. Those beans, having waxed fat like Jeshurun, are carefully washed in fresh water, brought to a boil, drained, washed again, and once more covered with fresh water, this time companioned by a chunk of salt pork, and set to simmer. This last cleansing and tenderizing by water and fire may take anywhere from an hour and a half to three hours. What an unconscionably long time these "cheap and filling" foods — baked beans, brown bread, stews and such — require! The morning is well gone before these farinaceous catechumens are ready for complete acceptance into the company of the elect.

Luncheon over, the bean pot is brought from the pantry shelf and the final ceremony commences. Into its cavernous depths go the neophyte beans, with the blessing of a lump of precious butter, a sprinkling of salt, pepper, and dried mustard, and the benediction of four tablespoons of salty New Orleans sorghum to trickle down the interstices. Then into the oven for the last ordeal.

"O ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord!" The three children in the fiery furnace could not have sung it more lustily than we that first Saturday afternoon when, the oven door aslant, we peeked at the bubbling and saw the time had come to remove the lid for an hour of browning off.

And during that final hour, without hint or suggestion, the entire family dressed. An informal household ours, sufficiently far from towns, we have never been coerced by sartorial dictates. Dressing for dinner is rather undressing. The stiffer clothes of office hours are laid aside for the easier shoes, the soft shirt, the old coat. But on this first Saturday home-baked bean night, the two small boys, of their own accord, washed fore and slightly aft, and put on their Sunday white shirts and tweed jackets. She, who prefers country suits, rose to the height of a décolleté gown — black chintz spattered with realistic strawberries — and I to coat and trousers that actually matched. We bore the bean pot to the table with all the ceremony its long initiation deserved.

2

That first pot of home-baked beans opened up a whole train of alimentary experiments. First came bread.

It had always been my dream that the day might dawn when we could declare our freedom from the baker. Memories of my mother's having baked the family supply grew more vivid with the passing years. The loaves that entered our house were too

The Editor of *House and Garden*, with a palate famous for its knowledge of good food and wines, RICHARDSON WRIGHT tells you how to prepare a great relish for a war year.



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mechanically uniform and slick. They filled us, but we wondered if they also fed. The loudly proclaimed enrichment of flour was a frank confession that, somewhere in the process, it has been deprived of its richness. So far as bread went, the nation had been enduring a hidden hunger.

Between resolve and accomplishment lay many a pitfall. We accumulated a vast body of literature — free and bought — on breads and how to make them. It all seemed so simple — yeast cake, milk, salt, sugar, shortening, sifted flour, greased pans, hot oven. Who could fail? But we did fail — failed dismally, until we realized that some things in life require following the rules without the slightest turning to the left or to the right, and one of them is making bread. No job this for the improviser. No work for those who think a little of this or a little of that will do. You lay yourself under strict discipline when you make bread.

But there are compensations. Step by step you follow the directions through the mixing and the first rising and the second. How satisfactory to find that the dough has actually doubled its size! Then into an oven exactly heated. Meantime all utensils and pots are cleaned and put away, for it is the first rule of the kitchen that no good cook stacks her pots. We retire upstairs to go about our “various occasions.” Gradually there filters through the house that sweet doughy incense of bread a-baking. It cuts in on our reading. The radio pales before it. Bread! Bread!

At the appointed hour we descend again. The loaves tumble from their pans. We set them on their sides to cool overnight. Tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and the day after that, until the ultimate toasting, we draw our dividends of enjoyment.

3

That is one of the properties of many dishes one makes at home — they last, they continue paying dividends. Something is left over, some ember with which to kindle the fire of a new meal. Boughten foods out of cans are neatly calculated to give just so much and no more. In the home pot a bit of stew remains for next day's luncheon, a little soup that can be warmed up, a dab of beans for those robust enough to take them for Sunday breakfast.

These residuary estates of home cooking are never more apparent than on the pantry shelf and in the cellar where the savings from last summer's garden compound their interest. A host of Americans, now that almost everyone is working in a Victory Garden, enjoy the security of these investments. From

the first fruit of spring to the last vegetable of autumn, the culinary pennies are put away.

Even before the war we had added preserving to our mutual domesticities. All one winter, on our week-end retreats from the city, we had made marmalade — five jars at a clip. By April, when rhubarb began coming in, the year's supply of marmalade was on our shelves. After the rhubarb come strawberries from the garden, then the first peas, the infant carrots, and so on through the succession of crops until we battle our way through the engulfing combers of snapbeans and tomatoes.

Compared with the tedious hours required to prepare vegetables and fruits for their ultimate landing on cellar shelves, the days of growing them seem very short. We forget the backache from forking over the soil, the insistence on straight drills, the slow-sowing of seeds, the fights to ward off pests and diseases, the long hours of gathering



the young tender crops — usually when we would much rather be doing something else. How little those bites into our free time compared with the dreary hours of snapping and slicing beans, of scalding tomatoes, of scrubbing infant carrots and snipping minute beets! Longer hours follow over the hot stove as the jars are given their precautionary processing. How sanitary we both are, how bound by directions, how grimly aware that once the job is started we must stay with it to the bitter end. Often it is well into the small morning hours before the last jar is lifted from the boiler and the last pot washed.

As in baking beans, so in putting up garden truck and making bread — we work together. I cannot subscribe to the Philistine doctrine that the kitchen is the wife's realm alone. “For richer for poorer” applies to preparing food as well as to the rest of married life, and when we do it together we find it is rich indeed. It also opens up a chance for competition, and with the mention of competition I approach the venerable subject of hash. And across the sublimity of hash falls the shadow of a stove.

4

All that winter the country urge was on us. We lived from one Friday night to the next. The New York days between were endurable only because we could flee them to these Connecticut seven acres



You don't need a ration card to READ!

*And here are some stimulating and
entertaining books just off the press:*

AS a tonic and as lively fare, we recommend **BLIND DATE WITH MARS** (\$3.00), by *Alice-Leone Moats*. After writing a successful book some years ago called *No Nice Girl Swears*, Miss Moats— young, comely, and sharp of wit—undertook

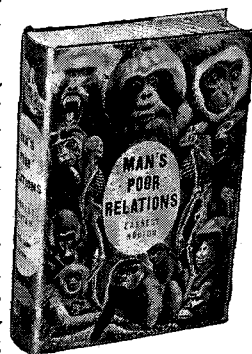
a recent reportorial assignment to Moscow for *Collier's*. Her new book is full of juicily indiscreet gossip about her adventures—hobnobbing with distinguished hitchhikers up the Burma Road . . . almost starving in Russia on vodka and caviar . . . demonstrating a pantie girdle to curious Eurasian peasants . . . entertaining service men in North Africa . . . being mistaken for a Nazi "Mata Hari" . . . foiling the advances of small-town Romeos in far-away places . . . having fun with such people as Lord Beaverbrook, Erskine Caldwell, Margaret Bourke-White, Sir Stafford Cripps, and "Quent" Reynolds. Don't miss this new "international Past Imperfect."

* * *

SYRIAN YANKEE (\$2.75) is strong morale medicine to make Americans proud of their country—an excellent complement to such practical manifestations of national vigor as the Roosevelt-to-Casablanca trip. *Salom Rizk* tells the story of his life: his boyhood in war-torn Syria when he dreamed of the "land of opportunity"; his arrival at Ellis Island as a penniless, homeless waif; his years of grueling and versatile work as shoe shine boy, dishwasher, meat packer, rug salesman; his eventual nation-wide success as one of the most sought-after and inspirational speakers on the American platform. Mr. Rizk is a sincere man—a man with a passion for the American Way. In his own words, he wants to "seize people, buttonhole them in the street, tell them what wonderful things we have here: tolerance, freedom, friendliness, opportunity, genuine human happiness." DeWitt Wallace, Editor of *The Reader's Digest*, says of *Syrian Yankee*, "After reading it one exclaims, 'Well done, Salom. We, too, thank God for a land where this could happen'."



ONE of the most beguiling of the more recent books is **MAN'S POOR RELATIONS** (\$5.00), by *Ernest Hooton*. Harvard's Quixotic author-anthropologist gives what the N. Y. Times Book Review calls a "wide and thought-provoking panorama of ape-and-monkey society." Here, in word and picture, are the physical oddities, the grimaces and antics, the idiosyncracies of personality and sex life that distinguish Extravert Chimpanzees, Gorilla Individualists, Reactionary Orang-Utans, and many others equally interesting.



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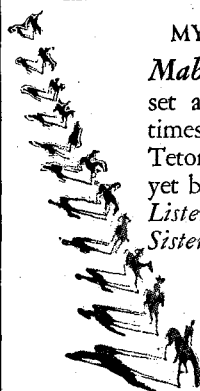
Don't miss these two sparkling biographies that bring back the color of other days. **VICTOR HUGO** (\$3.50), by *Matthew Josephson*, is a brilliant, robust reincarnation of the French superman who was a towering novelist, passionate lover, and champion of liberty. Herbert Gorman, in the N. Y. Times Book Review, says "This is Matthew Josephson's third full-blown biography of a great French writer, and, to this commentator's mind, it is the best." **WILLARD GIBBS: American Genius** (\$3.50), by *Muriel Rukeyser*, tells in flashing prose the life story of the 19th Century Harvard scientist. Clifton Fadiman says enthusiastically, "I have read no other biography that has interested me half as much or from which I have learned one-tenth as much."

MYSTERY OF THE MONTH

Mabel Seeley writes of crime set against the wild and sometimes malevolent beauty of the Teton Mountains. The best novel yet by the famous author of *The Listening House*, *The Crying Sisters*, *The Chuckling Fingers*.

ELEVEN CAME BACK

March Crime Club Selection
Ready March 5th



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"more or less" and this white house set under the shoulder of a hill. Here, though the house was well heated, we felt a chill every time we ventured into the kitchen. It was equipped for summer cooking. Electricity motivates it from wringer to range. Immaculately white, it was as cold as the snow outside. As cold, as once a farmer-gardener put it, as cold as jealousy's kiss. You don't lean over an electric stove to warm your hands. You don't rest your icy feet against its open oven. The kettle cannot purr unwatched. What that newfangled kitchen needed was an old-fashioned stove.

As we found, you don't just go out and buy an old-fashioned coal range; you search for it; you call up junkmen and those who sell secondhand wares; you bother the doddering contemplations of antique dealers. Week-ends of telephoning and routing around the three nearest towns finally revealed only one — an ancient of days heating a warehouse loft. This we brought home and installed where it could shed its warmth. On its broad top we "process" those countless jars of garden truck put up against the winter and brew the ketchup that goes on those Saturday night baked beans. In its

oven are baked the beans and the bread, and its heat has blended the ingredients of our hash.

That venture into hash was an experiment deliberately entered on, to see what changes could be rung with basic foods, granted that corned beef and other leftover meats are basic.

Before the last rationing you could buy hash in cans, already prepared for the heating, but even the best of it seemed to suffer from the cunning of those cooks who will give you a recipe and invariably leave out an essential ingredient. It was the absence of this ingredient that sent us on our quest. We took weekly turns at hash. We entered the mysterious region of herbs and learned the bland savor of mushrooms. The subtleties of thyme and sage revealed themselves, the pungent insistence of mustard and the robust tincture of raw red wine. We discovered the function of chives and parsley, and how far a little garlic casts its beam.

By no means is our quest ended. Many more permutations and combinations still remain to be tried. The way is long, the rationing frustrative, and the stove often cranky. But some day, when we do concoct that gastronomic apotheosis, we shall dress for hash.



Youthful Dragon

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

A YOUNG snake drinking in the August sun
Was surprised to see me, kindled his eyes,
Made a little red flame of his tongue,
And slid away like lacework, being wise.

I had to fight to keep from crushing out
That fire, those running laces with my heel,
The curves of green and brown amazing life
Finer than any patterns in dead steel.

Whoever is responsible for this
Bitter law of hate come down so far
From dim ages better be ashamed
For my wanting to trample on a star.

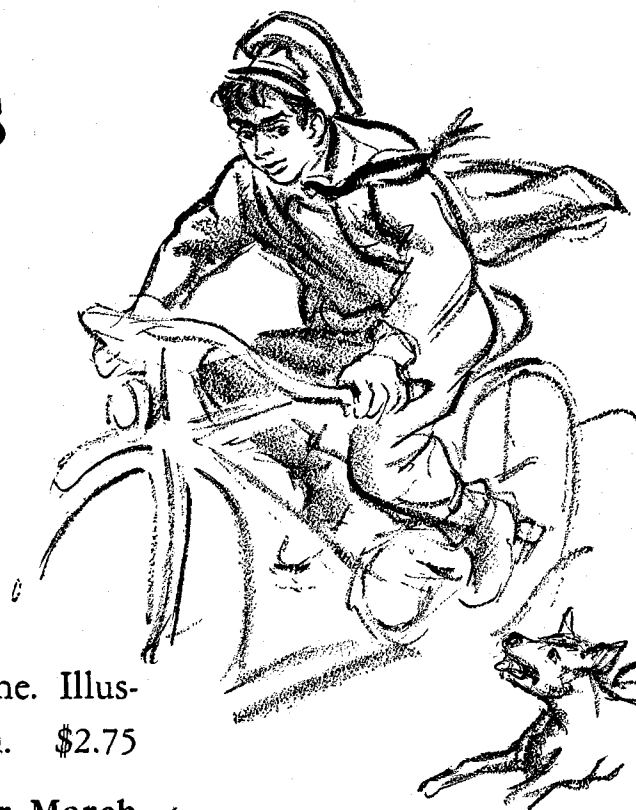
Is it because a motion not his own,
But more like music, makes a man feel lame?
There was a time and place I went like this,
Like serpents, fish, and angels, without shame.

Now the youthful dragon who was brother
To me long ago somewhere or other
Rustles the deep grass and knows his beauty
Frightened me from doing my cruel duty.

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The story of an American family in wartime. Illustrated with many drawings by Don Freeman. \$2.75

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An account of the United Nations' first major landing in Hitler's France by a newspaper man who took part in the attack. \$2.00

by A. B. AUSTIN

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Exploring the Dangerous Trades

The autobiography of
DOCTOR ALICE HAMILTON

THIRTY-TWO YEARS have passed since Dr. Alice Hamilton began her exploration of industrial poisons. From her sheltered childhood in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and her study at Miss Porter's School, she emerged with that scientific bent and that blazing courage which she needed as a pioneer. She took her M.D. at the University of Michigan, did graduate work in Germany and at Johns Hopkins, and then went as an ardent young recruit to Hull-House. Her life at Hull-House gained her the confidence of the immigrant communities and aroused her interest in industrial diseases. Then in 1910 Governor Deneen appointed her to a Commission to investigate white-lead poisoning in Illinois — and her lifework had begun. From the Federal government came a roving commission to explore the other poisonous trades, and off she went to discover the occupational dangers in porcelain enameling and oxide roasting. She fought against silicosis in the zinc and lead mines and in the potteries. She investigated the painter's trades and explored singlehanded the perilous manufacture of high explosives in 1917. Her work, which had now gained international recognition, was beginning to build for the future. . . .

EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES

by ALICE HAMILTON

25

QUICKSILVER was mined in Almadén, Spain, in Roman times, and even then mercurial poisoning was rife among the slaves who worked those mines. Later on, convict labor was used and then free labor, but always there was much sickness among the miners. Since nobody knew how to get rid of the danger, they did the next best thing: they shortened the hours of work. A tradition grew up in these Spanish mines which was still in force when the last published description appeared (in 1921), that eight days of four hours each should constitute a month's work. The same method of protection was introduced as long ago as 1665 in the Austrian mercury mines of Idria in the Upper Isonzo, now Italian. This is said to be the very earliest instance of legislation to deal with the poisonous trades.

One reason why work in the Spanish mines is so dangerous is the presence in the ore of droplets of pure quicksilver. Mercury ore is chiefly red cinnabar — mercury sulphide — which is quite harmless. That is the form in which it is found in most of our mines, in California, Nevada, Texas, Oregon, but there are some in which "the silver runs free," as the miners say. During the First World War, when there was a tremendous demand for mercury fulminate to make detonators for high explosives, these mines were opened for a while, but work in them was so dangerous that they had to be closed down again. I talked with a man who had worked in such a mine in Sonoma County where the silver runs free and the temperature is over 90 degrees. He became severely poisoned after two weeks' exposure.

One of the doctors told me of miners who not only became poisoned themselves but carried home so much quicksilver in their overalls that their wives contracted poisoning through washing the clothes. Drilling for the charge and blasting the rock produces a fine dust which is full of tiny droplets of mercury; these flow together and collect in pools on the floor to be scooped up. The heat vola-

tilizes the mercury so that the air is full of it. They tried working the men in two-hour shifts with two hours off, then another short shift; they provided hot sulphur baths; they posted signs urging the men not to exert themselves too much, but it was all of no avail.

In mercury poisoning there are swelling and pain in the gums and lips, jerking of the limbs, a fine tremor which grows worse the more one tries to control it, and a characteristic psychosis which has been called "erythrism" from the Greek word for red, because of the blushing embarrassment so often seen in the victims. If you try to examine such a man, you find that instead of dwelling on his distressing symptoms, as most nervous persons do, he will make every effort to hold his arms steady, to speak distinctly, and then perhaps he will suddenly fling away, declaring that he won't stand being looked at.

I have seen hatters, who could do their work satisfactorily at the accustomed bench when nobody was noticing them, go to pieces and shake like a leaf if I asked them to stop and show me something. In one of the Oranges I heard of a hatter whose muscles jerked so violently that he could walk to work only if he pushed a baby carriage in front of him, but once his mates had guided him to his sizing bench, he could carry on.

The mental symptoms caused by chronic mercury poisoning have been known for centuries as a feature in the hatters' trade — witness the old phrase "mad as a hatter." Nowadays a mercurial psychosis rarely progresses to actual insanity, but it is bad enough to rob the victim of his zest in life, his contentment, his initiative. His disposition changes — he is depressed and full of fears, of a sense of unworthiness, or he is irritable and easily angered; he will not take orders, he cannot work in peace with others, or he is dull, apathetic, even somnolent. Withdrawal from the poisonous fumes usually brings recovery. Nowadays one rarely sees a serious case of mercurialism even among metallurgists.

This country is the third most important source of mercury in the world, Spain coming first and Italy second. But although there was plenty of opportunity to discover all about our mercury production, especially during the war, I could find in the literature only one reference to mercurialism in California miners and that was from the Eleventh Census Report. Of course I was keen to explore this unknown area and in 1923 I got the chance. Dr. Henry S. Forbes of Boston had become interested in this form of industrial disease and, being struck by the scarcity of information about its occurrence in this country, he offered to finance a study of mining and metallurgy and the making of felt hats, trades in which we should find cases.

So I went out that summer to California, knowing only that I wanted to visit the New Almaden mines in Santa Clara County and those of Idria in San Benito. The first was easy to find, but nobody seemed to know where Idria was — neither the railway people, nor the hotel clerks, nor the automobile association. They all assured me that California's mercury mines were the biggest in the country, which was of course what one would expect of everything in that state, but the nearest to directions I could secure was the advice to get to Fresno and inquire there. I reached Fresno at seven in the morning and hopefully asked the stationmaster where to find the mines. "Well now," he said, "I ought to know. They use this station all the time, but I never thought to ask them how they get here. The best thing you can do is to take a taxi. I'll find you a good man, and see if he can't find the way." The taxi man was willing but hazy and we traveled till nightfall before we found Idria, which was really only seventy miles from the station by the right road.

It was a wonderful drive over mountain and desert — only it was not really desert. My driver resented my calling it that. "Why, this is pretty good land," he said. "Forty acres will feed one head of cattle." I was just as stupid about recognizing highways. Our directions at the last ranch — they were miles apart — would be "when the road forks keep to the highway." Then when we came to the fork, one road would have the tracks of two cars, the other of only one. We decided that the two-car road must be the highway and followed it. We were almost twelve hours finding Idria.

I had assumed that there would be at least a small commercial hotel where I could spend the night, but the young engineer-manager who came to meet me was overwhelmed at the suggestion. "I'm so sorry," he said. "There are only three

American houses here — mine, the storekeeper's, and the doctor's. I'd love to invite you to my house, but my wife has gone to the rodeo in Stockton" — and he paused uncertainly. I told him that I was old enough to be his mother, needed no chaperon, and would be glad to accept his hospitality. He brightened at that and said we should have supper with the storekeeper's wife and breakfast too, so all was settled.

They were an intimate group at supper that night, like a little colony of aliens in a strange land, for the miners were Mexicans or California Spaniards and there was no settlement near-by. They were very likable and glad to talk and I learned a great deal about mining and ore reducing and mercurialism. I learned that it takes only a moderate heat (less than 400° centigrade) to reduce the ore and get quicksilver. Therefore it is risky for a man to handle his tobacco, to roll his cigarettes; for if ore dust is on his hands and gets into the tobacco, the heat will free the quicksilver and then volatilize it. Spanish miners insist on doing this and Americans always advise them to take to chewing tobacco instead. I learned also that the metallurgical works are always close to the mines because it is much cheaper to get the quicksilver out and ship it in flasks than to transport the ore.

Many curious stories were told me about this fascinating metal. It can penetrate anything — iron, vitreous tiles, firebrick, and, of course, wood. It has been found thirty feet down under an old furnace; and all the wooden floors and the condensers have to be torn up and put through the furnace sooner or later. Mercury begins to volatilize at about 40° Fahrenheit, so that it is impossible to keep the air clean unless all the work is done in an airtight apparatus — and this is simply impossible.

I saw plenty of opportunity for poisoning when I went over the premises the next day, and my talks with the men brought out many stories of cases, most of them in men who had had to quit because they did not know how to protect themselves or were oversusceptible. The experienced men were very careful to have their working clothes washed often and never to wear them home, not even the cap. When they felt an attack coming on — usually soreness of the mouth was the warning symptom — they would ask to be transferred to the mine for a spell to "sweat it out." Fortunately the buildings of these California recovery works are very open, some of them mere sheds, so that the dangerous fumes are diluted. But furnace doors must be opened to feed in the charge, condensers

are rarely completely fume-tight and they must be cleaned out once in so often because the fumes from the furnace carry soot as well as quicksilver and it must be treated to get the metal out. Even filling the flasks for transport is not free from danger.

The making of electrical apparatus and of mercury lamps requires the use of mercury, and of course much is used in laboratories; in fact, laboratory technicians are often exposed to dangerous fumes because of careless spilling of quicksilver on benches and floors. I had a curious experience, which showed the penetrating power of this metal, in a large factory for electrical supplies. On the second floor I had seen a process that required fairly large quantities of quicksilver and I had warned the manager of the danger of having a wooden floor in that room. Then I went downstairs to see, right under this room, the shower baths for the women employees. At the door I met the matron carrying a piece of stiff paper with a big globule of quicksilver on it. I asked her where it came from. "Off the floor," she said. "Don't ask me how it gets here from that room upstairs. All I know is I find some every morning and I scoop it up and carry it back to them."

In one such plant, the Cooper-Hewitt, which makes mercury lamps in New Jersey, I saw what appeared to be complete protection for the workers against poisonous fumes. The apparatus is closed and every precaution is taken against the escape of mercury — but all the same a man sweeps the smooth linoleum floor all day long with a soft brush, and every day the workers are looked over by a nurse, to detect the first sign of a sore mouth.

None of the other mercury-using trades is so interesting as mining and recovery. The most important one, if we consider the quantity used, is making mercury fulminate, which I had already studied among the explosives. Next to that, I believe, comes the making of felt hats. Real felt, as distinguished from wool felt, is made from the soft fine hairs of animal skins, chiefly rabbit skins — those soft hairs you see when you brush back the surface coarse hairs. The legend is that St. Clement the Roman, who is the patron saint of felt hatters, once on a pilgrimage lined his sandals with fine hairs to ease his feet and that the heat and sweat and pressure produced a sole of firm felt. Those are the factors still used in making felt.

Making felt means matting fine hairs together and shrinking and pressing them till the mat is firm and hard. How early the acid nitrate of mercury was introduced to help the process I have not been able to discover, but we know that in the seven-

teenth century this method of preparing skins for felting was a secret of French Huguenot hatters. When they were driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they carried the secret to England and for almost a century thereafter the French were dependent on England for their felt. In France the mercurial fluid is still called *le secrét*, the process is *secrétage*, the workers are *secréteurs*. But in English-speaking countries the term "carrot" is used, because the pelts take on a carrotty yellow color, and we speak of "carroters" and "carroting."

The function of the carrot is to make the hairs of fur limp and twisted and rough, which renders felting easier. As soon as the long hairs have been removed (by hand plucking in Europe, by machine shaving in this country) the carroters brush the pelt with the mercury solution and from then on, through all the complicated process, mercury is slowly given off, until the finished hat is practically free from it.

I saw in Russia the primitive method of felting, still used in the Orient. A pile of loose fur, cut from the skin by hand, lies beside a cone-shaped form. The hatter fills his mouth with water, strikes a bowstring, the vibrations of which blow fur into the air, and as it settles on the cone he squirts water over it from the corner of his mouth, presses it gently with a moist cloth, and carries on till the cone is covered with a thick layer. This is what we now do through a series of complicated machines. Nevertheless, hand work does persist somewhat. The hand-plucked pelts are still considered the best, and, although one finds sizing machines widely used, the most expensive hats are sized by hand. Sizing means shrinking the soft, floppy cone down to the proper size and thickness, which is done by repeated plunging in hot water and kneading and pressing.

After the First World War a change for the worse came in the hatters' trade and serious cases of mercury poisoning reappeared. This was because in every country very cheap felt hats were made, and that means using all sorts of shoddy mixed with a little real fur: to make felt of it the carroting fluid must be much stronger. Not long ago I saw a New Jersey hatter who had worked for years in an excellent factory and had never been ill, but then a branch was opened for making cheap felt, and after only eighteen months there he was poisoned. When I saw him he was helpless; the least disturbance or effort would start arms and legs jerking violently, and he was so ashamed of his want of control that the tears ran down his cheeks as he talked to me. It is certainly one of the most distressing of the industrial diseases.

There have been many efforts made to get rid of mercury in the making of felt hats, especially in France, and a number of chemicals have been found which act on fur much as mercury nitrate does. But the use of the latter is completely entrenched in the industry — all the processes, all the timing, the different temperatures, the periods of ripening, are based on the use of mercury carot. I was always told that to give it up would be to revolutionize the methods. Only in Russia did I see felt made without mercury. There, before the Revolution, this was a home industry and there was a shocking amount of poisoning, family poisoning really, in those peasant homes. Now they use caustic potash. The felt they showed me was pretty stiff and ugly, but when I said so I was told severely that in Soviet Russia human lives were more precious than pretty hats. I felt justly rebuked.

That was in 1924. Now, some seventeen years later, what we thought was impossible is taking place here in this country. American manufacturers of felt hats are about to give up the use of nitrate of mercury and substitute some non-poisonous carotting fluid. This great reform must be put to the credit of the industrialists themselves and of the Division of Industrial Hygiene in the Public Health Service and the Connecticut Bureau of Occupational Diseases. So one more poisonous trade promises soon to pass over the border into the safe trades.

26

One of the most striking results of the Second World War is the change in our attitude toward narrow nationalism, and the general acceptance of the fact that after this war some kind of international organization must emerge. Surely, among the first tasks that will face such an organization will be the control of epidemics and the restoration of public health service, and that is why I wish to describe briefly the way this work was carried on between the two great wars.

In 1924 two very exciting things happened to me — the first, an invitation from the Public Health Service of Soviet Russia to visit that country and see what they were doing in the way of industrial hygiene; the other, my appointment by the Council of the League of Nations to the Health Committee of the League. I accepted both eagerly and in the fall of that year I went to Geneva.

The Covenant of the League had made provisions for an international commission of medical experts which the Council of the League was to appoint, for they knew well that of the pressing problems facing Europe in 1919 none was more urgent than

that presented by the epidemics which had invaded Russia and were threatening that vague line separating Poland and the Baltic States from Russia; and the strict sanitary cordon which Germany had maintained during the war had broken down. Across the boundaries everywhere, returning soldiers and refugees were pouring, most of them diseased and half starved, and there was an appalling dearth of doctors and nurses, many having died in epidemics. There were no medical supplies, no disinfectants, no soap even.

I was full of eagerness to see the League and to meet the group of eminent experts from all over the world, but I did not look for anything exciting in the meetings, where I should probably have to hear reports, largely statistical, sent in by health inspectors, with all the human interest carefully deleted. But from the very first meeting I found myself in for an extremely interesting experience.

Through all the discussions, especially of plans for future activities, the Health Committee was faced with the difficulty of finding physicians and sanitary engineers adequately trained for public health work. Here again the Rockefeller Foundation stepped in and furnished traveling fellowships for men and women who were to be selected by their governments and sent to whatever country offered the best instruction in the particular field to be studied, the students pledging themselves to return home and enter the public health service. I had a number of these men and women in my classes at Harvard and it was a pleasure to teach them, for they were so eager to learn. I remember one class which had representatives of thirteen different nationalities, among them a Chinese, the ablest of them all. He told me of the appalling need of public health work in his country where, for over 400,000,000 people, there were only some 4000 doctors trained in Western medicine, and almost all were in the coastal cities. He was not the only student who gave me a picture of primitive conditions. When I asked a Serbian what was the most pressing public health problem in his country he replied, hydrophobia from the bites of dogs who had been bitten by rabid wolves.

In addition to the program for the training of public health experts, that 1924 meeting saw the inception of a great scheme to obtain and broadcast all information concerning the outbreak of epidemics. Never had it been possible to make governments exchange this sort of information; on the contrary, every effort had always been made to conceal an outbreak of cholera, plague, typhus, smallpox. People of my generation will remember

the time when California refused to recognize an epidemic of bubonic plague, lest tourist and real-estate interests suffer, so that Washington had to send William Welch and Simon Flexner out to the Coast with authority to deal with the situation.

That had been the way all the countries had acted, but suddenly, perhaps because of the terrible experiences during the war, that form of isolationism broke down and the governments of the Asiatic countries as well as the European, and our own for the Philippines and the Canal Zone, agreed to exchange as promptly as possible all information concerning the five epidemic diseases, cholera, typhus, smallpox, bubonic plague, and yellow fever. In later years others were added — encephalitis, meningitis, infantile paralysis, influenza. Singapore was selected as the center for these reports, which came from Vladivostok on the north to the Southern Archipelago and from Suez on the east to the Canal Zone, and were transmitted from Singapore by wireless to public health stations everywhere. In this way, an outbreak of cholera or plague in a remote part of China or India could be broadcast all over the world. The monthly printed reports used to come to me regularly. It is tragic to think that all that service is now at an end.

The League of Nations was in principle an international organization devoted to the welfare of all, but nationalism is deep-rooted, and "sacred egoism" is to most "patriots" the first duty. I went to some meetings of the Opium Control Committee and I met some members of the Committee on the White Slave Traffic, and in both it was only too clear that certain delegates had the interests of their countries in mind far more than the welfare of the whole world. They could not forget that they represented their countries and must defend national interests.

But when I entered the great room where the Health Committee met I could breathe at once a different air. For here nobody represented his government; all had been chosen on the basis of their scientific standing, and all were working for the control of disease no matter where. Countries were rated only according to their need for help or their ability to give help. Those nations which had received help understood its importance and when, in 1928, England, under Sir Austen Chamberlain, began to sabotage the League and attempted to cut the budget of the Health Committee, a storm of protest arose, especially from the countries of South America and the Far East. These delegates said that the only activity of the League their people knew anything about was the health work. The budget was saved.

The Health Committee still exists though it has not met since the autumn of 1939. There are still some four or five members of the Secretariat left in Geneva, and epidemiological reports were still sent from Singapore to Geneva and from Geneva to the United States up to December 7, 1941. Then that last international service ceased.

But it will be restored some day. The task that will face us after this war will be far, far heavier and more widespread than in 1919. When the First World War ended we discovered the ravages that starvation had caused in Germany and Austria. But what shall we find in Poland, Greece, and Spain? Indeed almost all of Europe has suffered as much from lack of food as did Germany and Austria under what we then called the greatest mass starvation the civilized world had ever known. If Serbia and Montenegro were typhus-ridden then, they must be so now, and to them are added the Baltic States and Poland, and probably Rumania.

We know much less now about life in the conquered countries than we knew in the First World War, but it is not hard to imagine the plight of refugees who have spread over all the face of Europe and much of Asia. We need only think back to Greece after the Turkish war, when the hordes of Near Eastern Greeks and Armenians were driven into that little country, and then multiply that number by hundreds of thousands in country after country. But we know that the task that will face us can be done; we can point to the work of the Health Committee of the League of Nations as a proof, and we can go forward on the path it blazed.

27

In the summer of 1924, as I have said, I received an invitation to visit Russia. It came from Dr. Kalina of the Department of Health, writing on behalf of the chief of that department, Semaschko, who wished me to make a personal survey of what Soviet Russia was doing in industrial hygiene. This was a very tempting invitation. Russia was still a land of mystery and terror; few outsiders had come back with descriptions of it which one could accept without question, for if they were not uncritically enthusiastic, they were uncritically condemning. It seemed to me unfair to expect much from a country which had gone through what Russia had — seven years of war, foreign and civil, and the complete destruction of her social system and her commercial relations with the outside world. We did not think it strange that the South took years to recover from a like experience which was far less deep-reaching and prolonged.

So I was prepared to view tolerantly a great deal of inefficiency and did not expect to find industrial medicine on a high plane. But the chance to visit the factories and to see for myself what life there was really like attracted me enormously. I had not the courage, however, to go alone; I persuaded three friends to come with me, three whom I could describe to Semaschko as "experts in social administration": Mabel Kittredge, who started the housekeeping centers of the public schools in New York City and was connected for years with the public school lunches; Edith Hilles, who was working with a fruit raisers' cooperative in Pennsylvania; and Louise Lewis, who lived at the Light-house Settlement in Philadelphia and had specialized in work for the unemployed. We decided to go in the fall, when I was due to go to Geneva for the meeting of the League of Nations Health Committee, whose work I have just described.

Our country did not then — nor for years after — recognize Soviet Russia. Americans who wished to enter that country had to get visas from a Russian embassy in one of the European countries which did recognize it. We decided on Warsaw, and as soon as my work in Geneva was over, we journeyed to that city via Berlin. Dr. Rajchman, the Polish director of the Geneva office of the Health Committee, had been very much interested in our venture. He strongly advised us to join the Quaker groups in Russia. "You will find," he said, "that they are the only foreigners the Russians trust. There were several foreign groups who went in to help during the great famine of 1921, but though they did wonders in feeding the children, especially the American Relief Administration, the Russians never believed they were disinterested. They thought these people had come to spy out the land and report its weaknesses. But they trust the Quakers."

It was a long journey from Berlin to Warsaw. We left in the evening. I woke early and watched from the window the sunrise over that great, sad Polish plain that the Tharauds describe in *L'Ombre de la Croix*. The shadow of the Cross was often to be seen, a great wooden cross, so poor it was not even painted, but very high, towering over the roadside. It was a poor land, sandy to the west, with scrubby pine trees, miserable little farms with too many people to a field, working barefoot and in rags. It made me think of the West Country in Ireland for poverty, but it must have been partly the result of war, for we saw old trenches and ruined houses only half rebuilt. It was perfectly flat, marshes here and there, no forests, nothing.

Then farther east the land grew better and there were big estates, well farmed, even with machinery and grand houses surrounded by trees. The big estates had not been partitioned in Poland; partition had been promised but the aristocracy fought it bitterly and successfully.

We went to the Hotel Bristol, an amusing mixture of attempted gorgeousness and actual shabbiness and primitiveness — plenty of plush curtains but filthy rags on the floor, broken, chipped tableware on the breakfast tray, pillowcases for towels when the latter gave out, and a water supply which consisted of a tap out in the gilded corridor.

We went at once to call on the Quakers and met there a Russian-Polish refugee, a Pani Jagman (*Pani* is "Madame"), who took us completely under her wing for the whole week, which meant that we met many Polish people informally and saw everything we were interested in. The Poles were very friendly and all of them spoke some language besides Polish, sometimes skipping from French into German into English and back again.

The day after our arrival I had to present my letters to the Minister of Health and of Labor, and then go all over the building of the Hygienic Laboratory and meet every single man and woman and look at every rabbit. By two o'clock my face was stiff from smiling and making polite speeches. But they were really dears, especially Wrodzinski, the Minister of Health. The men were mostly American-trained, and the Rockefeller Institute had helped them to put up a fine building, the first effort of the new government. I got a deep impression of their eagerness to make their country fine and the equal of others, to do all the things that civilized countries do but that Russia never let them do. They were struggling with such overwhelming problems, with malaria and tuberculosis, which had never even been studied in Poland, and typhus on the Russian border, and typhoid in Lodz, where with half a million people there was no sewage system and only wells and rain water.

It took us a week in Warsaw to get our visas, and Warsaw was a trying place for Americans. For breakfast we had very poor coffee with milk, and rolls, and butter which we usually could not eat. By eleven o'clock we were hungry but we could not get a real meal before two, when apparently one was supposed to eat enough to last for the whole twenty-four hours. The food was abundant — but it did not last for twenty-four hours, and suppers were very late and unsatisfactory.

In the restaurant we frequented was a man who sat in the same corner each day and I could not help watching him. He had the face of one who

has been through hell and bears the marks thereof, and I wondered what his life had been. So I was much interested when I met him at a coffee party in the house of one of our Polish acquaintances. He told me that he had been professor of astronomy in the University of Tiflis. One evening when he was working in the observatory he heard a tap on the window. He guessed that it was one of the political suspects whom he, like many of the intellectuals, often helped to hide.

When he opened the door he found he was right. The man was a Georgian, swarthy, heavily built, secretive, asking for shelter for a short time but saying nothing about himself. He worked in the laboratory for a month, then disappeared as silently as he had come. "That was Dzugashvili, Stalin," the professor said. "Why then," I exclaimed, "if he is under such obligation to you, surely you can appeal to him and get permission to return to the university." He smiled and shook his head. "You do not know him," he said. "Nobody who knows Stalin would ever appeal to him on personal grounds or expect him to feel gratitude."

The professor had fled at the beginning of the Kerensky revolution, when the hordes of returning soldiers roamed through the country, pillaging and murdering. It was that experience, with its horrors which he would not speak of, that had left that look on his face.

When finally word came that our visas were in order and we might take the train for Moscow, we had only a few hours in which to get photographed and to make out pages of "protocol" in Russian. The photographer was almost hysterical when confronted with the job of producing ten prints of each of us in three hours' time and kept repeating, "This is not America. We do not work that way." The porter at the hotel undertook to make out our papers in Russian and that was a terrible job, for his English was not what he claimed it was. The greatest difficulty came with our fathers' Christian names — always a matter of such crucial importance in Europe. Louise Lewis's gave no trouble. Lawrence is a saint's name and known in all lands, but Edith Hilles's Allen, Mabel Kittredge's Abbott, and my Montgomery were too much for him and I don't know what he really wrote down. We made the train, however, and the next evening we reached the Russian border.

It is amusing to look back on that entrance into Russia, which was even more exciting and frightening than the visit to occupied Belgium in 1915 because it was much more unknown — none of us had ever been there, none of us could speak the

language — and for the first time we should be outside the protection of our own government. There would be nobody to appeal to, nobody to defend us if we got into trouble — only the Quakers. We clung to the thought of the Quakers.

Russia in 1924 was so unlike the Russia under the Five-Year Plan and the Russia of today that in later years when I have heard returning travelers describe what they saw, I have felt that it was not the same country. At that time Russia was still suffering from the "imperialist" war, the civil wars, the war against Poland, and the great famine; it was struggling, not very efficiently, to start up industry and to get the people housed and fed, but everything was fairly chaotic and the Russians admitted it with a humility that was disarming.

They believed that, since we were Americans, we had never seen anything but the most highly mechanized processes, and when I said that in my Connecticut home oxen were still used to plow and harrow, they smiled incredulously and said I was very kind. They told us a humorous story that was going around Moscow, about the Commission for the Electrification of All Russia, which bore on its office door the notice, "Please knock. The electric bell does not work." Where I had expected defiance and a Martin Chuzzlewit kind of bragging, I met rarely anything but this engaging self-deprecation. Dr. William Thayer, who went over during the Kerensky regime, told me he had the same experience, but judging from the reports I have heard since then, all that has passed away.

When one lives with a Quaker relief group one does not "live soft." We were four in one fairly large room, with four army cots, one tin washbasin, and a great porcelain stove which served as chimney for the stove on the first floor and was always warmish, so that one could thaw out one's hands against it and dry one's towel. Even in October Moscow was bleak and cold and I remember no sunny days. There was, however, one warm room, which served as living room and dining room, and there we could have an open fire of birchwood. All Moscow was heated with wood; we saw great piles of it around the buildings of the Kremlin. As for food, I can remember only that I was hungry a good deal of the time, that I got the most satisfaction out of the heavy, damp, strong-tasting black bread, that *kasha*, a queer sort of cereal, was rather horrid; but most of all, I remember that the tea was not tea and the coffee was not coffee.

Our host was a most likable young Englishman, Edward Balls, the only Quaker left in Moscow, though there were still a few in the famine districts

beyond the Volga. Later on, Dr. Effie Graef, an American, came back from the Volga region and added much to our little household. Our housekeeper was a gracious lady of the old regime, who spoke of her position with great thankfulness and said nothing at all about any trials she had been through before she came to the Quakers. Mr. Balls, however, told us that she was just back from Siberia, where she had gone to visit her exiled daughter.

The girl, only eighteen years old, had been arrested because she was frequenting the British Trade Commission, going there on Sunday afternoons to tea dances to which the young men invited these girls of the former aristocracy. The charge against her was "unconscious espionage," which seems quite impossible to refute, and she was exiled to Siberia, to some village which must not have a school higher than a primary. This sort of sentence was quite common, apparently to guard against any contact with the intelligentsia. The poor mother could not share her daughter's exile, for they would have had nothing to live on, but her old peasant nurse went with the girl, back to her own Siberian village, where it would be easiest to look out for her.

That first evening we had two interesting visitors. One was a tall, distinguished-looking Englishman dressed in the very becoming Russian clothes which our host also had adopted, for comfort and ease: a Russian blouse of black velvet, buttoned high around the throat and belted at the waist, high leather boots, and a flowing cape instead of overcoat. His name was Wickstead and he was a passionate devotee of Soviet Russia. "It is the only country in which life is really free," he said. We gasped at that. Mr. Balls had just finished a long speech of caution, warning us that each would have her spy following and reporting; that careless words, even in English, might cause grave danger to others, if not to ourselves; that we must walk on eggs always.

"Oh well," said Mr. Wickstead, "if you are thinking of politics, all right, but I care nothing for politics. The Russian mind is so open and free from inhibitions that talk about real things can be freer than anywhere else. If I should go into my club in London and ask a member what he thought about immortality, for instance, he would simply stare at me and think me mad. Here you cannot get off a theory so preposterous that the Russian will reject it. He will say, 'Now that is strange. I have never heard of such a thing. Let's sit down and discuss it.' And look at the freedom of social life. If in England I am asked to dinner and accept I

must remember to go that particular night whether I feel like it or not, and I must be on time. Here I can go or not and at the hour I please. Ten chances to one my hostess has forgotten she asked me, and the meal is never on time."

The other visitor was a Russian, a man who had worked with the Quakers during the famine, acting as interpreter and liaison man with the government. I asked him if he was a Party member. "Not at present," he said. "I have been expelled but I hope to win my way back." "Should I be impertinent if I asked you why you were expelled?" "No, I can tell you that. It was for disobedience to orders. I was in the Volga region, at the height of the famine, when a summons came for me to return to Moscow. But the Quakers simply could not spare me. Few of them spoke any Russian. I was urgently needed, so I disobeyed the order, and for that I was expelled." "Was the job in Moscow very urgent?" I asked. "Not at all," he said. "The summons was just a bureaucratic blunder. But," he went on very seriously, "you see I followed my own judgment, and that one must not do. One must bow always to the decision of the Party." "Even if you believe it to be wrong?" I asked. "Even then. Indeed a Communist must rejoice to sacrifice his own judgment and his own will to that of the Party."

The days in Moscow were bewildering, exciting, exhausting. Since neither Mr. Balls nor our Russian guides ever thought of taking a cab — the funny little horse cabs with their bearded *istvostchiks* in enormous overcoats were the only remnant left of Czarist Russia — and since the streetcars were usually full up, we tramped for hours over cobblestones slippery with mud. The first thing that struck us in the streets was the contrast with Warsaw, for here in Moscow we saw neither wealth nor abject poverty, except for the spectacular beggars, old men and women looking as if they were made up for the stage. The crowds were uniformly shabby, the women hatless, the men in Russian blouses, but they were much more warmly dressed than the poor in Poland and they looked well-fed.

We had come fully expecting to find everything topsy-turvy, but all the same it was exciting to see the beautiful Galitzin Palace turned into a Museum of Safety and the great white marble Noblemen's Club housing the trade-unions. We were taken to the Red Square and joined the procession of the faithful who were worshipping at Lenin's tomb, among them a crowd of awe-struck school children, shepherded by their teachers. We visited schools and told each other we must not be critical if much

that we saw was crude and even ridiculous. To try to carry out John Dewey's theories with no equipment and with only ignorant young Bolsheviks or bewildered elderly White Russians for teachers could not produce anything but a queer mess.

I felt, as I visited the schools, that I was witnessing the birth of a new religion. Everywhere, from kindergarten to medical school, each room must have its Lenin corner, containing usually a red-covered altar with a picture or bust of Lenin, and with various "Thus spake Lenin" texts on the wall. For the little children the altar had a picture of the child Lenin and often a vase of flowers standing before it. Under the Czar, children had been taken to church; now they were taken to Lenin's tomb — not once only, but again and again.

I also saw the birth of a new aristocracy. We visited a school which formerly had taken only the daughters of the nobility; when we were there it took the children of Party members, and among them I found a ten-year-old girl whom I had known at Hull-House, the daughter of a very interesting Russian refugee. "How do you happen to be in this school, Sonya?" I asked. "They told me only Party members' children were admitted and your mother tells me she is not yet a member." "But I am an exception," replied Sonya. "You see, Mother was a hard-labor convict; she assassinated the Governor, so I can come to the school without waiting for her to be admitted to the Party." After all, the basis for this new aristocracy is not essentially different from that of the old regime. It is only more recent.

Moscow was terribly overcrowded. There were no new buildings to house the great influx of people since the Revolution, and though the houses and apartments of the Whites had been taken over and divided among the workers, there were not nearly enough and the government was rationing space very strictly. A commissar came to measure our bedroom — characteristically he did it with a tape measure instead of a yardstick — and if he had found it too large for four, we should have been obliged to put in a fifth cot for Dasha, our heavy-footed housemaid. Luckily he found we had a little less space than we were entitled to. In a way it was curiously satisfactory to be able to feel, for the first — and last — time in my life, that I was no better off than anyone else.

The Minister of Health, Semaschko, was a big, ruddy, pleasant-mannered Russian. He knew no word of any language but his own, and he passed me on to two German-trained and German-speaking Jewish doctors, Guelman and Gilewitch, who were very good to me and showed me hospitals and fac-

tories. There were not many of the latter to interest me, but I saw some excellent, newly equipped rubber and electrical works, and some old, primitive textile mills. Pottery, felt hats, paint grinding, were still largely home industries carried on by peasants during the winter months, and there was no eagerness to show me that sort of work. The most impressive sight was the Obuch Institute, the first hospital in the world devoted to occupational diseases only, with seventy-five beds, five laboratories, and a staff of thirteen physicians. They told me that Leningrad and Kharkov had similar institutions. Indeed, it seemed to me that there was more industrial hygiene in Russia than industry.

My guides were deeply absorbed in their work and enthusiastic over it. As we tramped over the cobblestones or sat in tramcars I learned a good deal about the life of a physician in Russia. They were both frankly shabby — Dr. Gilewitch's overcoat was fastened with a safety pin and he was literally "on his uppers." But he had what an American doctor does not have, independence of money, for in Russia money does not spell success. The Russian doctor has no need to sacrifice the research work he loves and go into practice in order to make more money for his family; he does not need to have an office on a good street, drive an expensive car, send his children to private schools, carry a heavy life insurance — he is free from all those compulsions. And though he lives in scant comfort, he knows that if he breaks down, or his wife or child is ill, the best sanatoria and rest homes in the country are open to him. Above all, he is free from the drive of competition.

I looked with a little envy at the women doctors, for never before had I been in a country where men and women in medicine are absolutely equal. The head of the best hospital in Moscow, the one devoted primarily to textile workers, was a tall, blonde woman who had a mixed staff under her. The Medical School was full of girl students and I have been told since then that some 70 per cent of the graduates now are women. The Russians say women are readier to take up the hard life in the villages than men, and that they are for the most part interested in practical medicine, not research. Russia needs practicing physicians far more than pure scientists.

The Obuch Institute had already begun to make routine examinations of groups of workers exposed to certain dangers, and at that time they happened to be working on the men who handled benzol in a rubber factory. The men would pass the night in the hospital so that all the tests could be made without any interruption of their work.

I recalled an incident which had happened just before I left home on this trip. Some cases of severe

benzol poisoning had occurred in a Massachusetts city, in men applying a coating to patent leather. I was very keen to study them, to discover just what conditions had caused the trouble, but it was impossible. The employer was hurt and indignant at the implication that his plant was at fault, the company doctor was secretive. The hospital, which at first was eager to help me, suddenly drew back after being notified by the insurance company that if any information was given out, their cases would thereafter be sent to another hospital. In Russia, worker, employer, doctor, insurance carrier, were responsible to the government only.

Madame Rykova, the wife of the then Premier, took me to see some of the eighteen centers for the treatment of tuberculosis. It was the only time I traveled in a really good automobile in Russia. Dr. Guelman once drove me in a patched-up Ford, the two front doors of which were tied together with a clothesline to keep them shut. The tuberculosis dispensaries were excellent; they deserved to be copied widely. They were for ambulatory patients, men and women still able to work, who would come for a two-hour midday pause. There they had a nourishing meal and a siesta on an open porch, and then again at night they came for a good meal and a bath. They slept in great white bearskin sleeping bags in a ward with open windows.

Moscow's industries were for the most part more interesting to the student of personnel management and general factory hygiene than to a specialist in poisons, and my friends found a great many things to interest them while I was hunting for lead and benzol. It was a surprise to us all to find that the piece-work system was in force everywhere, as it is not in capitalist countries. We were told frankly that if he were paid by the day, the Russian would not work. Probably now it is quite different, but in those days Russian factories had none of the ordinary comforts one expects to find — proper seats for women at work, rest rooms, a pause for lunch in the seven-hour day. When we spoke of this last, we were told that no break in the working day was needed; the women did not get tired as they would under a capitalistic system, for they were working for their own benefit.

Our evenings we spent at the opera, or ballet, or theater. Lunacharsky was keeping up the Czarist traditions in the arts and we saw beautiful ballets and heard good music. We might have seen the Moscow Art Theatre but chose instead Meyerhold's, as something we could not hope to see at home. They were giving Revolutionary plays, most hilarious for us, though the audience took them seriously.

There was much satire about the bourgeois nations who were repeatedly taken off, especially the Poles and the Americans. The former would be shown in medieval costume, bowing and kissing the ring of a prelate, or reciting poems with great fervor to ladies who swooned with emotion. Our countrymen were instantly recognizable; they wore tortoise-shell spectacles and high, shining collars, and were constantly having their shoes shined by little bootblacks. They sat in enormous rocking chairs with a telephone in each hand, and plotted the destruction of Soviet Russia. The women tilted across the stage in high-heeled slippers and rifled the men's pockets.

One American woman who came to see us several times made a rather dreadful impression on me. She was the first one of that class of American Communists whom I came to know later at home, who are ready to go to any lengths for the sake of "the Cause." One evening we got to discussing the universal espionage and I said Russia could never hope to have a united people till she got rid of it and restored people's trust in each other, that mutual suspicion and mutual betrayal spoiled human relations. She insisted it was necessary.

"But," I said, "don't you value at all a sense of honor, respect for truth-telling, loyalty?"

She smiled in a pitying way. "Petty bourgeois ideology," she said.

"And you are not revolted at all by the cruelty, the midnight arrests, the shooting, without real trials, of hundreds?"

"Certainly not," she said. "The one question I ask is, 'Does that help the Party?' If it does, it is right; if not, it is wrong." She was a beautiful creature, with gold-red hair and a profile like Duse's, but I found her a horror.

After a fortnight we decided that we must see more of the country than only Moscow, so we separated. Louise Lewis and Edith Hilles went to Leningrad and Kiev, while Mabel Kittredge and I accepted Mr. Balls's offer to pilot us to the Quaker stations near the Siberian border.

We left with Mr. Balls at noon, and I was a little disconcerted to find that we three were in one compartment with two lower berths and two which could be made into uppers, but Mabel Kittredge said she had often traveled that way in France during the war and it was perfectly easy. I must say that it was. Of course it was not what we should call a real sleeper. It was "traveling soft" — that is, the seats were cushioned, but nothing else and not much of that. There was a filthy little table which was also a stepladder for the upper berth, and a box for a candle which was lighted about an hour

after dark and went out some time after midnight.

We had a lunch basket, well stocked by Dr. Graef in Moscow, and every now and then when the train stopped we would pile out with all the others and run to a hot-water spout and fill our teapot and drink more tasteless Russian tea. We spread our food on a clean towel and used the unconsumed tea for dishwater. It was squalid, but nothing to the squalor of the toilet room. I thought of the grand Institute of Sanitary Hygiene where they were doing research on germs, and wished they would tackle some simpler and more immediate problem.

At eleven o'clock the next night we reached Buzuluk, the center for the Quaker famine work, and Mr. Balls left us, for it had been arranged that we should keep on three hours more to one of the villages, where Alice Davis was keeping open one of the Quaker centers. I had not felt so young and timid in almost half a century as I did when he left us and two young Red soldiers came in to occupy the other two berths. They were nice boys and went to sleep at once, but we spent a rather long three hours, trying not to wonder what we should do if Alice Davis had not got the telegram and was not there to meet us. I kept dozing off and waking in a panic thinking I had forgotten the name of the town, which is none too easy, Sorotchinskoi, with the accent on the "rot."

The conductor, however, came to put us off, and there on the platform with a lantern was Alice Davis in a great fur coat and cap. She explained that her Ford was out of order but she had brought the cart. She piloted us out to a country cart filled with straw covered with burlap and we swung ourselves up and sat flat, with our feet out, and bounced along to the village, two miles away, a scattering of brown mounds with a vast space which was called a street.

Presently we entered a courtyard, a door opened, and we entered a lovely little house — clean and white and empty and warm and sweet, after dark, stuffy, crowded, untidy Moscow. The big white stove was warm and a samovar was humming and Alice Davis's Russian friend and housemate, Nadezhda Victorovna Danilewska, was there. She was of the old regime and had her own tragic story, which I heard later. They gave us tea and we went to bed in narrow wooden beds, with ropes for springs, but heavenly comfortable after the shelves in the train. The wind howled all night and I kept dreaming of wolves, for there are many around these villages and it seemed just the night for them.

The next morning we had breakfast at a white deal table scrubbed till the surface was silver, and we drank real coffee, wonderful after the roasted

wheat we had in Moscow. As we ate, the village priest was shown in, a gentle man who asked for help to send a blind child to Orenburg for operation. Alice Davis promised it to him. She worked with all of them — with the Soviet, giving a ration of fats to the hospital and of food and clothing to the children's home, with the Central Health Department by maintaining the malaria clinic, and even with the Tartars, for she found them worshipping in a mosque where all the windows were broken during the famine. She gave them new ones because the poor things got pneumonia or a relapse of malaria, and they had to pray. She had a dozen villages under her, where she supervised malaria work, and she raised cabbages and carrots and potatoes for her child feeding. She ran three tractors. A fourth tractor she had had harnessed to mill machinery which cleaned millet and ground sunflower seed for the villages.

She took us to the children's home where we found a sickly-looking youth with fanatic blue eyes instructing the youngsters in "political knowledge." He was a young Communist and as such his duty was to go to schools and orphanages and teach Bolshevik doctrine. Then we went to the school, across mud such as I have never seen. It was black, soft on top, greasy and slippery underneath, so that all one's mind had to be concentrated on one's footing for fear of being precipitated into the awful filth. The school was small and all the children were crowded into one room, watching a rehearsal of a play to be given on the great day, November 7. It had been sent from Moscow and the teachers were ordered to train the children to perform it. Mrs. Danilewska murmured a translation to us as we watched.

We saw a peasant family, parents, grandparents, children, and we saw the conflict between the rigidly orthodox and superstitious old people and the cheeky young generation boasting of the new Science learned in school and ridiculing the old beliefs, while father and mother looked on in bewilderment, not knowing which was right. At last the old man gave up. "Well," he said, "I can see it is time for us old ones to turn our faces to the wall and die. There is no place left for us." And on that note the play ended. Later we heard some children singing in the street and their song was: "Get out of the way, you old folks. There's no place for you but the grave."

It was indeed at that time the avowed policy of the Kremlin to do everything possible to break up family ties and get the children away from parental influence into the pure air of Bolshevik doctrine.

The ideal was to bring all children up in great communal homes, but this could not be realized at once; it cost too much. If one suggested that it would be hard to substitute loyalty to an abstraction for love of one's own family, and that impersonal discipline would be less effective than a father's authority, one was smiled upon. Youthful delinquency, one was told, was the product of capitalism; there would never be any need for juvenile courts in Soviet Russia.

Some thirteen years later, a friend of mine who is a passionate admirer of Soviet Russia came back from one of her many visits there and told me that she had been bewildered to find a complete reversal of the government's attitude toward children and the family. Now all the stress was laid on the close relation between parent and child, even to the point of sentimentality. She had never heard so many songs about mother love and home, sweet home. Evidently the ruling group had seen during those years that there were causes for youthful delinquency which could not be brought under the head of capitalism and, as dictators can do, they declared a new policy: discipline and order in the family and in the school, loyalty and obedience to individuals, not to an abstraction.

The meeting in celebration of the November Revolution was held that evening in Sorotchinskoi, and it was impressive. There was much oratory, which was not worth translating, but it was well worth while to watch the faces of the men and women gathered there, so clearly filled with a sense of their new dignity and importance.

We went back to a most luxurious dinner of cabbage soup with a big spoonful of thick sour cream in it, fresh rye bread, and homemade sweet butter, roast chicken and baked apples, and then to bed for a long sleep. The next morning was clear and cold. The mud had frozen hard and for the first time I could really see the village as I walked through it. The streets were ridiculously wide; it seemed to me that one could run from twelve to sixteen trolley lines through them and have plenty of room. It reminded me a little of a town in Colorado, near the border of New Mexico, Alamosa, where I once spent a night — a village with wide streets out of all proportion to the little houses and stores, and beyond it the desert.

The steppe is so like the desert. The houses were of adobe too, like those in New Mexico, but with thatched roofs, the windows tiny with irregular panes of glass, and the walls very thick, making charming deep window recesses. More pretentious ones would have the clay covered with boards, which gave them the cold, thin look of frame houses. Some had a heavy basketwork woven out of birch

branches with clay piled between it and the wall, so as to have more protection against the cold. Sheds and barns ran in a square connecting with the house and making a courtyard inside. All along the street at short intervals were wells with long well-sweeps such as one sees still in New England.

We made rounds with the visiting nurse, who had been trained in Moscow, making calls in peasant houses, the poorest of the poor, people who had survived the famine but had lost many of their family in it. But even in those houses it was not squalid, never close and odorous, not even in one where the woman was washing clothes in a big trough in front of the stove, her two little boys peering down from the top at us, and a little brown calf tethered beside her and a little white pig sitting in front. I thought of the heavy, human odor in Chicago tenements. If people are to be poor, there is an advantage in living in the country.

We went into one Tartar house, beautifully clean, where we saw a pretty young girl dressed in burlap which had been carefully sewed into a full skirt and scant waist, and with a clean kerchief on her head. Her father explained to the nurse that he hoped to sell her soon, for tea, sugar, and rye — a good deal of rye. We told the nurse to beg him to find a good man for her, — she was quite unmoved throughout the conversation, — but he said there were no good men left since the war.

We took a Maxim Gorky to Buzuluk, a three-hour journey. That is a fourth-class car, or rather an accommodation train with third-class seats. They call it a Maxim Gorky, some say because it turns everyone into pessimists *à la Gorky*, some say because he wrote so much about such trains. Along one side of the car runs a long bench, and opposite are rows of shelves, three deep, placed at right angles to the car. You can climb up to the top or to the middle one and lie there all day, if you like, but if you choose the bottom one you must be prepared to let your upper neighbors come down and sit with you sometimes. Our car was full and quite dark, except for a candle at one end. The train burned wood and ran slowly but very steadily, not wasting time at stations. One gets a little hypnotized by the slow, steady jogging and the endless plain outside. There seems no reason why it should ever stop or why one should ever get out. The men were eagerly curious about us, after we had shaken our heads and said "Amerikansky," and I did long to talk to them. It is missing half of the interest of a country not to be able to talk the language.

Buzuluk is a town, but not radically different in appearance for the most part from a village. The

Quaker headquarters were large and comfortable, in charge of an American woman with two White Russian ladies as assistants, one of them with an adorable six-year-old daughter. There we had our first experience of a Russian bath. The household had just completed theirs, having gone into the big shed in two groups, first the women, then the men. It was still hot and we eagerly accepted the invitation to use it.

We found it cloudy with steam from a great caldron into which hot stones had been put and then water poured over them. You sit on a bench and soap yourself thoroughly, then you wash with dipper after dipper of hot water, and then you sit and steam a long time and then repeat the process. I wondered if it was not this weekly soaking that explained the surprising sweetness of the air in the peasant houses.

The day came to an end with a lovely church service, to which we went by bright moonlight, making me think of the description in Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. Little Natucha adopted me and chattered Russian without caring at all to have me answer. We walked together to church and once there she edified me by her crossings and bowings and prostrations, though the last did make me squirm, the church floor was so dirty for a nice little child's face.

The train for Moscow left at half past three in the morning, but it was an hour late, which meant an uneasy night for us and for our hostess. Then we could not be sure till it came whether we could get on, for they only sell a ticket if there is a vacant place. As a matter of fact there was only one vacant, but they let us on. Mabel and I stretched out, feet to head, on the single lower berth of a two-berth compartment, and the man in the upper left us at Samara, at nine the next morning. It was a long journey, till six of the following evening, but I never tired of it. A snowstorm came up and the steppe and the villages were altogether different from those we had seen on our way east. The carts now were low sleds, making a wonderful background for the scarlet skirts of the women; the villages were white blobs; the rivers were dark green; the few pine forests were like fairyland. We got very expert in taking care of ourselves, running for hot water, buying little loaves of rye bread and chunks of roast chicken which the peasant women were selling.

A visit to a prison was one of our most exciting experiences in Moscow. The younger Tchertkoff — the son of Tolstoy's closest friend — came to ask me if I would request permission to visit a prison

in which one of the conscientious objectors had recently been placed. This prisoner was a physician, a Tolstoyan, and he refused to do military service. Tchertkoff had heard that the doctor was to be sent to an agricultural colony to do farm work instead of practicing his profession. He wanted to find out if the story was true. So we went to the Prison Department to get a permit. That was the only government service which shocked me profoundly. The chief, named Korngold, looked like a gorilla; his neck was thicker than his head and there was almost nothing of a head above his eyes. Even worse was a woman who came in and stared at us. She also had no forehead; she was cross-eyed, her hair streaked down over her cheeks, and her mouth was half open. I thought her an idiot, but Korngold presented her as chief psychiatrist for the prison system.

We got our permits and Dr. Graef, Mabel Kirtledge, and I went to the prison, escorted by a young official and two doctors. Of course it was a fairly good prison or we could not have seen it, and most of the politicals were not there. The lack of ventilation and of cleanliness would make most Americans think it a dreadful place, but what struck me most was the informality and humanness of it all. I would far rather be there than in any of our prisons I have seen.

The men were all working except those who were practicing for a concert, but not one was in uniform, nor were the guards, so that we could not tell guards from convicts. They were allowed to talk to each other and when we came in they would all stop work and cluster around us, together with their guards, and chatter eagerly. They were allowed to smoke, too. We went into one of the cells, a big one, with fifteen squalid cots, a clay stove with the inevitable teakettle on it, a long table, books, checkers and chess. I met the doctor and found that he was practicing his profession there and also allowed to abstract medical articles. He was in for five years, but at the end of half the time he might petition for release if he had a good record.

Before we left Russia, people brought me letters they dared not mail. Dr. Kalina had offered to wrap up and seal, with a government seal, all the pamphlets I had accumulated, and some of our party thought the best thing to do with the letters was to slip them inside, then they would be safe. But my instinct was against that and I made a tight little package of them and put it inside the bosom of my dress — luckily, for at the border the Red Guards were so intrigued by the government seal that they broke it and searched through the pamphlets.

We crossed into Poland with a feeling of indescribable relief, and that is an experience which many travelers have since told me they also had, even when, as has been true now for many years, they were carefully shielded throughout their stay in Russia from any contact with people of the old regime. But there is for many people, as there was for us, a sense of underlying terror which they cannot explain — not fear of any danger to themselves, but a sense of mysterious and dreadful things going on under the surface. The convinced Bolsheviks among our friends kept on by losing themselves in work, very necessary work, and not thinking of anything else; so did the Quakers. But to people only looking on, as we were, it seemed a terrifying land, and we were thankful to be back in shabby, safe, unenlightened Poland.

In Paris I delivered my letters, one of them to Prince Yussoupoff, the assassin of Rasputin, a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose great hands I looked at with fascination, seeing them in imagination doing their work on that powerful peasant. Paris was a great contrast to Moscow but, as I wrote Miss Addams, "though I love to see gayety again and to have comfort and ease, there are lots of things in Moscow that are finer. It is fine to see people all alike plain and shabby, never to see a flapper or a woman with a made-up face (the Russian girls with their knitted scarfs are far more attractive than Paris women in fashionable hats), to see no rich people and few abjectly poor. But certainly a soft bed and warmth and light and delicious food are delightful."

The aftermath of my Russian visit was a meeting of the Foreign Policy Association in Boston where I spoke, together with Maurice Hindus, Father Edmund Walsh, Donald Stevens, and James M. Landis, then a Research Fellow at Harvard Law School. I remember the meeting vividly, for it is the only time I was ever hissed. The papers made a good deal of the hissing but it was really not very bad, only it gives one a strange feeling.

I had said that modern history had seen three great revolutions and in every case there was one country that underwent the greatest upheaval and one country that succeeded in remaining untouched by it. First came the intellectual revolution, the Protestant Reformation. Germany was torn by it, Spain shut it out. Then came the political. France was torn by it, Russia shut it out. Now we had the economic revolution, with Russia the seat of the greatest upheaval. Was our country to follow the example of Spain and of Czarist Russia and refuse to let any influence from that movement reach our

land? If we did, might we not come to the same fate as those two backward nations? There was some hissing then, but more when I quoted the Magnificat: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." Clearly one must not bring communistic sentiments in the Bible to bear on modern life.

28

In 1935 Harvard made me a Professor Emeritus, which is a great honor, and the Latin ending nicely ignores my sex. It meant leaving Boston, except for yearly visits, and making my home in Hadlyme, Connecticut, where I had already spent some eighteen happy summers. After the home in Fort Wayne was sold we sisters longed for a place which would be home for all the year round, especially for the time when we should be old and no longer working, and I wanted to get it soon, so that when that time came we should have struck our roots deep, and retiring from professional life would not be a bewildering shock but a release to a home that had grown very dear. So in 1916 I began to look about for a place in New England, not too far from Baltimore and not too solitary for our old age. Katharine Ludington found it for me at Hadlyme Ferry, some twelve miles from her family home in Old Lyme.

Hadlyme is not even a village; it has no legal existence except that we are allowed a fourth-class post office in the store at Brockway's Four Corners. It is a loose collection of groups of houses, at the Ferry where we live, at the Center, at the Four Corners, and at Town Street, a long road with scattered houses and Hadlyme Church. It seems that in the old days of bad roads and primitive vehicles, the people of this region found it almost impossible to get to church either in Lyme to the south or in Haddam to the north, so they petitioned the Ecclesiastical Society for permission to have a church of their own. This was granted and the new community was given a name made up from the names of the two old ones.

The house where Margaret and I live is one of the old Brockway houses. It was lived in for many years by Mrs. Samantha Brockway Comstock, who is still vividly remembered by my older neighbors as a lady of strong will, some eccentricities, and a great love of flowers. We still have dozens of her white trilliums which we are told must be more than fifty years old. The house is lovely, spacious and dignified, built by people who loved beauty and were ready to take a lot of trouble to achieve it.

When one climbs to the top of the cliff, one sees a

wide stretch of the river with its deeply wooded banks, and the dark, winding creek, bordered with blue pickerel weed and rosy-purple loosestrife. That creek is as lovely as any little "river" which English poets have sung. You can go up it with the inflowing tide, swinging gently around the curves, between banks where the wild rice grows high and the birds come in flocks to feed on it, where white goose-neck and scarlet cardinal flower and the hardier joe-pye weed and white boneset make vivid patches close to the stream. The marsh, covered with wild rice, spreads out on both sides and the creek takes a winding, wandering course through it. High tide is the best time to go, for at low water the muddy banks show, and if you linger long enough for the turn to come, you can float silently out with only now and then a touch of the oars to keep her headed right.

Then there is the River. On the creek a motor-boat is sacrilege, but the River is wide enough to stand the chugging of the engine and you can go up to Chapman's Pond for white waterlilies or, better still, you can slip into Selden's Cove at high tide (at low tide you can enter only if you get out and wade, pushing the boat through the shallow channel), go through the long, lovely stretch of Selden's Creek, out again to the River and to the great granite rocks at Brockway's Landing. Here you can build your fire and cook your supper and watch the sunset, then go softly up the River and home in the gathering darkness.

Connecticut seems to me an autumn country, at its loveliest when the year is coming to its close and the beauty of blue haze and golden and crimson leaves has that touch of impermanence which makes it what Wordsworth called "an aching joy." Spring is excitingly charming; each day brings something new and lovely — the loveliest, perhaps, the sudden flowering all over the hills of the dogwood. Summer is steady, deep green, little change except when the south wind with its soft purple hazes gives way to the north wind and crystal clearness.

Most changeable of all is winter, for nothing else can so transform the scene overnight as can a fall of

snow. In winter the granite cliffs come out, one can see the very bones of the land when their soft green covering is gone, and then the pines and hemlocks come into their own, no longer green but a purple black. The marsh is a frozen lake, the River is an intense blue, filled with ice cakes which go swinging up and down with the tides. Life becomes something of an adventure in winter, when roads are icy or deep in mud and the nearest chain grocery store some fifteen miles away. But nothing in summer can be as purely delightful as a snowy walk against the north wind, coming back to the welcome of a cup of tea before an open fire.

This home of my declining years is a place for meditation on many things, for looking back and for looking forward. It is not that I think my years have brought me wisdom; my thoughts about labor and government and war are of value only as they are based on an experience which goes back to a time now so remote and different that it might be a century ago. That experience gives a background, a yardstick, a basis of comparison, to my meditations on the world as it is today.

As I look back over the history of labor during the years which followed my discovery at Hull-House that there was a labor question, I can see an advance that is truly amazing. In my own field, the dangerous trades, I have shown repeatedly in the course of these chapters that the reforms, already great, are continuing.

No matter what new dangers may be brought about by new methods of manufacture, they can be controlled and they will be. Even if, after this war is over, a wave of reaction sets in as it did after the First World War, even if, as an investment counselor said to me the other day, "we shall be in a position to put labor back in its proper place," even then the setback will not be so serious nor will it last so long. The medical profession will never again neglect industrial diseases, the employer will never again refuse to assume responsibility toward them. Our progress in this field has been great and it will keep on.

With this issue we conclude the serialization of Dr. Hamilton's Autobiography. In four installments the Atlantic has published approximately 53,000 words — a little over one third of the book, which will appear in April.

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

ENGLAND'S MASTER HISTORIAN

Trevelyan's Living Tapestry of Six Centuries

ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY. A SURVEY OF SIX CENTURIES: CHAUCER TO QUEEN VICTORIA. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.50

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HISTORY, the master historian tells us, is the record of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind. But from this chronicle of manners, statecraft and politics are fled. Crime, folly, and misfortune cease to be the dominant theme. This book is the happy record of a nation without a history.

What an oasis is this in the contemporary writing of history! The modern historian eschews romance. Storytelling in its old human terms is banned and the dreary imposture of economic determinism dims the evening lamp. Currency and crops, wages and tariffs, have supplanted Caesar and Cromwell as determining factors of the past. Now Trevelyan turns the flank of the professors of this bogus science. He reminds us that our ancestors were not abstractions. We are not children of want or plenty, of plotted curves of subsistence, but of men and women, bone of our bone.

The full glory of English history cannot be compressed into a volume made of a single strand in the rope; and when all the strands are bound together, the great of the world crowd out the small. Without such a volume as this, the common man, in his habit as he lived, can never claim his share of history.

Sir George Trevelyan is a countryman. Without his habitual tramps through the countryside he could not live. It is natural then that the most delightful pages of his book picture the changing English landscape. Laws can alter a rural scene little less than the people who live in it. From Chaucer's time long onward, enclosures were forbidden lest game be circumscribed. And then of a sudden enclosure was enjoined lest a man's rights be infringed, though in the unforeseen sequel the expense involved transformed the small freeholder into the tenant. This, the thinning of the forests, the draining of the fens, the felling of tall trees for tall ships, changed the very look of the country from generation to generation.

Only in the eighteenth century, and then too briefly, was the perfect balance between man and nature attained. Indoors and out, says Trevelyan, England was then a lovely land. The tangled swamp, the featureless dale were gone, and in the free play given to the shifting lights and shades of sky, earth, and

foliage in the water-laden atmosphere, the unique glory of the Island was revealed. How fortunate that Old Crome, Constable, and Wordsworth were there to record it. Fortunate is it also that, long after the smudge of factories blackened the land, a chronicler sensitive to beauty lives to record essential things which have ever fed the soul of man.

History is continuous

A prime obstacle in writing social history, or any history, is the difficulty of establishing its general periods. When did the Middle Ages begin? When did they end? Social processes overlap. Social habits, from creeds to coattails, live for centuries beyond their natural season. It is by a happy choice that this history begins with the age of Chaucer, for then, surely, modern thought was stirring. Language and life were taking on new forms. The Black Death, which in two fateful years, 1348 and 1349, destroyed almost half the population of the Island, offered to the other half a far ampler life. Shakespeare's England, Johnson's England, Cobbett's England, and Victorian England which follow, each in turn, all represent "periods" in a sense natural to the reader.

What is history made of? If it is the myriad unwritten stories of the humble and forgotten, seeds of resurrection are planted in this book. When the radio blares out reports of hockey games while you sit by in an agony of expectancy regarding the African campaign, it is comforting to be assured that Wellington's campaigns were not awaited with greater interest than the prospects of horse races and prize fights. What new happiness was born when "fine wheaten bread" was first impaled upon a fork before the fire and called toast, or when tea was first placed upon the table with sugar to sweeten it, and when the aroma of tobacco mitigated the asperities of family discussion. How emotional life became when the "First Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" was born or when the East India Company built "goodly ships of such burthen as never were formerly used in merchandise." An infinity of changes in thought and habit have transformed England more than ministries or Marlborough's campaigns.

The volume sings with poetry — poetry of prose, poetry of quotation. This history is the lyric chant to the glory of Old England by an artist and a lover.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

OUR GREATEST POET-STATESMAN

Authorized Biography of William Butler Yeats

W. B. YEATS, 1865-1939. By Joseph Hone. The Macmillan Company. \$6.00

MR. HONE's official biography of Yeats has been awaited with great interest by those many readers of poetry who consider Yeats to have been, in T. S. Eliot's words, "the greatest poet of our time." Now that it has appeared (though at a price which even in these days is surely excessive) they will not, on the whole, be disappointed.

Mr. Hone has had a difficult, if fascinating, job. Yeats's personality had many sides to it, and throughout his life he was involved in all sorts of controversial issues. The problem of the biographer is to make the portrait true to life, to convey the impression that Yeats was a great poet, and to describe his involvement in literature, occultism, Irish politics, and various philosophical systems as fairly and honestly as possible. Mr. Hone has managed to do all these things well; he writes with an economical and apparently unprejudiced tact, and his biography will be as useful to the student of Yeats's poetry as it should be interesting to the general reader.

Mr. Hone's method of presentation is unemphatic, and there are traces in his style of the style of George Moore (whose biography he has also written) as well as of Yeats's own economy — though Yeats's prose at its latest and best had a compressed richness that defies imitation. The virtues of Mr. Hone's unemphatic manner are that it lets the material speak for itself, and that the vivid or humorous episodes come to life with a sly dryness which is more effective than if they were pointed at or exclaimed about as is the fashion in much modern biography. But the method has its disadvantages too. At times we feel, in thinking about Yeats as Mr. Hone presents him, as if both Yeats's character and his ideas were seen through an Irish mist, instead of being etched in a clear light.

Mr. Hone does not — it was not his intention — offer much criticism of Yeats's poetry, and where he does, it is not particularly illuminating. But he quotes a good deal of it — as usual, letting his subject speak for himself — and he assumes, wisely enough, some knowledge of it in the reader. One wishes, however, that some of his quotations were not so truncated, for they give a false impression by breaking the rhythms of the poems as a whole.

But in general Mr. Hone has used the material at his disposal, published and unpublished, with sound judgment, and we have a good picture of Yeats, which was not, as I have said, an easy thing to accomplish. To be sure, there are certain sides of Yeats which are only hinted at rather than described. For one thing we should like to hear more than Mr. Hone tells of Yeats's activities as a senator. And Mr. Hone does not bring out very clearly the fact that Yeats was, for a long portion of his career, something of a poseur; there was undoubtedly an element of comedy, as George Moore delighted in emphasizing, about his deliberate assumption of the secondary characteristics of genius — the long hair, the romantic expression, the tall candles and the ancient books.

Growth of a genius

But Mr. Hone is doubtless right not to put much importance on such matters, though they add to the total picture, for the splendid thing about Yeats is that he had, not merely the secondary characteristics of genius, but the primary ones as well. One of the most remarkable things about him, both as man and as poet, was that he kept growing and developing until the day of his death, and Mr. Hone gives us a convincing image of Yeats's final phase, when all the affectations of his earlier years had disappeared, and his personality, like his poetry, was simple and grand.

Yeats had been through all kinds of experiences; merely to list them gives an indication of the range of his interests: Pre-Raphaelitism, Irish folklore, Maud Gonne, symbolism, spiritualism, Nietzsche, the Abbey Theatre, Irish politics, Ezra Pound, Vico, Berkeley, Swift — the names of movements, of people, of ideas could be extended further still and yet be incomplete. All of them, in one way or another, became a part of Yeats himself and a part of that vigorous and noble style which, even when it had pessimism for its theme, made his poetry clang and sing like no other poetry of its generation. Mr. Hone most appropriately ends his book with a tribute to Yeats from T. S. Eliot, the only contemporary poet who can speak of Yeats as of an equal: "Yeats . . . was one of those few whose history is the history of our own time, who are a part of the consciousness of their age, which cannot be understood without them."

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